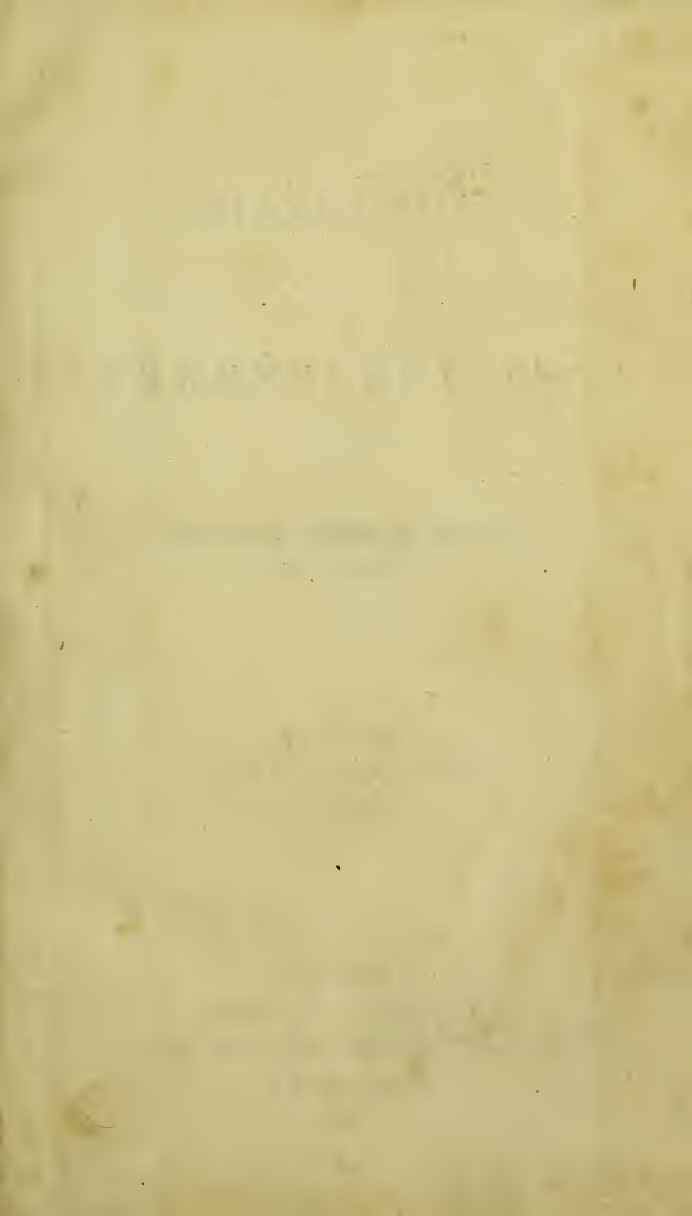


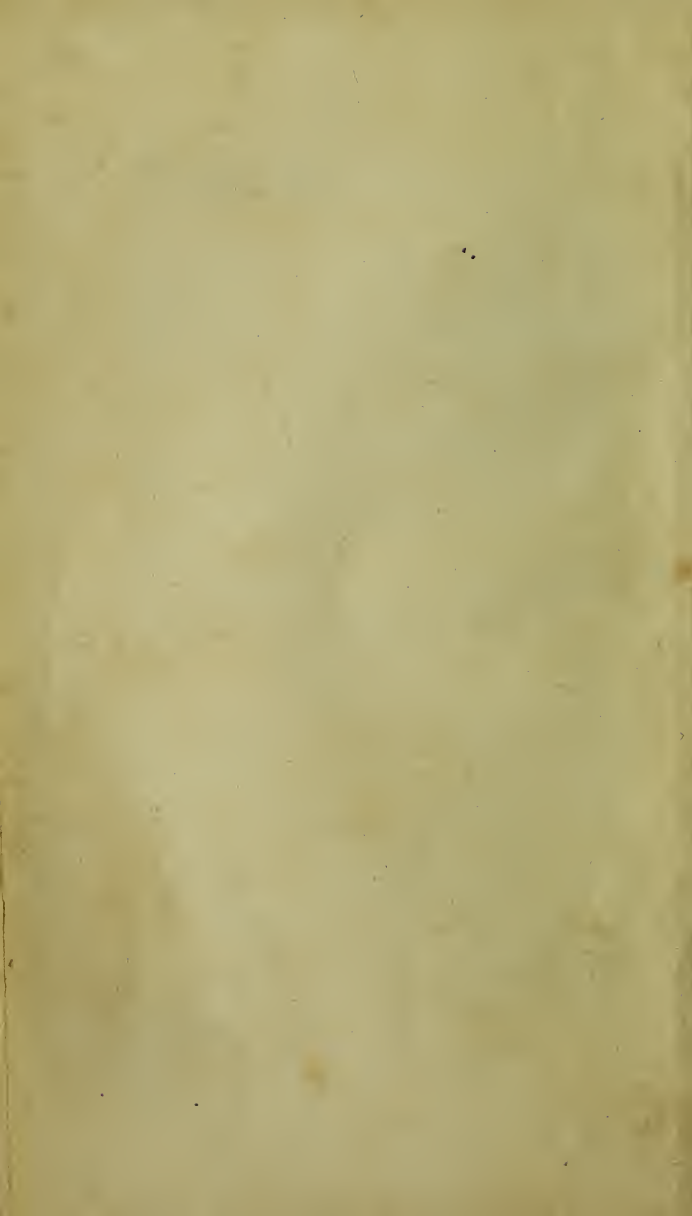
**CHALLENGE TO
PIRENOLOGISTS**

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A
CHALLENGE
TO
PHRENOLOGISTS;

OR,

Phrenology Tested by Reason
and Facts.

BY A. M.,
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

LONDON:
JAMES S. HODSON,
AT THE DEPÔT FOR AMERICAN LITERATURE,
112, FLEET STREET.

1839.



P R E F A C E.

THE following humble attempt to penetrate beneath the mere nomenclature of Phrenology, and to ascertain whether there is any ground for believing in the elementary character of the "faculties," was induced by my hearing a very dense old gentleman deliver a course of lectures on this popular subject, at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, Leicester Square. The lecturer made very merry about the puerilities and the straw splittings of the metaphysicians; and speaking of Locke, said, "that when he witnessed the manner in which that philosopher had rung the chimes upon a parcel of words without meaning, he could not but think of the rhyme—

"As the bell tink's,
So the fool thinks."

The old gentleman's wit was loudly cheered. We felt indignant, and the following pages came forth.

ERRATA.

- Page 19, line 6, from the bottom, *for* monomania's *read* monomaniac's
— 32, at the end of last line, *add* patient re-applied himself *with success*
to the same sort of
— 34, line 10, from the bottom, *for* indivudal *read* individual
— 57, line 2, from the top, *for* phrenologiots *read* phrenologists
— 65, line 12, from the top, *for* "cautionness;" *read* "cautiousness;"
— 65, line 2, from the bottom, *for* cooly *read* coolly
— 72, line 9, from the top, *for* considerations *read* consideration

A

CHALLENGE,

&c. &c. &c.

OF all the intellectual hobbies, which from time to time have engaged the small affecters of philosophy, there has, perhaps, never been one which, with so little probability to recommend it, and so much intrinsic absurdity to sink it,—which yet, notwithstanding such apparent disadvantages, has made so much headway, and become so generally popular, as the fortunate and fanciful theory of Phrenology.

Ready as its votaries are to rely on this circumstance as the most prominent and impressive proof of its truth, no man, who lives with his eyes open, can be at a loss to account for its success, upon grounds altogether foreign to any consideration of the merits,—so obvious, indeed, that to such a person as we have named, it must sound almost as strange to argue for the truth of this so-called science, from the number of its supporters, as to deduce the soundness and infallibility of fortune-telling, from the vast numbers of sensible people who cross the tawny professor's palm with the silver currency of this realm. Any doctrine, sacred or profane, which will excite men's curiosity about themselves as strongly, will succeed as well; and, did not our strong desire to enter at once into the merits of the system compel us to postpone our observations on this head to the latter end of the essay, we could as easily support the position in this place, as, for the reason assigned, we prefer to do in another.

B

It has been said by an eminent writer, (with how much of truth, every one will be able to determine, in the proportion he is versed in sectarian history,) that by far the greater part of the bloodshed and persecution that has disgraced humanity, and desolated the world, has taken its existence originally from words. Crude thinkings have invented general terms, these latter have been mistaken for things, and in the heat of dispute, men have concluded by cutting each others throats. Upon this fatal, and, unfortunately, almost universal habit, of employing terms in a confused or ambiguous sense, Archbishop Whately has these useful remarks:

“It is worth observing, that the words, whose ambiguity is the most frequently overlooked, and is productive of the greatest amount of confusion of thought and fallacy, are among the *commonest*; and are those of whose meaning, the generality consider there is the least room to doubt. It is indeed from these very circumstances that the danger arises; words in very common use, are both the most liable, from the looseness of ordinary discourse, to slide from one sense into another, and also the least likely to have that ambiguity suspected. *Familiar acquaintance is perpetually mistaken for accurate knowledge.*”

Now, we have long suspected, that a good part of the success of Phrenology, among those who have any brains to reason about it, is traceable to the careless adoption of terms, to which no definite meaning has ever been attached; of the definite meaning of which, however, the parties using them, have never entertained the slightest doubt, until at length the frequency of their use has begotten the familiar acquaintance mistaken for accurate knowledge: in the expressive language of Dean Swift, *notions* have become words; from thence, in a hot summer's day, ripened into tangible substances, and the human understanding has involved itself in a maze of language, from which escape or extrication is almost hopeless.

We have adverted more particularly to this point, be-

cause, among a somewhat numerous acquaintance of phrenological students, we have never met above half a dozen young gentlemen, and not one young lady, who had the slightest glimmering of the meaning of "faculty," "will," "sentiment," "propensity," and a hundred other terms, as familiar in their mouths as household words, and the exact meaning of which they are generally as satisfied they possess, as they are satisfied of the truth of their own existence. Requesting the reader, therefore, to be always on the alert respecting the terms, which either the phrenologists make use of, on the one hand, or their opponents, on the other, we shall proceed at once to the notice of Mr. Combe's little Epitome of Phrenology, because containing all the principles of the system, unincumbered with those numerous *ad captandum* and rhetorical flourishes with which his large organ of language and redundant ideality have endowed and obscured his larger work. At the same time, we shall, as we may think fitting, make such references to Gall and Spurzheim, as may be necessary to illustrate the harmony of our argument, and the want of that quality in *their* system.

The general proposition of the phrenologists is almost too well understood to render it necessary to state it at any length;—it is, that correspondent with the degree in which a man may possess any talent or propensity, any virtue or vice, taking into the account temperament, and some few other things, which constitute a patent regulator, called *cæteris paribus*; in the degree in which he possesses these talents or propensities, may the same be denoted and discovered by certain *protuberances* on his skull; these protuberances being the extremities of certain imaginary organs, radiating from the centre of the brain, and of sugar-loaf shape, through which these talents or propensities act. Thirty-five of these organs, established and supposed, have been discovered, from the first observation Dr. Gall made of the protuberant* eyes of his school-fellows, who

* We are told in page 1, of Combe's "Outlines," that the scholars

repeated their lessons so much better than he did, to the last cone, called "alimentiveness," which although not yet "established," is vehemently suspected to be the organ, by means of which men love to live, learn to choose a cook, and economize a good appetite. These thirty-five organs, which they assert all men to possess in infinitely different degrees of development and states of action, are considered the material instruments of thirty-five faculties, *primary* and *independent*, of which it is supposed the general human mind is made up, as of so many elementary powers, constituting the great whole. The phrenologists assert this, and by way of proof, present to us numerous casts of skulls belonging to good harmless people, who blushinglly own to the good qualities found on the *outside* of their heads, proud of giving the scientific plaster-lie to their friends, who never before, for one moment, suspected them of any peculiarity of character whatsoever, good, bad, or indifferent: the phrenologists assert this, and tender the above suspicious evidence, that they term "proof." The anti-phrenologists deny the system, and put in evidence in support of their denial; each side demurs to the evidence of the other, and who, or what, is to decide between them? Facts will not do it; for each objects to the facts of the other;—there is but one other course: to examine what is meant by the various "terms," and then look into ourselves, in order to ascertain whether those terms adequately or definitely express the things we are conscious of doing with our own intellects. What then have we to argue about? Simply, whether (as Mr. Combe says) the brain is a single organ, the *whole* of which is employed in every act of the mind, or an aggregate of parts, each serving as the organ of a particular mental power. The phrenologists maintain, and none with such ability as Mr. Combe, the latter position; with whom Dr. Gall, when a lad, had the greatest difficulty of competing, where those who learned by heart with great facility; and such as were thus gifted, he further observed, were possessed of prominent eyes.

and he gives the following reasons for his opinion. He says,

1st. the mental faculties appear and come to maturity successively, just as in some animals, hearing precedes sight.

2nd. Genius is generally partial; a man is often an excellent musician, who has no talent for painting or metaphysics.

3rd. In dreaming, one or more faculties are *awake*, while others are *asleep*; and if all acted by means of one organ, they could not possibly be in different states at the same time.

4th. Idiocy and insanity are generally partial; which could not be, if all the faculties, depended on one organ.

5th. Partial injuries of the brain, do not equally affect all the mental powers; which they would do, if the organ of the mind were single.

For the first "proof," there is nothing in it, to any one in the habit of watching the dawn, and tracing the development, of the human understanding. Unquestionably, the mental faculties, as Mr. Combe says, come to maturity successively; *but not just as*, in some animals, hearing precedes sight. The Phrenologists always were, and as long as a remnant of them is to be found among men, ever will be, famed for discrepant analogies; and this analogy of "some animals," is one of them. Every one knows that children must and do perceive many things, before they *reason* about them; and if a man chooses to call the perception one faculty, and the drawing conclusions another faculty, he is of course, also able to say, as long as the child perceives, and does not reason, that the perceptive faculty is mature, and the reasoning faculty immature; but we cannot permit him to say, that all this is just as, in some animals, hearing precedes sight.

Hearing and seeing, we all know, are primary and independent faculties, and it is only in reference to the external senses, that such an expression is satisfactorily intelligible; we know they can operate, each, without the assistance of the other; that although the young puppy hears before

it sees, the sense of hearing is not necessary, assistant in, or in any manner or degree introductory to, the development of its faculty of seeing; for if you were to stuff up its ears, so as to stop any access of a sensation that way, it would nevertheless see, when the regular number of days had passed away. There is the completest independency, then, in these two faculties of seeing and hearing; and, generally, in animals, we find them to come into existence and exercise contemporaneously. But who, besides a Phrenologist, ever attempted to bring this simple fact of physiology, as an illustration, or an argument of, or for, the gradually developing powers of the understanding. We repeat, that if you were to stop up the puppy's ears, he would yet, in due time after the date of being littered, come to the use of his eyes; *but if you could contrive to shut up the avenues* whereby the infant human being acquires its materiel for reasoning, it never would reason; if you could *dam up its external senses*, through which media, all its premises are derived, which enable causality to draw conclusions, no causality could operate, no conclusions could be drawn. Observation or perception is as necessary an antecedent to reasoning, as that the legs should move before the body can be transferred from place to place, by the motion of walking. The discrepancy, then, is this: seeing or hearing, is, in fact and in truth, a primary, distinct, and independent faculty, capable of operating without the assistance of any other; whilst the reasoning faculty can in no case exist, until the perceptive faculties, have got hold of some premises to which the reasoning faculty may address itself. There is no occasion for us to urge, what the Phrenologists themselves admit, that the "perceptive faculties," as they call them, come into exercise before the reflective faculties; this, stripped of its affectedness of expression, is merely saying that children can do some things before they can do others; we are all aware that they can perceive a lighted candle long before they possess the capacity, (only earned by experience,) of con-

cluding that it can cause them pain. The perception of the lighted candle, according to Phrenology, is the business of the observant or the perceptive faculties ; the conclusion that it will give pain, is the province of causality, or the reflecting faculty. This is putting a necessary fact of our physical constitution upon the tottering stilts of tall words, when a little common reflection must shew us that, according to our present condition, and our dependency upon the external world for all the subject matter of our contemplations, we *must* observe before we can reason ; which two powers so far from being distinct and independent, like the hearing and seeing of " some animals," are necessarily connected with, and dependent on, each other, so that, to say the act of observing and the act of reasoning, (which are successively performed by the same cerebral mass,) are the functions of primary, distinct, and independent organs, is only as sensible as protesting that the incipient and infantile stagger of Duverney, at three years of age, was the function of a primary and independent pair of legs, from those which, in maturer years, were concerned in the elegant performance of the cachoucha.

Reason the second appears to be little more fortunate than reason the first. " Genius is generally partial ; a man being often an excellent musician, who has no talent for painting or metaphysics."

So, because a man does a particular thing better than his neighbours, being in other respects not much above their level, he is to have a particular part of his brain, set forth for the sole and exclusive purpose of doing that particular thing, and no other. An artist produces a good painting : a painting is chiefly made up of two things, outline and colouring ; two organs must straightway be discovered or invented, to correspond with the power of drawing correctly, and colouring naturally ; these two organs are denominated form, and colour ; the difficulty is mastered, and we are coolly told by the inventors, that before their time, the faculties of the human mind were never settled or accounted for!!

No matter for previous theories about genius;—true, one superficial old talker, called Samuel Johnson, or some such Grub Street name, might have said, it was only naturally great powers, accidentally directed to a particular object: *he* was an old fool, as likewise every other theorist, who presumed to offer an opinion about the matter, until Dr. Gall came and told us, that we drew pictures by means of a bit of brain lying between the eyes;—and played tunes with another bit, let comfortably into the temple, just above the external angle of the orbit of the eye. True, when we say that one man is distinguished for a peculiar capacity or genius for music, another for painting, and a third for reasoning, and believe *that the brain of each is a homogeneous and single body*, producing these different results in each; we say so, because we recognise in these men a power of exhibiting these intellectual phenomena in a superior degree;—and finding that, consistent with their peculiar excellence, *they are very sensible men upon other subjects, to which they have not so much applied themselves*;—and moreover, in all the anatomy of the brain, finding no appearance of a plurality of parts, which can indicate an independency of purpose in each; we do think the above description of genius, viz. the accidental direction of naturally great powers upon a particular object, not so very bad as a description, although we must of course admit, it can have no claim to our regard, as in any way accounting for the *men possessing the great power*, in the first instance. This, we are fain to allow, is what metaphysicians fail in doing;—this also it is, wherein the phreneologists pique themselves upon being so very happy, although for our parts, we are at a loss to discover how the matter is improved in clearness, by saying that it is a *power* which has been given for a *part* of the brain to exercise, and not for the whole, when we know no more of the *how*, than at first. Besides, we find, that although both a Hogarth and a Claude possess “form” and “colour,” they possess not these powers for the imitation of *every* object made up of form and colour, and, as a conse-

quence, we must believe that the corresponding organs cannot be the instruments through which paintings are produced, as, if they were we should be justified in looking to a Hogarth for fine landscapes, and to a Claude for correct delineations of human life.

The third reason given by Mr. Combe, is worded in such a manner, as singularly to vindicate the justice of our suspicion, that the Phrenologists are the *slaves of words*. "In dreaming, he says, one or more faculties are awake, while others are asleep, and if all acted by means of one organ, they could not possibly be in different states at *the same time*."

We do not see, for the design he has in view, wherefore he chooses to take man when dreaming; because, in any state, whether awake or asleep, man can only be employed upon one idea at the same point of time. In dreaming, the ideas drifting about in the brain, are entirely uncorrected and uncontrolled by the wardership of the senses; for in *deep sleep*, they, together with the mind, are plunged into that temporary death requisite for future energy. When dreaming, a man is partially awake; his senses are in some degree capable of receiving impressions—whether they be the floating notes of midnight music cast upon the ear, or the roar of the tempest, or the imprecation of quarrel,—according to the nature of these impressions will be the trains of ideas started into action. Any thing may find entrance into the brain of one who sleeps lightly, and his senses being partly aroused, without being thoroughly awake, it is impossible to tell the Queen-Mab tricks that take place in the mysterious furniture of the human scull-cap. As the ideas started into action, must necessarily be about some particular object or objects, whether of veneration, tune, benevolence, or combativeness, and these qualities or powers *be called* "*faculties*," it as necessarily follows, that whilst these faculties are *in action*, other faculties must be in a state of inaction or rest, or, if Mr. Combe prefer it, asleep; and therefore that the talk about the impossibility of *all the*

faculties, if acting by means of one organ, being in different states at the *same time*, is just so much flat nonsense. For only look carefully to the argument. A man is capable of doing many things ; venerating God, eating muffins, and knocking down new policemen ; these powers respectively, are veneration, gustativeness, and combativeness ; each of the three acts, is rather different in its character from the others ; when the man venerates God, his muffin eating, and policeman perpendicularity-disturbing faculties are asleep, or at rest ; and in plain terms, whilst doing the *one* action, he is not doing the others. Now the fallacy consists in taking these three acts ; giving the three classes of actions that correspond with, and rank under, them *three names* ; calling them *faculties*, as if they were all three solid things, *co-existent at the same point of time*, and then, complacently saying, that the faculty acting is in a state of action or wakefulness, and the faculties not acting, are in a state of sleep. The fact is, that the *latter faculties are in no state at all* ; they are, whilst unexercised, non-existent ; and because a man is capable of both venerating God and eating muffins, to say when he is engaged in the former, that the latter power is asleep, is only as sensible as if one were to announce, that because a man can at will either walk or run, when his faculty of walking is in operation his faculty of *running is asleep* ; and, in true phrenological phrase, write the conclusion, that the faculties of walking and running cannot be faculties of *one pair of legs*, as, if they were, they could not be in different states at the same time. Now, there is no clap-trap here ; let not the intelligent phrenologist, who only advocates the scheme so long as he believes it to be truth, let him not pass this by with contempt until he has given it consideration.

A Phrenological faculty is a function of an organ of the *brain*, as much as walking or running is the function of the *legs* ; and although these organs respectively manifest their functions as aforesaid, it cannot, with any regard to the plain and direct meaning of words, be said, that these

faculties or functions are in any state when they are not being manifested. The faculty or function of Gustativeness is in *no state*, when we are reasoning a metaphysical point, and the faculty or function of running, is in no state, when we are walking. But how comes it, the phrenologist may ask, that if a faculty or function can be only in existence or in a state when operating,—how comes it that this faculty, from frequency of exercise, may go on acquiring fresh strength? plainly indicating that after any exercise the faculty is left with an increased amount of strength, which we may revert to, and avail ourselves of at any time we please; *that an interval* takes place between the last exercise to which the faculty is put, and the next effort to which we shall successfully direct it; that *during this interval, the faculty, with its increased strength from the exercise, must be in existence, and consequently in some state or other either of action or rest*. Now, at this point it is that all the confusion arises. If men *will* persist in contending about words, they must go on staggering and jolting against each other in the dark, enmeshing themselves in a net of terms, each movement they make will only more hopelessly debar them from acquiring clearness of thinking and truth in investigation. Let us endeavour to understand each other here.

What is meant by a faculty? A power, say all. What is a power? A function. What is a function? The *action* of a material instrument, we agree to call an organ. Very good; tolerably clear so far. Now, although all scientific men agree for the convenience of science, in making and maintaining a distinction between what is called organization, and what is called function, it is clear upon a little reflection that it is *only* for the purposes of science that this distinction is resorted to. Examination into the structure of our bodies is called anatomy; inquiry into what the various parts of that structure, "*do*," jointly or severally, is denominated "Physiology." It is clear the first science has to do with organs simply; the last with function ex-

clusively ; but although, for the division of labour among scientific men, the field of inquiry has become thus divided, it is obvious, it is only an arbitrary division, as we have before stated, as a matter of *convenience*, and having no more foundation in the nature of things than there is for one mechanic making dial-plates, and another watch-springs. If we supersede this arbitrary distinction, which in all probability has greatly assisted in creating all the confusion, as we so insensibly get from "the words," into the imagination of their being "things"—if we supersede this distinction which has been and is as mischievous to metaphysics as it has been advantageous to anatomy and physiology, we shall find that in no intelligible sense can we dissociate function from organization, but the former is an essential and inseparable part of the latter.

If in few words we attempt to show this, our sagacious readers must not cry out, "*Queen Anne's dead*," and the various other indignant quotations from history which are usually made use of by those who desire to indicate the perfection of their knowledge of the thing preached about, and to mark their resentment at the implied suspicion of their being unacquainted with it; for, clearly as we believe it may be proven, it yet is so little practically acted upon, that by far the greater number of arguments on this subject have their origin in a vague belief the arguers are the subjects of, that function is something having an existence independent of organization. The experience, the observations, the conclusions of all truly scientific men, have led them to this ; that *thinking* is as strictly the business of the *brain*, as *walking* is of the *legs*; that upon the healthy state of the brain depends its action of thinking as much as upon the efficient state of the legs depends the power of walking; that a blow on the head as much incapacitates us for the one, as paralysis of the lower region of the body precludes us from the other : that, in short, it is the quality inherent in that organ of "thinking," which mainly contributes to the idea of the charac-

ter and use of the brain, as it is the function of walking which supplies to us a specific idea of the use of our legs as distinct from any other part of our bodies. The writings of the most cautious physiologists satisfy us that "mind," or thinking, can have no existence distinct from or independent of the brain. Do we not see it, says Professor Lawrence, in his admirable and intrepid Lectures on Man, "do we not see it actually built up before our eyes by the actions of the five external senses, and of the gradually developed internal faculties? Do we not trace it advancing by a slow progress through infancy and childhood to the perfect expansion of its faculties in the adult; annihilated for a time by a blow on the head, or the shedding of a little blood in apoplexy; decaying as the body declines in old age, and finally reduced to an amount hardly perceptible, when the body, worn out by the mere exercise of the organs, reaches, by the simple operation of natural decay, that state of decrepitude aptly termed second childhood." (p. 5.) Let men scrutinize it as closely as they please, turn the question inside out, examine it at all points, suspend their judgments as long as they may, they will find to this condition must they come at last. That "thinking" is only the function of the brain, as walking is of the legs, that a deficient supply of blood to the brain, as effectually stops the first as a broken bone stays the last, and that seeing how universally and necessarily the one is dependent upon the other, it sounds as absurdly in the ear of the physiologist to talk of the mind as owning an existence independent of the brain, as to speak of "*walking*" as a *faculty* altogether independent on the agency of the legs. What man would be so absurd as to say, when he is sitting in a chair, that his *faculty* of walking is in a state of rest? Yet it is not a jot more ridiculous than saying, when a man is in deep sleep, that his faculty of *thinking* is in a state of rest. What is meant in either case is, that the brain and the legs are resting. Yet this slight transposition has been the source of more fallacies, more con-

fusion, more acrimony, than any other mistake of mere words, perhaps, that ever was made, the attaching to a *quality* ideas of separate and independent existence, has engaged men in as exhausting and unfruitful an effort as the struggle Narcissus made, after the delusive image his own figure reflected on the mirror of the waters.

The presumption, therefore, as to a faculty always being in a *certain state* of action or of rest, drawn from the fact of which we are conscious, that such faculty is improvable in its power, seems to resolve itself into this, *that frequency of doing a thing begets facility of doing it*. We observe this to be a law of nature, a principle inhering in all animated creation, observed more or less in the various tribes and genera of the lower animals, but from the larger scope for its exhibition, peculiarly remarkable in the intellectual powers of the brain. The vice which men's understandings have contracted, of considering the "faculties" as things *real*, requires us constantly to recur to comparisons, which shall compel such readers to look upon these faculties as what they are, and naught besides. We say, then, that just as frequent repetition makes of a man (naturally formed with the same thews and sinews as his brethren) an expert and elegant opera dancer, does the frequent application of the brain to any pursuit beget excellence in the knowledge of it. We do not say of such a person as the former, when we see him walking along Pall-mall soberly in the morning to rehearsal, that his faculty of dancing is in a state of rest; nor ought we to say, if we have the slightest regard for precision of knowledge, that a man's "faculty" of mathematics is at rest. As dancing is something the opera man's legs are frequently doing, we of course must say, when those legs are not making the motions called dancing, that *he*, the owner of them, is not dancing; and when a great mathematician is asleep, and of course not exerting himself in his usual labours, we should say, *the mathematician* was not thinking, that is to say, his *brain* is in a state of rest, instead of the state of action called thinking. By fami-

liarizing ourselves to this form of expression, which comes up to, without outstripping, our observation or experience. we shall not only avoid much confusion as we proceed onwards, but arrive at our journey's end much sooner than we should otherwise do.

Having then, we trust, sufficiently established our assertion, that the expression "faculty in a state of rest or inaction" is a faulty, vicious, and misleading expression; and having, we hope, made it clear, that a faculty or function, which is merely something an organ does, cannot be in a state when the organ is *not* doing it, because not in existence at all, and cannot be in a state when the organ *is* doing it, because such doing is, properly speaking, *the state* of the organ, giving forth an exhibition of its quality;—having said enough, we trust, to shew that we put the word faculty in the place of the word organ, until we come to talk of it, as if it were a thing by itself; having dwelt, we are afraid tediously, upon this part of the inquiry, we proceed to Mr. Combe's fourth consideration, which helps him to the conclusion, that the brain is an aggregate of distinct organs: "*Idiotcy and insanity are generally partial, which could not be if all the faculties depended on one organ.*"

Now, assuming that by "partial," Mr. Combe means, incapacity of reasoning rightly only on some things, and not on others, we must, of course, unqualifiedly demur to this as respects the *idiot*, for whoever witnessed the pitiable wretchedness of a human being in the state which this term properly refers to; who ever saw or spoke to such a person with even the expectation of getting an intelligent reply? None. As to people labouring under insanity, we must examine Mr. Combe's consideration a little more in detail. Unquestionably, there is such a disease as partial insanity. The common form of insanity we do not believe to be partial; monomania, it cannot be denied, is but partial, which the name itself implies. What reasoning does Mr. Combe's proposition involve? That, as insanity is generally partial, *those organs only can be affected which are the cerebral*

agents of the faculties a *man is found to be insane in*, whilst the organs of those faculties *he exercises with due efficiency continue in a proper state of health*. That if *all the faculties* (we speak phrenologically when stating their case) depended on *one organ*, some being insane and some sane, the organ would be in different states at the same time, which, of course, is manifestly absurd. Thus the phrenologists come to a conclusion, that partial insanity is the affection of only a certain organ or organs, whose province it is to manifest those faculties which are thus deranged. Let us see to what this wonderful "canon" of the new revelation will conduct us; first, considering madness in the general, and, secondly, that particular form of it (by far the best for the phrenological hypothesis), called monomania.

Nothing certainly can be more painfully exciting to the investigator of intellectual phenomena, than an inquiry into the state of a man who is said to be labouring under the common form of insanity.

In what condition do we generally find him? When not raving—in which state all is a wild chaos) he appears bodily in sound health—converses calmly and harmlessly—but without any degree of coherence or concatenation of idea. It seems as if the judgment, which had previously presided over his ideas, had vanished, and the latter were scattered about the brain, with no power to correct, controul, or arrange them. His senses do their duty. He can taste his victuals, avoid walking into the river, and distinguish and shun those sounds which indicate the approach of danger; the only particular in which we invariably observe him at fault, is, where he comes to concern himself about the ideas that are in him. Here all is confusion, disorder, and staggering weakness; whether you talk to him about his veneration, causality, ideality, or combativeness; whether you engage him in a debate on theology, legislation, poetry, or prize-fighting, the same incompetency to continue a train of sequent observations, betrays itself. He has faint notions of what these things are, but he cannot *reason* about them.

Now, according to the theory of phrenology, madness, like genius, is generally partial; many of the faculties ought to be unaffected, and, being so unaffected, the madman would be able to acquit himself with the average soundness on all ideas referrable to these unaffected faculties. But can he, or does he, do so? No. On the contrary, he can maintain no rational conversation on any of them. When he enjoys what is called a lucid interval, we observe him to be fully capable of conversing on all his affairs with sanity, under whatsoever organ or combination of organs those affairs may come; the lucid interval past, and his madness renewed, again he is incapable of supporting any rational conversation. But still it may be said that this is because his causality, whose particular province it is to do the reasoning part of the brain's business, is diseased; in which case it will be able to do no more for one faculty than for another; and this explanation we must in common honour accept, as it is laid down in page 31, of the "Outlines of Phrenology," that "causality, combined with large secretiveness, ideality, and imitation, will seek to discover the philosophy of the fine arts," by which it is, of course, intended to be said, that the mere possession of those organs which enable us to relish the fine arts, will not also enable us efficiently to discuss their principles,—that to *do the latter*, the healthy condition of causality is necessary, and that being wanting we cannot reason about the subjects of the other organs. It is clear, then, that, from the common form of insanity, nothing can be drawn of a decisive character, for either side of the dispute, and we are consequently forced to turn our attention to that form of it, called "Monomania." It is only when labouring under this disease of the brain, that we observe men to talk sensibly on general topics, and absurdly on some one or two. However little this can be accounted for by metaphysicians, nothing can be more certain, than that the phrenologists throw no light whatever on the mystery. Take a man who is labouring under the delusion that his legs are made of glass, (for we have

known such a case), he roared to every one who entered the room, to have a care not to break his legs; and if a dog approached too near, a missile hurled at his head, warned him of his undesired proximity. The monomaniac thus reasoned very soundly, admitting that his *first assumption* was a correct one, for the legs being glass, he took all the precaution to preserve them that the most sensible person could do who was cognizant of the value of *legs*, and the fragility of *glass*. The *reasoning*, then, was sound enough, so that no part of the man's delusion was referable to "*causality*." The delusion appears to have involved what the phrenologists call the perceptive faculties; he perceived, *falsely*, two legs to be of a substance called glass, which legs, people supposed to perceive correctly, generally considered, to be made of flesh and blood. The delusion then was the affair of a perceptive organ—in another word of "*individuality*:" for Mr. Combe says, that that organ "embodies the separate elements furnished by the other knowing faculties into one, and produces out of them conceptions of *aggregate objects* as wholes, which objects are afterwards viewed as individual existences, and are remembered and spoken of as such, without thinking of their constituent parts."

This description of individuality satisfies us that the monomaniac's delusion arose from the diseased state of this organ; but as the patient, notwithstanding his incapacity to ascertain the composition of his own legs, correctly enough *perceived other people's legs, as well as all other objects*, to be composed of the substances which really went to their composition; it is evident his individuality must have been, *at the same time, diseased* in looking at *his own legs*, and in *healthy action* when it turned to *other bodies*. Now this is somewhat of a puzzler, especially as Mr. Combe has said, in his third consideration, as a reason why *all the faculties* could not work through *one organ*,—that some faculties would be working, and some resting; and *the organ could not possibly be in different*

states at the same time. Here we have given “a case,” such as the phrenologists most love, as best illustrating the truth of their doctrine ;—an organ perceiving some things correctly, and others falsely, the correct perception being health, the incorrect perception disease, and the organ is in *these two states at the same time.* Let the phrenologists get over this if they can ; let them trim, shuffle, and cut in their choicest manner ; let them declare that it is not individuality that is concerned, but that it is causality ; that the man has made a false conclusion in believing his legs to be glass, instead of flesh and blood ; let them call it this organ, or that organ, or any *combination* of organs, it makes no difference, the result will be this :—“that unless there is a distinct organ for looking at one’s own legs, and another organ for perceiving other person’s legs, the organ, or combination of organs, *must* be diseased, in not being able to distinguish the composition of its own legs, and healthy, in correctly distinguishing the composition of other person’s legs, and *this too, we repeat, at one and the same time* ;—a conclusion so impossible, that Mr. Combe very properly pronounces it to be absurd ; and yet it is one which must naturally and necessarily flow from the cases he puts, but of which necessity he appears to be most innocently unconscious.

The above case is not one vamped up to illustrate an argument merely,—no fabrication to make the phrenological position of monomania being a consequence of a deranged organ or organs, seem absurd ; it is a bona fide case, and one which stands as a very good representative for monomania in general. Consult the medical books, and you will invariably find it is a madness about some *one* thing, and that the monomania’s wits serve him well enough in all other things, *even of the same kind.* Mr. Samuel Warren, of the Inner Temple, in his Diary of a late Physician, mentions a case which we have every reason to believe a real one—of a monomaniac, who suffered under the painful and inconvenient conviction that his head was turned round,

his chin being where the nape of his neck ought to be. Having thus become the victim of this ridiculous delusion, his subsequent actions were quite agreeable to the whimsical premiss from which they flowed; he wore his coat buttoned behind, the tails hanging before, and no one could convince him of his error. Yet incurable as he was of his mal-perception of the position of his own head, which was individuality diseased, he never fancied for one moment that any other man's head was turned round, nor that any object in nature or art was out of place, which was individuality in a state of health; which is nonsense.

There would be no difficulty in multiplying instances, if it were necessary, which it is not, as every person who knows any thing of these matters, is aware that idiots are not partially, but totally imbecile; that in the common form of insanity men are mad in all things when mad, sane in all things during a lucid interval; that monomania is just the thing we have described it to be; that the dilemma we have pointed out, unavoidably flows from the phrenological scheme, and having made these things as clear as we can, we proceed to the fifth and last *consideration* of Mr. Combe, holding him to belief in the aggregate of independent organs.

"Partial injuries of the brain, (he says,) do not equally affect all the mental powers, which they would do if the organ of the mind were single."

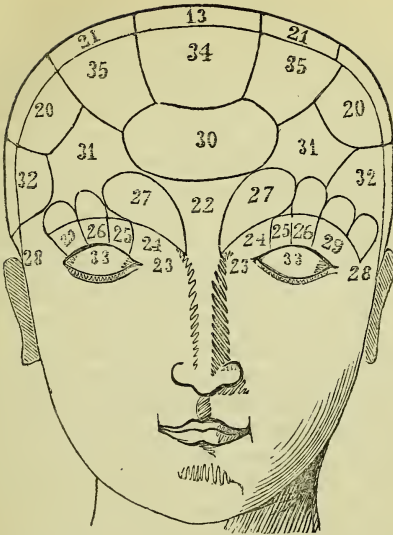
What a wide and rambling position is this; who can grapple with it, or what is there in it one can contend with?—it is as impalpable as the wind, or as Bottom's dream, or any thing else which defies the grasp of analysis: like an equivocal plea, it is bad for uncertainty. Is it intended to be said, which the author appears to be afraid in plain terms to assert, that any injury of the brain that ever was incurred by luckless combatant in the manifold, multifarious, and ingenious knockings of St. Giles's, has, in any case, deprived a person of his benevolence, his causality, his veneration, his philoprogenitive-

ness, his amateness, gustativeness, or, without running along a list of the thirty-five, of any other sentiment or propensity of the human character? Undoubtedly, something of this sort is insinuated; but for reasons best known to the author it is not plainly expressed. *Partial* injuries of the brain do not equally affect *all* the *mental powers*: well, then, they affect *some* of the mental powers; that is to say, some of the "faculties." Now, numerous are the cases of fractured skulls and concussions of the brain; not a few the instances of lumps of brain carried away by external violence, the late owners surviving, (our equally excellent friend and anatomist, Dr. Carpue, has had many such cases,) but who ever heard of a patient, when he recovered his general health, striking terror into the hearts of his unfortunate family, by turning them all out of doors, because he had lost or damaged his benevolence? or unable to reason about his ordinary affairs, because he had injured his causality? or setting fire to the church and assaulting the rector, because his veneration was flattened in? or irrespective of the witchery of a petticoat, from a shake given to his amateness? And who, we should be glad to ask, notwithstanding that every municipality abounds with the stories of reeling aldermen *striking their temples* against street-door steps, when overtaken of nights (on returning from dinner) by those fits of giddiness to which corporators, in the olden time especially, were subject;—who, we ask, ever met with one instance of an alderman, who had thus damaged his gustativeness, suddenly evincing a decided abhorrence, or even indifference, for green fat or brown meats? Who, in short, ever knew man, woman, or child, on recovering from such an injury as we have named, to exhibit either a total loss or partial deprivation of those qualities which characterized him before the injury, or which gave names to the phrenological organs? No man ever heard of such a case; there is no such case on record. We have never witnessed such a prodigy, as a man once benevolent, suddenly becoming in-

different to human suffering, from any injury done to the organ; nor have soldiers, reputed for bravery, ever been known to become suddenly pusillanimous from the jamming in of their organs of firmness or combativeness; and, what is more, the phrenologists have been no more successful in their search after such wonders than we, as may be gathered from the cunning with which they entrench themselves behind the *double organs*. Many examples have been presented to them of whole organs carried away, and others sorely damaged, the “faculties” still remaining—a state of things sufficiently startling to people who asseverate that a faculty *cannot* exist without the appropriate organ through which such faculty manifests itself: so to avoid the destruction that would ensue to the whole scheme, they have invented the machinery of *double organs*; viz. for each and every faculty two cones; one in each hemisphere of the brain. A man carries his cones about with him, thirty-five on each side of his head, as well and equally balanced as a pair of hampers on a jackass;—and although this disposition of the organs is as familiar to every student of phrenology, as the name of Gall itself, yet for the benefit of the uninitiated, we give a sketch of the scheme, by which the reader will be enabled to perceive the facility with which the phrenologist may sneak out of difficulties, when cases of damaged organs and *uninjured* faculties are presented to him.

DOUBLE ORGANS.

21. Imitation.	32. Tune.
35. Causality.	28. Number.
20. Wit.	33. Language.
31. Time.	



13. Benevolence.
 14. Veneration (not seen
 in the above sketch).
 30. Eventuality.

15. Firmness (not seen in
 the above sketch).
 22. Individuality.
 34. Comparison.

Of the manner in which the brain has been mapped out and appropriated by the disciples of Gall, a tolerably accurate idea may be formed by the reader from the above drawing, which we have given in order to shew that the "double-organ doctrine" not only does not hold, throughout the thirty-five organs, but fails in precisely that part of the brain where its *assistance* is most usually required. It will be remarked by the reader, that we have given the names of the double organs before the drawing, whilst below the figure we have given a list of others, which, from being located at that part of the head, where the two

hemispheres of the brain meet, touch upon each other, and, therefore, although nominally separate, are virtually so far single, that injury cannot reach the one, without the other sharing in it. These organs, thus situated, are organs of "faculties" the most common among men, and with the operations of which we, as social beings, are most frequently brought into contact. The qualities of benevolence, veneration, firmness, comparison, memory for events, and knowledge of individual existences, when possessed in a high degree, are certain of exciting our attention, and, if *suddenly lost*, or found to be materially diminished, must necessarily stimulate our wonder and speculation. No such revolution, then, in a man's intellectual phenomena, as benevolence changed into cruelty, veneration into impiety or carelessness of religious observances, firmness hammered into indecision, &c. could possibly take place, without a man becoming the talk of the town; yet we never hear of such extraordinary revolutions of character; a thing we can only account for by concluding that they never take place. It must be remarked, too, that these organs lastly named, are, from their very situation on the skull, much more exposed to mischances, and, consequently, much more frequently damaged, than those luckier organs which, from being laterally located, are out of the line of descending brickbats, and seldom, if ever, stop the onward progress of a cudgel. Yet liable to injuries as these organs of benevolence, veneration, &c. must be allowed to be, and although not a Saturday night passes without St. Giles's, by itself, furnishing more than sufficient evidence to prove the phrenological theory; notwithstanding that in that far-famed district, there is not, perhaps, a son of Erin but has his benevolence and his veneration hammered in at least once a month, unavailing is this external application towards purging him of his dependence on the priest, or his respect for Mr. O'Connell; nor have we any proof that the flattening of the former faculty has produced any remarkable cases of

diminution of hospitality and kindness of temper in that constitutionally feeling people.

But besides the organs above referred to, which, from assigned location, must be virtually single, there are others on the back of the head precisely in the same situation, and for the same reason; they are "self-esteem," "concentrativeness," and "philoprogenitiveness." Although the first of these three, from its situation, being on the very apex of the skull, must come in for a larger share of knocks than any other three bumps; we apprehend there are very few who can recollect a single case of a man, who, once having been much distinguished for self-conceit, at any time lost that desirable and disagreeable quality, until death took the conceit out of him; and, we believe, that where a man has been remarkable for his partiality for children, something more than the staving-in the superior middle part of his cerebellum would be required, to change the amiable disposition into a hatred of these miniature bits of humanity.

Indeed, it is so extraordinary a proposition to say, that the carrying away of, or injury done to, a particular portion of the cerebral matter, will, at the same time, carry away some particular quality of the human character; it is so counter to the knowledge of medical men, and the experience of human beings, so much of quackish charlatanerie does there appear in it, that it seems idle folly to waste words upon it. Yet this is one of the cardinal principles of the science—for *partial injuries of the brain do not equally affect all the mental powers*. By means of this dictum on the one hand, and the doctrine of double organs on the other, the phrenologists contrive to appropriate all the cases of broken heads that answer their purpose, and avoid all that unpleasantly conflict with their theory. With the dictum of partial injuries not equally affecting, &c. they *take in* the few instances that are followed by any modification of intellect whatsoever, and, with the doctrine of double organs, they *shut out* the vastly greater number of

fractured skulls, that after they are brown-papered and vinegared, contain every bit as serviceable brain as before the injury was inflicted. But in respect and behalf of those organs we have referred to, as being *exceptions* to the double-organ plan, we insist on setting that plan on one side, as not in any way applicable to them. All the phrenologists have to do is, to give us a case of some quiet citizen, some queen and constitution-man, after the staving-in of his *veneration*, suddenly getting up a faction against church rates, or in any other way evincing his contempt for the constituted authorities; or an Owen, whose *benevolence* being flattened, henceforward amuses himself by burying live frogs, or making cockchafers buz round a pin; or a Duke of Wellington, or Sir de Lacy Evans, their firmness damaged, suddenly sinking from the boldest intrepidity to the meanest cowardice. Why, if it were really true that some particular quality of a man left him, on a portion of brain being carried away, it would be the greatest discovery of modern times—would give rise to a new profession—cerebral surgery, the professors of which would earn an excellent livelihood, in correcting and removing the manifold deformities that prevail in human character. Many an old gentleman, otherwise most respectable, whose redundant amateness will not permit him to pass the insinuating young ladies this town affords, with that gravity of deportment becoming the spouse of a staid old dowager, and the father of ten children, might, by pressing his cerebellum inwards, be made every thing his scandalised family could desire; Whigs and Tories might get their acquisitiveness jammed in, and their conscientiousness pressed out; in short, men might soon, from being a very questionable, shabby sort of species, requiring expensive governments, and still more expensive laws, to keep them in any thing like order or decency, be made as free from crack or moral flaw as the beautiful bipeds of the aforesaid Mr. Owen's parallellograms.

But to return from levity, to sober and serious argument;

we deny that partial injuries of the brain, when the thinking is afterwards affected, disturb merely certain powers ;—when affected, it is affected in its entirety, (and not partially,) as general loss of memory, &c. ; the usual consequence of injury, it is said by medical men, is an increased tendency to excitement—and conformably to this principle, we have generally found (and every reader will be familiar with such cases) that old soldiers, and others, whose organs have been roughly dealt by, so as to have required *trepanning*, when sober, have exhibited no change of character, but when drunk, have proved the most mischievously violent and destructive to every thing lying in their path. This violence is an universal characteristic, which by phrenologists would be termed morbid excitement of *combattiveness* and *destructiveness* ; but not in one case out of fifty does it happen that the injury has been inflicted in the department of brain assigned to those organs, which are not much in the way of injury, located as they are over and behind the ears. But besides this negative proof of the brain being one organ, afforded by the absence of well-authenticated metamorphoses of moral or intellectual character, proceeding from partial injuries of the brain, there are other and positive assurances presented to us by the observations of medical men, so clear, and so matter-of-fact, that not even the practised sinuosities of the eel-like phrenologists, will avail them to escape from the clinching power of such authorities.

Professor Lawrence says, in page 80 of his *Lectures on Man*, that he never examined the brain of one who had died insane, without finding it to exhibit the marks of inflammation ;—he speaks of no diseased cone of “wonder,” no disturbed ideality, no *partial* appearances whatever : the brain *generally* exhibited indications of disease. This testimony of a very scientific man, stating an anatomical fact, which is equally cognizable to every surgeon who chooses to examine it, deserves, at any rate, equal respect with the plaster-of-paris facts of DeVille. According to Mr. Law-

rence, the patients who died insane *could not* have been merely *partially* diseased in the brain; morbid appearances pervaded the *whole body* of that organ; not only some particular organs, but *all* must have been affected;—and if this conclusion be not correct, it is certain we must be tossed upon a sea of unavailing speculation to reconcile the *unsupported dictum* of “disease of particular organs” in insanity, with the clear and unquestionable evidence of the anatomist and physiologist, that after death, in all the cases *he* has met with, the brain *generally* has exhibited the phenomena of disease. The observations and experience of Sir W. C. Ellis, M.D., in his late work on Insanity, are strictly in harmony with Professor Lawrence’s evidence.

• Sir W. Ellis says, “In old cases, *diseased organization of the brain* is almost invariably found, while in *recent* cases, there is rarely diseased organization, but the vessels on the whole surface of the brain are surcharged with blood, and clearly indicate the existence of increased cerebral vascular action. Of 154 male patients, 145 had disease very strongly marked, either in the brain or its membranes. Of the remaining nine, two were idiots, and the rest died of other diseases. Of 67 females, 62 were found with disease of the brain and membranes.”

Where can there be clearer, or more satisfactory evidence, of the brain being *one* single homogeneous body, than that furnished to us here? No talk about only parts of the brain found diseased; no discovery that merely portions of the surface of the brain were surcharged with blood. No. In the old, the long confirmed cases of insanity, diseased organization of *the brain*, (not sections of it,) is found; and, in the *recent cases*, where there is only the inflammation working, which in time will produce diseased organization, it seems the vessels on the whole surface of the brain, are surcharged with blood, clearly indicating the existence of *increased cerebral vascular action*. To be sure; increased vascular action of the *whole body* of the brain, producing the above mentioned phenomenon on the

whole surface. If there had been a surcharge of blood only on certain portions of the surface of the brain, there would have been something for the phrenologists to talk about; but really if insanity be what these modern metaphysicians term it, the affection of *particular* organs of the brain, we cannot understand wherefore the organs that have been *exempt* from disease *before* death, *should present the traces of disease after death*, and as the difficulty seems to be one only surmountable by phrenologists, to their ingenuity we abandon the puzzle. Let us pause now, and refer back to the proposition;—"partial injuries of the brain do not equally affect all the mental powers." In no book of the phrenologists do they give us any cases illustrative of this position, but such as tell against their theory, rather than in its favour. One indeed was years back triumphantly advanced, little calculated, it is true, to settle the vibrations of the sceptic into the repose of conviction; but which, in the absence of *better*, was seized upon with avidity by those who could not get on without *some* evidence. It is the practice and character of all, who first adopt from impulse or liking any theory, and then hunt about for reasons to justify their precipitation, to allow many things to pass muster as proofs, which, upon examination, are quite unworthy of the name—so is it with phrenology. A common labourer, a native of Wales, who had been for so many years in England, as to have forgotten his own, and acquired the English tongue, had the misfortune to fall from a scaffold, and fracture his skull. In a state of insensibility he was carried to St. Thomas's Hospital, and eventually became conscious and convalescent; but upon speaking to the attendants, the latter heard him utter a language they could not understand. A Welsh milk-woman who was walking through the ward, overheard the patient's words, and pronounced them at once to be good Welsh. It seems the blow had been so singularly planted, that it had stoven in his acquired English, and knocked out his forgotten Welsh. The case being

rather confidently relied upon by the Phrenologists, induced Lord Jeffrey, in the "Edinburgh Review," to ask, whether the Welshman's *eyes* were affected, as, if not, the phrenological organ of language had not been injured, and the case went for nothing. The eyes were unaffected; and even if they had suffered damage, the organ of language being healthy in its manifestation of Welsh, and diseased in its incapacity to give forth the subsequently acquired English, was in *different states* at the same time, upon which conclusion we have Mr. Combe's authority for affixing the stamp of absurdity. If this reasoning is demurred to by the Phrenologists, there is but one other course open to us, viz.: that the Welshman had a minute section of brain, whose province it was to manifest the Welsh language—another section for the English language, and indeed, inconceivably small sub-divisions for the acquisition and retention of every language in the ancient and modern world, which man, by application, may be supposed capable of making his own; a supposition so eminently absurd, that we will not for one moment, insult the reader by dwelling upon it.

Equally fatal is this sort of scrutiny, to all the other "extraordinary facts," if the reader will but buckle down his thinking powers to a thorough examination of them, instead of opening his mouth in gaping wonder at strange narrations, to have thrust into it any sort of explanation dim-visioned nostrum-mongers may concoct. One more illustration, and we have done with the considerations of Mr. Combe.

Dr. Pritchard, in his work on the Nervous System, says, "A student at an university in the United States, who is now one of the most respectable clergymen in the county, possessed a tolerable share of classical learning, when the consequences of a fever, which affected his brain, deprived him entirely of his former acquisitions; in fact, he had now become so ignorant, that he was not only unable to read a Latin book, but even knew nothing of the Grammar.

When he had regained his bodily health, being of a persevering disposition, he began again the first rudiments; every thing was quite new to him; he passed through the accidence and syntax in his grammar, and was learning to construe, when one day, as he was making a strong effort to recollect a part of his daily lesson, *the whole assemblage of the ideas* which he had formerly acquired and lost, suddenly reappeared to his mind, and he found himself able to read and understand the Latin authors, as he had done before his illness."

Now, although we have repeatedly known phrenologists to flourish this remarkable case about, as one of the best proofs of the soundness of their theory, it requires very little attention to discover, that it is not only much more an illustration of the justness of the old metaphysical principle of "association of ideas," than any presumption of the truth of phrenology; but it is *more*; even upon the "considerations" Mr. Combe affords to us, the case is damnatory of the whole scheme.

The fever it appears had affected a certain *portion* of the patient's brain; *that* portion we must not venture to call the organ of "*language*," because, if the *whole organ* of language had been diseased, he must have been affected in his English as he was in his Latin—the *manifestation* of the former language being as much the business of the "organ," as the manifestation of the latter; unless, therefore, we are prepared to own that the "organ," (*efficient* in its English, *impotent* in its Latin,) was healthy and diseased, that is to say, in different states at the same time, —unless we are prepared to own this absurdity, we must say, that *that* portion of his primary and independent faculty of language, which, from the *first creation* of man, centuries upon centuries before the Latin tongue existed, had for its assigned duty the manifestation of *latinity*, —that that particular portion of the "organ" of language the fever had injured, so that it could no longer give us a taste of its quality. This, from the circumstances of the case, and

the recognized principles of Phrenology, is the manner in which we are compelled to extricate the case of the patient above named, from the difficulties that environ it, and when so extricated, let us see what is to be made of it.

That portion of the patient's brain, whose function it was to manifest the Latin tongue, had become diseased, and, as a consequence, no longer capable of manifesting that tongue. *The disease was to this effect and extent.* All the previous acquisitions of the bit of Latin brain, were as completely banished and obliterated as if they had been squeezed forth from the cerebral matter, like water from a sponge. But although by some inscrutable process, it was cleared of all its previous acquisitions, so as to have lost its retaining power—it still had left to it the acquiring power, for it seems, that being of a persevering character, he recommenced his “accidence,” *and gradually reacquired the capacity of construing Latin books.* This shows, that in so far as the power of acquiring was concerned, his Latin faculty was *healthy*; and moreover, as in proceeding along this self-imposed second school-boy course, *he must have carried on to future lessons, the accumulated knowledge of preceding ones,* it is equally manifest that the “*retaining power*” also was in him; as, although the fever had so injured his organ of “*latinity*,” as to deprive it of the memory of its old stores, *the capacity was left of recollecting new knowledge of the same kind.* It appears tedious to spend so many words, in so particularly setting forth the circumstances of this very remarkable and interesting case, but it is absolutely necessary to be thus prolix, in order to afterwards present, in phrenological terms, the real case, as the circumstances detailed compel us to shape it. The proposition then the Phrenologists would make from this unfortunate person's condition is this:—that his organ of “*latin*,” or language generally (just as they please) was diseased by fever, making him altogether incapable of remembering his classical acquirements, *the memory of the organ was gone*; the

study ; and gradual acquirement necessarily involving the possession of memory, as without it, a man would forget his knowledge as fast as he acquired it ;—the memory of the organ *was not gone*. But the organ could not be in these opposed states at the same time ; it could not be at once destitute of memory, and possessed of memory ; this would be talking nonsense ; yet it is the sort of stuff we *must* talk, if we do but *honestly contemplate all* the circumstances of the case, and then persist in explaining those circumstances on the phrenological scheme.

We now think that we have paid sufficient attention, and devoted more than sufficient space, to the five considerations of Mr. Combe ; considerations which, although usually deemed the pillars of the science,—so many self-evident axioms superior to all assaults, may be shivered to nothing, by any clear understanding going to the business determined to think for itself, and to keep clear of the paralysing influence of obscure and affected phraseology. We have not one tittle of the respect for the “considerations,” we entertain for their ingenious and fanciful author. He, without a doubt, is a man of talent, fully capable of shedding, upon a subject of much less plausibility than this, an interesting aspect, by the adornment of illustration. But the peculiar character of his intellect is not metaphysical ;—he is utterly incapable of detecting those fine and subtle distinctions in the operations of the human understanding, and presenting them to our own view, in such boundaries of correct and critical language, as our own consciousness would ratify and confirm ; he takes terms on the authority of such men as Gall and Spurzheim, who, however respectable as physicians, were below contempt as metaphysicians ;—and upon these terms he rings the changes, taking it for granted, that no question will ever be made, as to whether the states of thinking the terms describe, are really the “elementary powers,” they are asserted to be. But if he is deficient in the perception and presentation of differences where they do exist, as, for instance, his manifest blunder

in considering the development of the intellectual powers, as analogous to the hearing preceding sight in "some animals,"—yet he is correspondingly active in assigning differences where none exist, as in the case of his famous distinction between activity and power, with the long series of figures of war-horses, watch-springs, elephants, and greyhounds, he adduces to maintain it. So far from the deficiency of the metaphysical quality having been any obstacle to Mr. Combe's fame, every one in any degree acquainted with the general reading character, feels that that very *deficiency* is at once the cause of his having a reputation, as well as the indication, it must necessarily be a short lived and transitory one. If a man's book be too profound for the weakly intellect of drawing-room readers, as far as any immediate fame is concerned, it were as well the book had never been written; for by this class, it will never be read. It is with readers, as with divers: much practice is necessary to enable the latter to remain long under water, and much exercise of the thinking power is absolutely essential to fit a reader for the perusal of a book containing very much deeper speculations than the ordinary processes of his own mind. The jewels hidden in the ocean of truth, are only to be secured by those who are capable of *exploring its depths*; but as this capability is a *habit*, it follows that none can possess it, whose lives have been spent in darting after the corks and rushes that float along the surface. Mr. Combe deals in amusing references to individual character, and a flauntness of fine words, which resemble philosophy as much as tinselled May-day chimney-sweeps resemble gentlemen of the court; a resemblance, however, amply sufficient to deceive the mass, whose mental eye-sight, bleared and dim, beholds something *very fine*, which excites as earnest and respectful homage, as the patchy gew-gaws, and insane airs and graces of Madge Wildfire, drew from the purblind old crone, in Scott's novel of the Heart of Midlothian. Thus the *millions*, content themselves with the "corks and rushes" floating so prettily

along the stream, never dreaming of, and of course never desiring, the rich things reposing beneath; and he who can best amuse these intellectual children, will have the most of them gather round him; whilst he, on the other hand, who goes far beyond them, must be content to bear their revilings, and find consolation in the smiles of a select few, who can appreciate him;—thus we frequently hear Gall called the greatest Philosopher that ever lived, and Dugald Stewart denounced as a dull fellow. Justice, however, must be done to both, as knowledge, and the habit of thinking, spreads; the charlatan will be put on one side, the philosopher read and admired by myriads, increasing in the proportion they are removed from the period of his valuable, but meanly appreciated labours,—and this steady dependence upon the eventual recognition of truth, will stimulate the stirring, and buoy up even the most despairing. No biting regrets will disturb their serene composure at the absence of present fame; strong in the conviction of the real good they are doing, and secure in the ultimate appreciation of their efforts, they will work on steadily to the end;—persevering in truth however unpalatable to those to whom it is proffered;—patient of the niggard suspicions with which the public, with prudent caution, honour the vast claims on their gratitude and respect—claims that contemporaries are never sufficient to satisfy—a question they fear to settle, because involving a reward they fear to give, the crowning boon, “the verdict of Immortality,” which neither Shakespeare nor Newton expected in his own time, and which *when* given, must be given by a jury of generations.

PART II.

IN the perusal of Phrenological works, nothing is more frequently encountered by the reader, than a regret that metaphysicians in past time, have been so prone to look inwards on their own consciousness, and so little accustomed to exercise their observation in picking up evidence, in the external world. Mr. Combe's large work, together with his reply to the attack of the Edinburgh Review, contain several repetitions of this regret, so that the last thing we should expect to find in the writer, would be any imitation of the course denounced, or the most trifling adoption of results so attained. Of necessity, therefore, it does excite considerable surprise in proceeding onwards with the book, that whenever Mr. Combe *can* rest on the authority of a metaphysician, he as naturally runs to it, as a young boy flies to his mother for assistance when *in peril*. Notwithstanding, then, the boast of phrenologists, that they discard all systems of metaphysics, resort alone to observation, and above all eschew taking any thing upon faith, trust, or authority, we find Mr. Combe himself, one of the sturdiest of these philosophical independents, not only not answering the reviewer with observation, but attempting to stop his mouth with *great authorities*; great authorities too consisting of the very metaphysicians, so much pitied (poor shallow dogs) by Mr. Combe and Company, for too much looking inward on their own "consciousness," too little resorting to facts, (we feel nausea in writing the word,) and too little exercise of observation.

But since Mr. Combe takes exception to the course metaphysicians have been accustomed to pursue, of looking into their own consciousness, in order to ascertain and fix the boundaries and limits of the different states of thinking, and giving, as far as they were able, correct names to them, *when they recognised a difference*; since Mr. Combe dis-

approves of a method which always appeared to us as desirable, as that when you wanted an article, you should go for it to the particular room that contained it, rather than to a room that contained it not,—since (we repeat) the metaphysicians have not pursued the right course in Mr. Combe's judgment, we do humbly think, *that* gentleman was bound to suggest a better, and not to puzzle the thing still further, by declaiming against the metaphysical process, *in words*, and adopting that very same process, *in act*.

"Too much in the habit of looking into their own consciousness." Why, where are they to look?—No observation that Mr. Combe could have made would have been so thoroughly conclusive of the metaphysically impotent character of *his* understanding. What would be the use of men, (even admitting the soundness of the phrenological theory,) feeling about on the surface of skulls for the elements of character, unless they had first settled, *by the test of their own consciousness*, what were, and what were not, elementary powers? Obviously they might as well have played at chuck-farthing, in the view of discovering the correct science of thinking. But this opposition to, because inability for, looking into their own consciousness, expressed by Mr. Combe, is not peculiar to that gentleman, but shared by the whole tribe of phrenologists, including the first great doctors, Gall and Spurzheim themselves. They, being incapable of metaphysical analysis, or, at any rate, unable to improve on the philosophers they affected to look down upon, took to the terms, in almost every instance, these metaphysicians had invented, and then rummaged about on the skull for corresponding bumps, to the terms they had stolen. The legitimate conclusion to come to, then, upon this point, appears to be something like the following. That the phrenologists have not looked into their own consciousness, because they were conscious they would find nothing there if they *did* look;—and that their affected contempt for this mode of investigation is liable to

much suspicion, when we find them adopting the very *terms* that have been *defined and settled in this manner*.

But without urging them upon this, which must prove a sore point,—it does appear to us, that the whole value of metaphysical speculations, and the utility or mischievousness of metaphysical terms, must exclusively depend upon the closeness and care with which the speculators have looked inwards, and *anatomized* as it were, their own thinking processes. The term causality or reasoning can be of no use to us, unless on looking inwards, we are informed by our consciousness, that it is a state of the understanding, altogether different in its character, from the “*picturing state*,” which has originated the term imagination, or, as the new doctors have it, ideality. To represent these two states, then, we very properly make use of two words, imagination and causation; the former being the power we have of reproducing and combining our ideas into pleasing forms, the latter of comparing them, and drawing conclusions. When we are conscious of no difference in the ideas we have of the things done with our own understandings, but the description we should give of the one process, is that we should render of the other; then, for the avoidance of confusion, but *one* name should be used; on the other hand, if the object be to secure confusion and controversy, no plan will answer that end so well as a plurality of terms for the same thing. Still, however, we should have expressions fully equal to the number of “*differences*,” we are conscious of; as a scientific vocabulary, whose poverty of terms, makes it a vessel too small to contain the scope of human thought, is as bad as one, large enough to contain the truth, and a hundred spurious imitations of it, besides.

The preceding remarks are intended to usher in an argument against what is conceived to be the hasty and injudicious mapping out, and naming of the alleged different parts of the brain, as well as to prepare the reader for a rapid, but it is trusted accurate analytical review of the list

of faculties, to shew how (metaphysically) they may, some of them, be fused into others ; and, therefore, in no intelligible sense, to be styled " primary, elementary, and independent powers of the mind."

It has always excited the astonishment of anti-phrenologists, that a distinct organ should have been provided upon the skull, for the manifestation of the sexual propensity. Down to the time of Gall and Spurzheim, it was supposed to be a matter of general temperament, strengthened or controlled, according to the education and training of the individual. Thus, that it would be found of comparatively insignificant power in Sir Isaac Newton, plunged as he was unremittingly in abstract and unfleshly speculations, compared with one in whom the living flame of lust was constantly fed with the fuel of voluptuous images passing through the imagination. And, assuredly, if men will but examine this appetite in themselves, they will find stuff about its manifestations much more related to ideality than to an organ, whose function is represented to give us the simple desire of sexual commerce.

No man,—not the grossest boor,—nothing short of the beasts that perish—but is stimulated to the gratification of this appetite, by promptings of a far higher character than any amateness (as described by the phrenologists, could supply) ; adornments in which his own imagination decks the object of desire,—these adornments obviously the chief stimulus to action ; and as clearly supplied from other feelings than the gross one described by Mr. Combe. In this we are strengthened by our own observation, and by anatomical facts : the only person we ever met in whom the sexual spirit worked so strong as sometimes to require an unceremonious repulse from her gentlemen friends, had a neck like a gazelle, so slender as to crush the cerebellum into smaller space than in almost any other instance it would be found to occupy. The testimony of Mr. Mayo will be found in strict accordance with this case. In his work on Physiology, he states the results of certain experi-

ments made to throw light upon this subject, on the body of a frog, the most salacious of all organized things. In its sexual embraces, it was so earnest and intense, that it would bear amputation of its limbs, without abandoning the object of its passion:—yet the frog has scarcely any perceptible cerebellum, in which part phrenologists tell us the propensity is always lodged. But it seems scarcely necessary to run to anatomy to shew the folly of the scheme in respect to this organ. Whatever is animal in the passion of love, seems to be the affair of any thing but the nape of the neck; and all of the feeling which we find to be sentimental, is strictly the province of imagination. Still, as this is a point which cannot be argued with effect in any other way than one which would be improper for, and offensive to, the general reader, we gladly get on to another faculty, leaving to our opponents to sing pœans of victory, at our thus prematurely quitting the argument, which, careless whether they believe it or not, we assure them we do, from respect to decency, rather than mistrust of the issue.

The second organ on the list is “Philoprogenitiveness;” a fine word for love of children,—which is decided to be a primary and independent faculty, resolvable into no element of character simpler than itself.

The phrenologists, with Mr. Combe at their head, say that it is proved to be so, and entirely distinct from benevolence, as it is sometimes found that even very selfish people are fond of children. A very original mode of proving it an independent faculty, to say that *it is* such, because it is found in some people who have not *some other* faculty. Mr. Jeffrey had formerly asserted that our love of children was simple benevolence, modified in favour of its objects, from a sense of their innocence and their helplessness; and Mr. Jeffrey was right. His opponents presumed he was wrong, because cases have been found in which parties have displayed attachment to children, who have been distinguished by intense selfishness, and want of *general* benevo-

lence towards their species. Although it has never been our lot to encounter any man in whom excessive partiality for children has gone hand in hand with confirmed devotion to self, or utter indifference for any grown up person's welfare; we do not mean to say that such instances do not exist, although we feel confident, whether existent or not, that they are easily explained upon the common principle of sympathy or benevolence. First, in looking carefully to our own feelings, we cannot discover any difference of kind, between the desire we entertain to protect helpless infancy, and the pleasure we have in promoting the comforts of declining years; and seeing no difference to warrant an assignment of different sections of the brain to their operation, it becomes a duty to examine what is the worth of the "phrenological reason" rendered for this "faculty's" independence; viz. "its being occasionally found strong in people who are in all other respects selfish." In the first place, we utterly deny the *existence of benevolence*, as respects that definition wherein it is accounted to take the welfare of all human conditions into its scope; and in doing so, we shall be acquitted of immodesty when we say, we are supported in this position by Sir James Macintosh, and, if we remember aright, by that accurate thinker, and honest man, William Godwin. They reasoned something to this effect; that all our feelings, whether of attachment or hatred, for our fellow-men, must necessarily arise from *personal contact* with them, giving and receiving the offices of life, which generate our good or ill will towards them; that in no other way are we conscious of such feelings being excited; and therefore the term "benevolence," as including in our love, the whole human race, is little better than declamatory cant of sentimental impostors and hustings orators. Probably with some such conviction as this, was it, that our English moralist enunciated his sweeping and arrogant assertion, that "patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel." A man's affections are not to be excited by that which neither appeals to the senses, nor warms the imagi-

nation. The vision of a lovely woman, calling into activity a principle of his constitution, induces the emotion of love ; communication with a fine intellect and responsive tastes, in one of his own sex, ensures that noblest privilege of humanity,—an enlightened friendship. In these cases, it is neither the wish, *nor in the will* of the man to be unaffected ; the attraction is as necessary and involuntary as that of nitric acid and iron filings ; but to love that “*great unknown*,” the public, stretching so far beyond the little circle of his experience and observation, is beyond his mere human capacity. The inhabitants of Northumberland or Yorkshire, whom he never met with, can have no other hold on him, than as beings receiving the reflection of his feelings from others (his personal friends) organized like themselves, and with whom contact and acquaintance have furnished him with the power of forming loves and friendships.

As benevolence, then, can exercise itself only on those immediately about us, and that grander and less comprehensible sort of benevolence just referred to, having no other existence than in fashionable novels, and opti-mystical systems, we will turn our attention homewards, and closely regard such of our friends as are most reputed for their benevolent deportment towards their friends and acquaintances.

We know individuals in the world, sorry are we to say too, among the fair sex, in whom the most harrowing account of human misery will not excite so much emotion as a torn gown, or a spoiled dinner ; we know others who feel the most acute pain at the same narration, and are excessively uncomfortable until they have done something to diminish the agony it represents. The first are a set of mere vegetating lumps in human shape ; they eat, drink, sleep, snarl at each other, backbite their acquaintance, dress out their carcasses for wiser people to laugh, and more ignorant people (difficult to be found) to stare at them ; magnify small faults, and blacken the best deeds, incapable of understanding a generous sentiment, or estimating a just self-dental, and all this, (whether from nature or habit is

immaterial,) because they have not a particle of *sensibility* in their composition, and are affectable by no other class of sensations, but that of which a hungry stomach, and an ill-clad back, may represent the extremes. The second division of persons, is that which alone makes us think that "human goodness" is not simply *the brag of a species*; people with warm hearts in their bosoms, and *sensibilities* so prompt and fine, that the sight of woe in another, *becomes woe to themselves*, and their useful and virtuous lives are past in a continued and untiring course of those charities, the exercise of which endears the actors to their fellow-creatures. The first set of people are so hateful, that to think of them and loathe them is one and the same; the second attracts and charms us. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that the term "selfishness," as applied to the first set, in order to distinguish it from the second, is ineffectual for the purpose, as this latter, properly speaking, is as selfish as the other. Selfishness, as we conceive it, is a quality that *prompts us to that course of conduct, calculated to advance our own happiness*. If this be a just account of it, and there appears nothing materially incorrect in it, it will follow of necessity, that both the above mentioned sets of persons exhibit equal selfishness in pursuing their respective courses.

One of the first set, passes by an object in the street regardless of the abject misery in which such object may be existing;—no pity excited in the heart, no pence drawn from the pocket; the unsympathetic wretch passes onwards, and in so doing certainly pursues that conduct, calculated to advance its own happiness. As the sight of misery does not affect it, where would be the use of *giving money*? in its own expressive language, *what would it get by that*? it passes on and expends its pence upon something which its own feelings tell it, will bring more pleasure.

Again, one of the second set we know, a special pleader, whom, not five and twenty years experience, in drawing

declarations and demurrers, has purged of that fine supply of the milk of human kindness nature gave him at his birth;—who, notwithstanding the unfavourable influence of his profession, has been caught by his friends crying at a tragedy, and distributing savoury bunches to famishing curs, from those dog's-meat dispensaries that are wheeled about our streets. To *witness* and to *participate in distress*, is to him one and the same thing. The principle within him, which *he* cannot account for, and which men in default of a better name have been obliged to call *sympathy*, this principle so operates in him, as to make him feel *great pain*, when he beholds a fellow-being in distress. In giving to the latter object, the sought-for relief, he does what, in the world's phraseology, is called a generous act. He confers upon another, for *his* happiness, money which might be employed in enhancing his own; and upon the surface of his conduct seems to have denied himself a pleasure, in order to comfort another; or to have transferred a portion of *his own happiness* in order to increase the scanty sum of a fellow-being's. Carefully regarded, however, the conduct is this. He is confronted with an object of distress which *afflicts* him;—he gives money which at the same time diminishes the distress, and, as a consequence, relieves himself. It is nonsense to say that the primary motive is to relieve the distressed party for the sake of the distressed party; the primary motive is uneasiness in himself; he must first feel the distress before he can desire to relieve it; when so felt the putting the hand in the breeches pocket is an involuntary act, by means of which he escapes the disagreeable sensation that urged him to it. A sincerely charitable man, therefore, gets more *pleasure* or happiness in expending his money on *others*, than he would secure by using it in any other way for himself; and thus observes the conduct calculated to secure his own happiness; the only difference between him, and the unsympathetic person, being, that the former by the accident of a large endowment of sensibility, cannot have his happiness *without reference to the condition of his fellow-*

beings, and the latter by the absence of sensibility, can secure her happiness (such as it is) utterly regardless of and undisturbed by the state of any other individual. Still, most unquestionably, each pursues in its own way, the happiness or pleasure of *himself and herself*, respectively, and each is alike *selfish*. This word selfish, then, is insufficient to distinguish the one case from the other; or to express the difference of which we are conscious, in the respective qualities, of the two courses of conduct. In all probability it was such a difficulty as this, that drove Mr. Bentham (we speak guessingly, not having read his work on morals) to invent the terms, self-regarding, and extra-regarding;—terms which very happily, and accurately, separate the two cases, with a sufficient boundary. Both may be equally selfish, but one is a person, all whose acts immediately regard her own body, exclusively, the other cannot secure his happiness, without carrying out his regards *from and beyond* his own individuality. The first has been characterized roughly by the expressions sordid, selfish, unsympathetic; the last by the terms, generous, self-denying, and benevolent.

Now, to most readers, this minute examination of what is selfishness, will appear curiously out of place, whilst considering the nature of “philoprogenitiveness.” By exercising a little patience, and proceeding onwards, they will soon see, to what it is introductory. As before mentioned, it has been by many people argued, that “love of children” *is only a modification of self-love*. To this Mr. Combe replies in his system published in 1836, that “*if this faculty were only a modification of mere self-love, parental affection should be weak as generosity is strong.*” This, to the unthinking, is a plausible argument, and intended by its author to take the following shape. That where self-love (the self-regarding principle) is strong—love of children, asserted to be in the nature of it, should be correspondingly strong;—and that where generosity (the extra-regarding principle) is strong, which the phrenologist

intends should be understood as the very opposite to self-love, then love of children should be weak. His argument says, that if a man has *generosity* he has *not* self-love—and if he has *not* self-love he cannot have any modification of it; and, consequently, love of children cannot be a modification of 'self-love. Now, without further circumlocution, the intelligent reader will not be displeased if we at once characterise this small quibbling as flat nonsense. It is not true that generosity is so completely and violently opposed to selfishness (as it is called), as that a generous man has no self-love. We have shewn above, that so far from being opposed to each other, they are one and the same thing, modified only in the objects to which they are referred, *selfishness being self-love confined to one's own body; generosity, the same principle of self-love, taking in the condition of our fellow-creatures.*

It seems, then, that the selfish (or self-regarding,) and the generous or extra-regarding, may indifferently be imbued with this principle of love of children; the superior degree of its manifestation,—certainly the most enlightened application of it, being afforded by the extra-regarding parent, and the weakest and silliest exhibition of it, by the indolent and selfish father; just as we observe a sensible and reflective parent, who knows the necessity of curbing infantile appetites, will rather give himself and the child a present pain, for a future advantage—whilst the merely self-regarding parent, too indolent, too abased, too besotted by its own swinish love of ease, will allow its offspring to stumble from error to crime, from the first magisterial reprimand to its final destiny, the gallows, rather than suffer a single unpleasant sensation, or endure a single *parent's* inconvenience.

The proposition, that love of children is merely a modification of self-love, is not disturbed, then, by Mr. Combe's notable argument about "generosity;" and having shewn that parental affection in generous people supports (instead of conflicts with) our view of the matter;—we shall proceed

as briefly as possible to shew that there is no such faculty as philoprogenitiveness prompting us to the love of all sorts of children, whether quiet ones or screamers, pretty or ugly, clean or dirty, other people's or one's own. To be very fond of them, they must either be productions of *our own*; or possessed of qualities of an extra-engaging character, good tempered, pretty prattlers, and very managable, if the scions of other stocks.

If a man have sensibility and observation, he *must* like pretty, well-trained, and quiet children. Their innocence, their helplessness, their amusing attempts at speech, their delighted wonder at all things, the most familiar to ourselves, their quick "fallings out" with us, and their prompt "makings up," their first experiments to ascertain the utility of their legs, in a staggering run from chair to chair, until down they come with a squalling fit of earliest human anger, to be changed into elated chuckling, and crowing laughter, by summary punishment inflicted on the audacious ground, or the wicked table; their genuine and abstracted devotion to their toys and playthings, and their unconscious soliloquies over their mighty little projects; all these, and many other infantile traits, render them playthings to trifling parents, and objects of deepest interest to such as feel dawning humanity a study and a delight. But let the reader mark, that, when the child *is not his own*, he feels no delight in its presence, unless *he himself* have *sensibility*, and the *child* is a *quiet one*. That love of young children is merely a modification of self-love, is a fact, we think, to which the conduct of both single and married, of either sex, bears ample testimony. Of course, they who have the organ large, have it so *before* the marriage contract as well as *after*; it does not sprout out of the occipital region of their skulls *immediately* after the ceremony, as a gift from Hymen, to love their children with; it is a congenital endowment, and manifests itself in proportion to its size, even from infancy. This circumstance throws upon the phrenologists the burthen of satisfying the following

question: "Where is the evidence of any unmarried and childless people, particularly loving children?" There must be thousands such, with large organs of philoprogenitiveness where are the manifestations of the faculty? "Oh!" cries Dr. Gall, "a little girl nurses and presses her doll to her bosom. *She dresses it*, (he continues,) *undresses it, decks it in fine clothes, feeds it*, gives it drink! prepares its night linen, puts it to bed, takes it up often, caresses it, gives it its lesson, scolds it, threatens it, and tells it stories. In this way, she spends the whole day, weeks, and even months, with her dear doll."^{*}

Now, without the guilt of sacrilege, may we not join the reader, in the involuntary laugh, this stuff (attempted to be passed down his throat under the name of philosophy) must of necessity excite in him. This is given us as the early working of the organ of love of children; and the "servum pecus" of minor Phrenologists, in books, catechisms, and lectures, regularly give it out as unexceptionable evidence. Did Mr. Gall observe so ineffectually, or reflect so loosely, as not to perceive, that if this were evidence at all, it must be evidence in support of the organ of imitation *alone*; and could not possibly be evidence of the early working of philoprogenitiveness? Did he think that young girls in giving dresses and drink to their dolls, fancied the said dolls felt the warmer for the one, or experienced the luxury of quenched thirst, by the aid of the other? Did he think that little girls in preparing the dolls night-linen, and putting it carefully to bed, persuaded themselves that the waxen or wooden figure enjoyed a profounder repose than its ordinary state? Did he suppose that when little girls scolded or schooled their dolls, that they fancied lumps of wood were reproved by the censure, or edified by the lecture? He could not of course suppose any of these monstrous things; and if he did not, how could he think

^{*} On the Origin of the Moral Qualities, and Intellectual Faculties of MAN; by Francois Joseph Gall, M.D.: translated from the French, by Winslow Lewis, M.D., M.M. S.S. Vol. iii.

these little girls would exhaust a sentiment peculiarly applicable to *sentient beings*, upon a lump of wood or wax? For it must be borne in mind by the reader, that this propensity is an affectionate feeling expending itself on little human creatures, capable of being benefited by it, not on made-up puppets, that cannot exhibit any consciousness of the benefits bestowed. As well might we expect, that kind-hearted young ladies and gentlemen, with a large endowment of "*Benevolence*," should keep in their yards and gardens, "artificial poor sailors," and "well got-up mothers with two children," in whose pockets to slip charitable donations, as a sort of domestic exercise of the faculty. We see no reason in the world, why, if a dressed up doll will do for drawing off the maternal feeling, a dressed up doll should not also relieve us of our superabundant benevolence; which, leaving out of the question the beneficial exercise of the virtue, would be so much more economical, than the present mode of giving away our money to the living objects, and never getting it back again. Dr. Gall, in the extract made above, seems to think, that a little girl in doing all the things for her doll enumerated by him, *actually* feels an incipient maternal tenderness for it, although the intelligent reader must feel it to be the greatest folly that ever was penned. Indeed, if we could bring ourselves to consider girls' treatment of their "dear dolls," as a sort of fore-shadowing of the policy they would, when mothers, observe towards their children; we should think the conclusion anything but advantageous to the fond beings from whom we must all receive our first nurture. For well can we recollect the fatal works wrought by our own sisters, on these representatives of their future infants; eyes knocked out, scalps torn off, the brain bowels let out, arms and legs torn from the tender trunk, all which treatment we conceive Dr. Gall was bound to explain. Probably he would have said these extravagancies occasionally taking place, the more satisfactorily established his reasoning; and that a girl, who, when young, would dig out a doll's

eyes, would at full age be of fitting disposition, to practice child murder, on her flesh and blood infant.

But abandoning levity, which by most readers will be deemed the congenial spirit, in which to treat philosophy like that extracted above,—and resuming the gravity necessary to shew that we are in earnest, we may be called upon by the followers of Dr. Gall to explain, how, if young girls do not hug, dress, and scold their dolls from an early budding of the motherly principle, from what feeling, or upon what principle *do* they so treat them? We answer, that seeing their mothers, or their other female friends, nursing the younger children, they naturally, from the *mimicking* propensity, which is as strong in man as in monkeys, run through the same programme of duties, they so much admire, as performed by their elders. They have no *maternal affection* for their dolls whatsoever, and none but a simpleton, could ever have conceived such an idea.

What further evidence remains, then, for this faculty being something independent of self-love? Dr. Gall says, that cats when they have been deprived of their kittens, will suckle the young of other cats: true, they do so;—but it is when the cats so adopting the kittens of others, have milk to get rid of, which if retained, would acutely pain themselves—the obligation therefore is mutual: some allusion is also made to *ants and bees* manifesting attention for their young, but as any satisfactory feeling of these small animal's *heads* must have been almost as difficult as the Frenchman's recipe for poisoning fleas;—"catching them by the nape of their necks, forcing their jaws open, and dropping a few grains of the powder into their mouths;"—as the operation too, even when performed, would prove anything but satisfactory, from the vast difference in the shape of insect skulls, and human skulls, we conceive the phrenologists do not seriously intend to say bees and ants have a large organ of philoprogenitiveness. The account Dr. Gall gives, of the *first discovery* of this organ, is an amusing specimen of his peculiar character, bustling earn-

estness, and singular simplicity. He had been struck, he said, by the extreme affection monkies manifest for their young; he had also noted that the back of monkies' heads, was strikingly like the hinder region of *women's* heads (we hope they feel the compliment); and these two weighty observations, strengthened and confirmed by many minor and subsidiary ones, soon convinced him, that all creatures, loved their young, with a bump on the back of their heads, situated above the middle part of the cerebellum. For our own parts we believe, that the parental love of monkies, is about as strong as that of other animals, and that it merely appears more ardent than the love of dogs or cats, from the circumstance of *bodily shape* permitting a sort of cuddling or nursing, which affects us the more strongly, by its intense approximation to humanity.

As to the excessively wild speculation of the doctor, that the cases of monomania of those young women who have *fancied and asserted that they were in the family way*, are to be attributed to disordered action of this organ of philo-progenitiveness; such speculation is inconsistent, not only with our own reason, but even with the principles of phrenology themselves: with the latter, inasmuch as in page 7 of Mr. Combe's outlines, it is said, that the faculties falling under the genus, propensities (of which the organ under question is one) *do not form ideas*; "their sole function being to produce a propensity of a specific kind." Now, if they do not form ideas when in health, we suppose they cannot do more when in disease; and as the belief of a young girl that she *is with child*, is certainly *an idea*, we presume, from the phrenologist's own words, that this idea cannot be the product of an organ whose province it is not to *form* ideas. Diseased individuality or causality, we should have supposed, would have been made answerable for such a madness as this,—as for a young girl *to take her own person to be with child when it is not so*, must be either diseased perception or diseased reason. Diseased philo-progenitiveness, however, it *cannot* be, as this organ does

not form ideas ; unless the doctors give up their principle just above quoted from page 7, or can shew that a young girl's impression (though false), that she is with child, *is not an idea*. Be the "*monomania*" in fine what it may, the disorder of one or all the organs, the same fatal dilemma we dwelt on in our review of the considerations, still smothers, like a nightmare, the schemes of the organologists ;—if the young girls looked at other ladies' figures with the same faculties with which they regarded their own, and yet did not take the other ladies to be in the family way, the said organ or organs, were *healthy* in regarding the *other* figures, diseased in respect to the state of *their own* ; a conclusion all parties are agreed to pronounce absurd and nonsensical. In closing our remarks on these crazy young ladies, we beg to say, that a variety of observations we have made on mad people, strengthened by information we have received from attendants on lunatic asylums—force us to a very different theory from Dr. Gall's, for explaining such delusions as those above referred to. It is well known by these attendants, that from some of their patients, ladies of station and habits, it would be supposed inconsistent with grossness and impurity, language of the most licentious and revolting character has frequently escaped ; others again, with untiring interest, incessantly chatter about bonnets, gowns, and parasols ; some about love and sweethearts, others of religion and parsons. In each of these cases, the most prominent characteristic of the individual seems to be nakedly exposed. When in their sound state of intellect, the first class would utter no foul language, the second babble not too much of bonnets and parasols, the third confine their hearts secrets to themselves, the fourth restrain their holy tendencies within the bounds of good manners : possessed of their *reason*, they all know what qualities to suppress, and what to exhibit, in order to avoid the hate, or secure the favour of their fellow-beings. *But their reason dethroned*, and all the passions and elements of their nature,

in harsh and disrupted conflict, the strongest rise to the top, and shew above the rest; you see them in all their natural rugged force, untempered by circumstance, because uncurbed by the will. How could a woman, when mad, come to pour out volleys of vile language, unless when sane, she had listened to, and dwelt sufficiently upon the words, to impress them upon her brain? How could a young girl contract the madness of fancying herself with child, unless her imagination had been constantly running upon sexual subjects before her madness? How comes a man to fancy himself an emperor or a prophet, but by his imagination being filled with the contemplation of the character at first, then *dwelling morbidly* upon it, to the exclusion of all other things,—the mind in a manner walking out of its own consciousness of a particular individuality into the individuality of another. Much dwelling upon the admired character, makes him at last forget *himself*, and actually lose the consciousness of his real character, and acquire the consciousness of being the character his brain is incessantly so busy about; and this is what the common people call going mad from pride: and just as we frequently see this catastrophe taking place in men of strong passions and weak judgments, so in girls similarly constituted, will licentious images constantly dwelt upon, at last cause the belief that they are in that state they have so long sighed for.

This view of the case, then, would favour the idea that the condition of the fair lunatics, was rather referable to diseased amativeness than diseased philoprogenitiveness; but as we have lingered rather longer on this part of the subject than we had at first intended, let us get on to presenting the reader with one or two reasons of a *positive* character, inducing us to consider “love of children” only “self-love,” all that has been hitherto advanced, going only to the demolition of the phrenologic account of it.

A man marries a young girl, whom he loves better than any other being upon earth; one, who, for the first time,

has drawn into a focus all the affections of which his nature is susceptible; in his eyes she is the incarnation of all the virtues and perfections the intoxicated imagination of the lover can shower upon her;—when absent, she is the never-cloying feast of his fancy; when present, it is his luxury, unobserved of her or others, to stand at distance,

“——and make his eyes grow in her brow;
There can he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.”

He believes himself as much beloved as loving;—they are all in all to each other,—from the buffets and back strokes of that steady, crushing, animated Juggernaut, the great world, he falls back upon *his own* little domestic world, his smiling wife, and his calm fire-side;—she in her turn finds her happiness in his affectionate approval, and is sustained by the very energy love of her has first excited in him. It is difficult to conceive a connexion more holy, more unworldly, more generous in its appetency for happiness in the happiness of another, than such a marriage as this. From the hard nature of an Orson, the lonely dweller, even in peopled woods, the creatures of which know him not—the unsympathising and uncared for bachelor becomes humanized to something like the man God created in his own image. With wife and children, at once he tastes the sweet action of those many springs of human sympathy that hitherto have lain dormant in the mysterious machinery of his complicated being.

These people have children; well have they been called, pledges of love; they are the impersonations of the ecstasies of married life;—they are the living indexes of the long work of joy which has brought them into existence; they are the links which chain the hearts of the parents together;—the joint production of both, a part of the individuality of the husband developed and perfected by his second self, his wife, and afterwards drawing its little life from her bosom*; “I have given suck (says Lady

* It is notorious that women have not as strong affection for children they have not, as for those they have, given suck to.

Macbeth), and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me." Produced thus, and reared thus, it is a part of both, each has an equal interest in it, and 'tis beyond the philosophy of phrenology, or perhaps any other philosophy, to assign and lay out, and estimate, by metes and bounds, the wonderful complexity, the mystical power of this multiplication of human feelings into each other, by which love of offspring is engendered. But so it appears to be engendered. Is it not notorious, that where distress of parents has compelled them to allow some one or two of their children to be brought up by the grandfather and grandmother, the parents are always less solicitous about such children, and the grand-parents come to consider them as their own, from having had the nurture and trouble of them? Do we not see the principle of self-love holding, throughout all the degrees of identification of the parents with the children? The eldest son or daughter most loved by the mother, because it happened to give her the first sensation of a mother; the rickety bantling most cared for, because both parents have had twice as much trouble with it as with any two others of their children. If love of children, whether others or our own (apart from their being agreeable little companions when not crying), were an independent and original propensity of our nature, we should see it manifesting itself at every turn in life. Never, or at any rate, seldom, should we have our ears saluted by unmarried lips, with diatribes about "those plagues of children;" if some young men, advertising for boarding and lodging houses, stipulated that there should be no young children, others, and quite as numerous, well endowed with this faculty, ought to make it a *sine qua non*, that there should be a large family of little people. But, certainly, so little are young, old, or middle aged men, in the habit of considering half-a-dozen children, all under as many years of age, as a peculiar luxury in lodging-houses, that the unfortunate keepers express their woeful expe-

rience to be, that their rooms never will let, whilst their "rising hopes breathe in the same tenement." Now, we think this a staggering fact; and with a candid declaration, that we will reconsider this faculty, if the phrenologists will produce an advertisement for board and lodging from the "Times" newspaper, with a tail-piece to this effect, "a family of fourteen *small* children will be preferred;" with this handsome offer we close our remarks on the organ, and enter upon a consideration of the third on the list, "concentrativeness."

Mr. Combe says, that "concentrativeness is *proven* to be a distinct organ, because it is sometimes found large, when the organs of philoprogenitiveness and self-esteem, lying below and above, are small, and sometimes small, when these are large. Dr. Spurzheim observed it to be large in those animals and persons, who seemed attached to particular places. And he thence termed it the organ of *inhabitiveness*; the function, however, is stated by him as only conjectural. From more enlarged observations, it now seems probable (continues Mr. Combe) that its function is to give the *desire for permanence in place*, and for permanence of emotions and ideas in the mind. Its abuses lead to aversion to move abroad, also to morbid dwelling on internal emotions and ideas, to the neglect of external impressions. *It serves to maintain two or more powers in simultaneous and combined activity, so that they may be directed towards one object; and it is in consequence named concentrativeness.*"

Now we do not believe this faculty to be either elementary or independent, or we should speak more correctly, were we to say, that we do not consider the *state* of the understanding, represented by this term, concentrativeness, any other than "*Causality or Reasoning.*" For a long time this particular bump—that is to say, *when* a bump was found on the part of the head the phrenologists give up to it, was supposed by Dr. Spurzheim to manifest the faculty through which

individuals became *attached to particular objects* ; and notwithstanding that succeeding phrenologists considerably varied this account of it, he stuck to his first belief, with an inflexibility that strongly marked his conviction of its truth. It thus appears, according to Dr. Spurzheim's observation, that wherever this organ was largely developed, the owner of it was *simply remarkable for attachment to particular places and objects*. But Mr. Combe, without impugning the above account of the faculty (we fairly presume for the sake of *apparent* uniformity of experience), which is admitted by that gentleman to be good as far as it goes, contends for an extension of its province, which is alleged to contain the power, some men possess more than others, of concentrating their thoughts upon a given subject;—a power which Mr. Combe considers to be *one and the same* with attachment to particular places or objects!!! This is certainly something to excite our faculty of wonder, for it is sufficiently unintelligible. A man's attachment to, and unwillingness to remove from, a particular place, is, generally speaking, only one of the many forms, our love of ease or appetite for comfort, takes in this world. A long period spent in any neighbourhood, however few and small attractions it may have in itself, must always endear it to us more or less. Habit in this, as in almost every case, is every thing. The companions whose fellowship we have enjoyed, the many social ties that identify the spot with our dearest and most hallowed recollections, the connexions of parents, wife, and children, all involved and interwoven in the places, where the emotions connected with these objects have most been exercised, make the places, at length, by the mere force of association, as dear as the objects themselves ; so that the separation from them, inflicts a pang upon us of the same nature, although less intense in degree, as sudden deprivation of a near relative, or dearly valued friend. Our attachment to a particular locality then, whatever the phrenologists may think about it, is simply

the result of association, a necessary feeling entertained by every person possessing the average degree of sensibility, for any spot in which pleasurable emotions have been long exercised. This we believe from searching self-examination, as well as careful enquiry among our friends, to be the whole and sole account of the feeling. But surely it will never be alleged by any one that this account will also stand for *the ability to concentrate our ideas* upon a particular subject of study. The former feeling is one of *involuntary* affection for the scene of past delights, creating in us the desire for continuing our existence in it;—the latter is the capacity we have of *voluntarily* contemplating with efficient and undistracted thought, all the elements in any question, necessary to conduct us to a correct conclusion. The first is a mere passive sentiment of approval, the last a determined application of intellectual power. Yet if we were to pronounce the latter as a voluntary application of the intellect, without any qualification, we should be imitating our opponents, in their habit of dislocating, boning, and potting nature, as it were, to make it enter the narrow limits of a silly theory. Although practice enables us to get wonderful command over our resources, and fix, with pointer-like attention, our faculties on a subject, even uncongenial to our taste, it is yet indisputable that if we are greatly interested in what we are about, not only is the requisite concentration of ideas not difficult, but absolutely unavoidable. A sporting man's powers are finely concentrated upon a horse race at Epsom; a criminal's upon the prospect of being hanged by the neck to-morrow morning; a young girl's in the perusal of her love-letters; yet, supposing that each and every of these persons, had, from habit, got the facility of directing the intellect to any subject *exclusively*, throw in some great distracting circumstance upon them, and where is their faculty of concentrativeness? Will any one assert that a minister of state, however fine a mathematician he may be, will be able to

concentrate his ideas upon a problem, whilst some radical assailant, is inveighing against his policy, from the other side of the house? We think not. The intellect in such circumstances is spell-bound, concentrativeness has then no existence: the poor Scotch prisoner found the truth of this, when, the night before his execution, his friends visited him in prison, and ever and anon, tried to lure him from the contemplation of his coming doom. With the exclamation, "*but dam it, yon hanging comes abune a,*" he set this part of the question at rest. It follows, from these instances, that *all* people possess concentrativeness, at certain times, and upon certain subjects, and are entirely destitute of the quality, at other times, and upon other subjects; it being within the reach of all, to improve by self-training, their power of concentration, upon even those subjects, for which they have not even a natural liking. It does not appear necessary to add any thing more, to prove, that "*passive liking for a particular spot,*" is not the same thing as *concentrating the intellect* upon a particular subject,—or to prove that Mr. Combe and Dr. Spurzheim are at issue to settle the "function of this faculty,"—or to shew that Mr. Combe has miserably blundered in considering the feeling, "attachment," the same thing, with thinking closely; but it may be necessary to say a word or two more, about *concentrativeness*, lest the expression we just now let fall about its being nothing else but a condition of causality, should be deemed an "*obiter dictum,*" thrown out carelessly, and which we were in no condition to strengthen into proof.

A man in applying his reason to a question, does so as effectually as he can;—he considers his premises, compares them, marks their differences, settles his conclusions. All this is implied and involved in *reasoning*:—if he can do it steadily and without distraction, his reasoning is expeditious, close, true;—if he cannot so perform the process, but other thoughts impertinently wriggle in between the steps of it, nothing can be more obvious than that his

reasoning power is deficient in steadiness and in strength. His causality has not that sovereign and disposing power, which, to be in a due state of efficiency, it should possess. It wants the sturdiness necessary to protect itself from being set aside by any light things which may solicit the external senses, or fly about, in what Thomas Hobbes calls the internal substance of the head. Possessed of this steady strength we should no more say, it was a distinct faculty of itself, than we should call the power of the eagle to look, with unwinking lid, at the face of the sun, a distinct faculty from that of sight. Indeed, now we have popped upon this illustration, we may continue it on, by saying, that just as all people possess sight, some of them in higher perfection than others, so do all possess reason, some in higher power than others; yet we should expect to be not a little laughed at, if we were arrogantly to assert, that the ability to reason steadily, to *fix* the intellect upon our subject, was a distinct faculty, from that of reasoning badly, or that the opening the lid against the rays of the sun, was a *distinct and separate* sense, from that imperfect function of the eye, called weak sight.

Having thus, as we conceive, satisfied all unbiassed and conscientious reasoners, that this power is involved in causality, and ought not to have any distinct place assigned to it on the human skull; we may dismiss the next organ, "adhesiveness," without much ceremony, it being described exactly in the same manner as Dr. Spurzheim has described "concentrativeness." "Adhesiveness, (says Mr. Combe, page 9 of the Outlines,) produces the instinctive tendency to attach one's self to surrounding objects and beings." But Dr. Spurzheim gave the name of *inhabitiveness* to the organ now called concentrativeness, "because, he uniformly observed it to be large in *those animals and persons who seemed attached to particular places*;" and as a perusal of Dr. Gall's Works will shew that the great phrenological doctors, in settling a *new faculty*, always buckled together the most prominent peculiarity, and the most prominent

organ of the individuals they examined ; we are necessarily cast here into some slight degree of tribulation, and no slight degree of uncertainty. Dr. Spurzheim felt convinced (see Mr. Combe's System, Ed. 1836), that *concentrativeness* was the bump which attached us to particular places and objects. Why? Because they who manifested the peculiarity (*is it a peculiarity?*) greatly, possessed the organ in much larger development than any other organ on their heads. So far, Dr. Spurzheim and Mr. Combe are at issue—the one asserting *his* observation to prove the peculiarity to be the province of one organ, the other equally firm, declares it to be the function of the other organ. Either the one or the other must be in the wrong. If the Doctor found No. 3 *large*, and No. 4 *small*, in those who were remarkable for attachment to particular places and objects, and Mr. Combe has found *both large* in people so distinguished (for *he* gives the same account of both), how can they feel such a degree of certainty about them as to clap the fiat "*established*" at the tail of each, to contradict which is to run the risk of being handed down to immortal infamy, as a reviler of the most blessed and saving system of metaphysics ever bestowed on the human race. As no one can venture to decide when doctor's disagree, we are constrained to glance at the two next organs on the list, 5 and 6—*combativeness* and *destructiveness*, both of which are primary and independent faculties, as satisfactorily established as any others, that either precede or follow them.

Now, as the phrenologists had not only acknowledged there was such a thing as temperament in the world, but also that it had vast influence in modifying the manifestations of the faculties, we should have thought that the combating and destructive qualities would rather have been traced to its influence, than have been endowed with two organs for their especial working. But the ways of Dr. Gall are hard to know, and there seems nothing for it, but to submit with a graceful resignation. It may illuminate the readers,

whose phrenological studies may not have gone up to the fathers of the faith, to make a short extract here from Dr. Gall, being part of a paragraph on the "FUNDAMENTAL QUALITY OF THE DISPOSITION TO QUARREL AND FIGHT."

"The reader is already *aware* (says the Doctor) that it was impossible for me to discover any fundamental power in its primitive destination; and that, at first, my attention has always been fixed on the extraordinary manifestation of a quality or faculty; and, consequently, on the result of an extreme development of an organ. The highest degree of action of which an organ is susceptible, is nothing but a *gradation* of the fundamental power, *but not this fundamental power itself*. The fundamental quality or faculty is common to all the individuals of the species; but the degrees of manifestation vary from one individual to another, according as the organ is more or less developed. Setting aside all accidental modification, and attending only to that condition of this quality, which is common to all individuals, we shall arrive at the fundamental quality or faculty. As much must be left to the sagacity of each individual, who makes it a subject of attention, there will *always remain a great diversity of opinion even among organologists, as to the denomination of the fundamental qualities or faculties*."

Now, from this extract, which is only one of a hundred more of the same character; and from the heading of the account of "combativeness," which is as follows:—"Instinct of self-defence and of property; disposition to quarrel; courage."—the reader will detect, in all its bareness, the peculiar weakness of Dr. Gall—a muddled head. A man may be, and frequently is, prompt for self-defence, without having any disposition to quarrel; or he may have the disposition to quarrel without possessing courage, or he may be distinguished for the latter quality without the slightest disposition to contend with any living creature; and, yet Dr. Gall does not appear to discover any incongruity in lumping all these qualities together as equivalent

terms for the same thing. This practice with Dr. Gall is a matter of necessity, as a poor substitute for the possession of clear ideas. He is like a man blindfolded let loose to catch a truth from amongst a crowd of errors, that environ and hem it in. He is aware, that if he catches it, he shall not recognise it; but he is also aware that the greater number of grasps he makes the greater the probability is that he shall eventually hold it; and then he will leave it to his readers to give him credit for the work if he succeeds *in their opinion*. Thus, although treating a subject, that at every step requires it, we scarcely ever find Dr. Gall attempting a definition, and when he does hazard one, it is always defective. He prefers pouring you out a bushel of examples, frequently as opposed to each other as it is possible they can be, from which you must winnow the wheat from the chaff, and shape definitions for yourself. To what is the long wrangle about, "whether courage has a distinct organ or not, and whether fear be a positive or negative quality,"* maintained among Gall, Spurzheim, and Demangeon; to what is this tedious wrangle attributable but to this fact; that each was opposed to the others, without understanding either himself or his antagonists. Each had a confused notion of the meaning of the terms courage, cowardice, fear, circumspection, &c., to the signification of which, however, he fixed no limitations; and, consequently, if the parties had gone on till doomsday, even with the assistance of all the animals that walked out of the ark, they would have been as near to a satisfactory settlement of their dispute as when they began.

It will be observed that Dr. Gall commences the passage quoted above, with the words—"the reader is already aware that it is impossible for me to *discover any fundamental power in its primitive destination*; and that at first my attention has *always* been fixed on the *extraordinary*

* See Vol. iv. of Gall's Work on the Origin of the Moral Qualities and Intellectual Faculties of MAN; translated by Winslow Lewis, junr., M.D. (from p. 34 to 50).

manifestation of a quality or faculty,' and consequently on the result of an *extreme* development of an *organ*.

Certainly, the reader, if he have read Dr. Gall with close attention, will not require to be told that that gentleman is not competent to discover a *fundamental power*: this discovery is only made by reference to our own consciousness (as we have already said), and ascertaining whether such quality stands out, in our conception of it, apart from, and distinct in its outline, from the *other* qualities, we are conscious of possessing. If it do so, we can express the distinction in words corresponding to our conception, which words become the "verbal boundary," separating the quality from all others in men's contemplation. If we *cannot* see that the quality is distinguishable from, but merely a modification of some other quality—we *are then able to shew* that it is fusible into that other quality, and are, as a necessary consequence, incapable of giving it a distinct, elementary existence, within the specific limitation of a definition. Whether it have this elementary or fundamental character or not, it is clear the fact is only ascertainable by looking inwards, and comparing it with our ideas of other things: it is equally clear that Dr. Gall's habit of *at first* fixing his attention on an *extraordinary manifestation of a quality or faculty*, as the result of an *extreme development of an organ*, would not, in the space of a thousand years, remove the "impossibility" he deploras of discovering a fundamental power in its original destination. According to his principle of going to work, if he had met with a healthy-minded man, as we have done, who keeps kettles of boiling water constantly ready, that he may wash himself all over, six or eight times a day—and this same individual had possessed any very prominent bump not yet pre-occupied by any of the "primary and independent," without any pause to reflect whether this peculiarity might not be a modification of "alimentiveness or self-esteem," (the nearest organs we can find for this habit), the Doctor, would have at once jumped to the conclusion,

that there was an original faculty of "lavitiveness" in man, and probably would have set to work to imprison a hundred people in his coal cellar, without soap and water, in order to discover which would soonest and strongest manifest a desire to purify his skin.

These remarks will account to the reader for the irreconcilable differences among Gall, Spurzheim, and Demangeon, respecting this quality of courage. The first of the three believe courage to be a positive quality, and cowardice to be consequent on the absence of the organ of combativeness;—the second, asserts that *cowardice* is the specific positive function of an "organ of its own," "cautionness;" and the last whom the unlearned reader will perhaps think nearer to the mark than either of them, does not believe that either quality has a specific organ, but that both are simply manifestations of the instinct of self-preservation.

In the first place, let us settle what is courage, as usually understood by our fellow-men, in using that term. "*We take it to be undisturbed possession of all our resources, in the presence of any evil immediately threatening our life, or well being.*" According to this definition, it would appear that the quality is simply owing to the faculties of the possessor being so strong, as to work clear and unconfounded, by threatening evils, sufficient to paralyze *weaker* faculties. The reader must bear in mind, that we are not now treating of the combative propensity, the tendency to quarrel and fight, which is as frequently mere hectoring and bullying, as any thing else;—but we speak of that large exhibition of the quality, capable of taking in the noblest instances human history affords to us as illustrations.

The quality then, as defined, requires the following circumstances for its pure manifestation. 1st. There must be an evil threatening the party, *real*, or *appearing* so to him. 2nd. He must see clearly, the nature and extent of the evil. 3rd. He must possess the sum of his powers, and coolly apply them to the overcoming, or the removal of the evil,—with

all their ordinary strength and efficacy, *undiminished by the presence of the evil*. The first must, of course, be had, as without it, the party to exhibit the quality, is exposed to no more than his ordinary condition, and we all know the joke, that it is easy to be brave, where there is no danger. The second condition must also be granted; *ignorance of a danger*, being all the same with its non-existence;—as we should not call a man courageous, who standing over a charged mine without knowing it, were to be suddenly blown into the air. The third condition is equally indispensable;—as the degree of dimunition of a man's self-possession when exposed to the evil, determines the presence or absence of the quality under examination.

Having so far settled the character and limitations of this desirable and fascinating quality, we shall proceed, for the purpose of making our view of it more obvious to the reader, to select from memory such examples of genuine courage, as in all the elements of the quality enumerated above, are least likely to meet with opposition or dispute. Mr. Waterton, the observant and enthusiastic naturalist, in a work lately published by him, has a charmingly exciting story, the most interesting feature of which is, the courage of a young English officer in a situation, one of the least likely to permit of its manifestation. Whilst pursuing, in company with a brother officer, the exhilarating but hazardous sport of lion-hunting, he was unexpectedly set upon by one of the lords of the forest, who having satisfactorily fastened his huge jaws around the waist of his human prey, trotted off to the jungle with him, as complacently as a cat runs away with a mouse. In such a situation as this, a man, with any other than a temper of mind and constitution capable of standing undismayed, though the world should crack under his feet, as described by Horace,—would shut his eyes in horror, and feeling the hot breath of the awful beast almost cooking his person, would await with desperate resignation for his possessor to begin. In such a

situation as this, one might expect to feel the teeth chewing amongst one's ribs every second, as did the young officer in the present case. He was not disappointed,—but fortunately for his friends as well as for himself, the lion had a fancy for commencing at the arm, which he amused himself with, by crunching as leisurely as a man would play with a piece of gristle. This operation, it is needless to say, was so shockingly painful, that the subject of it could with difficulty refrain from crying out. Nevertheless he *did* so refrain, and even whilst in this most horrible situation, had the coolness and calculation to draw his pistol from the belt, and aim at the head of his grim enemy. Unfortunately he either missed, or the balls did not take effect, and the lion still pursued his crunching amusement, by way of pleasantly varying which, he now proceeded a little further up towards the shoulder. Still our officer lost not his courage;—for hearing the voices of his friend, and some assistants whom the former had brought together, the poor prisoner cried out in as loud a voice as he dared, giving directions from what point they should fire, in order to kill the lion, without endangering himself. Fortunately this object was effected, and with a satisfaction we have no doubt the reader can conceive better than the sufferer could express,—he withdrew himself from between the powerless and relaxed jaws of the defunct monster, and once more felt himself a citizen of this world.

Another magnificent instance of true courage, certainly not so striking, but still very remarkable, we have in the history of that bundle of great purposes inadequately followed out, Napoleon Bounaparte. In his march from Egypt, a report had by some means got wind among the soldiers, that orders had been received by the surgeons from head-quarters, to poison all the sick, and such others who could only be detrimental to the expeditious march of the troops. The French are a vain people;—their soldiers a vain class of a vain people. In their grand monarch, or their mighty emperor, they saw their own greatness mirrored, and although

they have been always merely the *instruments* of deep men's designs, they do not choose to be told so, with such startling clearness as belief in the above report would necessarily involve. Incensed to desperation, the troops gathered round the tent of their intrepid leader, and with oaths and horrible imprecations, called to him to come out and be slaughtered. What would any man have done in such a case as this, who was not thoroughly "fear-proof?" he would have tried to escape at the back door, or in some other way, and most likely would have been caught and murdered for a poltroon. Not so with Napoleon. His intellect was always prepared for any event. He knew human nature pretty well, and above all, he knew that part of it called French character, completely. Stepping out with all the unbending dignity of the man used to command, he appeared at the call of the soldiers. He motioned to speak, and an intense silence prevailed. "Soldiers, (cried he,) you are Frenchmen. You are *too many* to assassinate me, and *too few* to intimidate me." In a moment the air was rent with acclamations, and the men thus cleverly managed, cried out, their wonder having swallowed their rage, "Damn it, *how brave he is.*"

These cases, upon examination, will be found in every point to come up to the account we have just given of the quality of courage,—a great danger,—*full knowledge* of the danger,—intrepidity and unconfused faculties to overcome it. The reader will, of course, remember a host of other instances which bear the same character, and come under the same account; but as we desire to go at once into a consideration of the nature of the quality itself, with the manner of its production, no more examples will be given. What did the young officer do, and what did Napoleon, in the two interesting anecdotes above. *They reasoned.* They saw correctly at all points a great danger impending, which judicious conduct might control, and which rash or foolish conduct would certainly bring down upon them to their utter destruction. It was a masterly specimen of cool calculation in the young officer, reasoning,

in the lion's mouth, as to the possibility of putting bullets into the head of the brute; and it was almost, if not quite as fine in Napoleon, hitting the Frenchmen between wind and water, filliping their *chivalry* on the one hand, by absolutely disbelieving that *so many* would go about to kill *one man*, and catching their admiration of courage on the other, by affecting to consider them as too few to intimidate him: striking their imaginations in this manner in the two tenderest points, he made them once more the creatures of his subduing will. In both these cases we see a calmness of reasoning, such only as, according to average conduct, we should look for in the security of the senate, or the silence of the closet. In what then consists the difference between the reasoning function of these rare men, and the same function in other men? Simply in this, that there was a *firmness* about the powers of the former that still kept them 'efficient in trying and dangerous situations. Was firmness or steadiness of thought, then, the *only* difference? Doubtless. Look as carefully into the cases as you please, and this is all the difference that can be found. This firmness of function was, in all probability, the effect of general soundness of constitution; although, if phrenologists should assert that this quality can only be exhibited by those who have the appropriate organ on the apex of their skulls, the above illustrations amply show that *courage* is simply a compound of *causality* and *firmness*, and a special organ for its manifestation is neither more nor less than reckless expenditure of the thinking substance.

The reader will discover in the pages of Gall, that under this organ of *Combativeness, the tendency to quarrel in drunken rustics (wounded self-esteem we should have thought, working on an irritable temperament), the stupid ferocity of bull dogs, and the pertinacity of the game cock, are all considered samples of pure courage. Samples of *fighting* they unquestionably are, but since all these crea-

* See Gall, vol. iv. (translated by Winslow Lewis, M. D.), p. 14—25.

tures will turn and flee, at the sight of any thing much out of their usual course of action, it is to be supposed that with them it is a mere blind indiscriminating instinct for attacking what will usually turn from them. Little dogs will, with manifest delight, chase whole flocks of sheep, but if one old ram only turn round and show his front, the little dogs usually think it expedient to carry the game no further. Dr. Gall* tells us, that in order the more satisfactorily to discover whether there were a distinct organ for courage, he collected a number of individuals of the lower classes in his house, gained their confidence by presents of beer, wine, and money, and got them to tell him all about each other's good and bad qualities. Of course, there were both quarrelsome and quiet ones, and on examining the heads of the former, they were found to be wider immediately on a level with and behind the tops of the ears, than the others, and the Doctor felt no more doubt of the existence of a distinct organ of courage than did Dr. Elliotson a few months back, of the mystical power of mesmerism, until Mr. Wakley, much against the natural grain of Dr. E. for the marvellous, undeceived him of the quackery, and half convinced him that Miss Okey was an impostor. But to return to Dr. Gall, and his drunken companions. We demur to the whole evidence procured by the beer, wine, and money; it looks too like a Norwich election, and savours of bribery and corruption, leaving out of the question the fact, that if the whole proceeding were indisputably honest, it would not be worth a pin on either side of the controversy. *All* the men might have been the most quarrelsome boors that ever threw unclean rhetoric over pewter pots, and, at the same time, perhaps as complete a company of cowards as ever turned back on danger. Dr. Gall's blunder consists in supposing that quarrelling is an overt act of the principle of courage. It is no such thing. On the contrary, a man may quarrel, nay, even

* See Gall on the Origin of the Moral Qualities and Intellectual Faculties of Man, vol. iv. p. 14.

fight, every hour of the day, and be a confirmed coward after all. What is more common than a contradicting and pugnacious woman, especially where she has a quiet husband to operate upon; and yet this same woman, a helpless lump of paralyzed terror in any situation of apparent danger. Is there any character more common in the fair sex than the union of the vixen and the coward? Fielding understood this quality a little better than the phrenologist, when delineating the character of that arrant coward, Strap, the barber and servant of Roderick Random. When challenged by the little Frenchman to *a duel with swords*, nothing can prevail upon the uncourageous Strap to *fight with any deadly weapons*, no, not even with razors, a compromise proposed by his master Roderick, as best agreeing with the professional associations of his servant. He has not the slightest objection to a dry bout of fisty cuffs, but nothing will he have to do with those forms of human contention that may let out life.

Believing, then, sincerely, as we do, that courage, properly speaking, is the calm possession of our reason when threatened by danger, a quality, the general healthiness of the stuff of which we are made enables us to manifest, and seeing that even the popular and general expression of "presence of mind" supports this view of it, we are only left to account for that unamiable spirit of contention, brought so largely into exercise by Dr. Gall, through his liberal applications of gin, beer, and money; a spirit which has no relation to courage, and is even inconsistent with that quality. We have peeped behind hundreds of ears in our time, without finding the organ in those who largely owned the faculty, and have been compelled to come into the belief that this wrangling and combative principle is the result of no "specific cone" in the brain, but simply the ebullition of a highly irritable and nervous temperament. They who are much in the habit of mixing with large bodies of men, will frequently observe this irritable pugnacity at work, without any apparent accompaniment

of courage. Samples of this sort are found in the parliamentary speeches of Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir John Hobhouse; and, on the other hand, as specimens of courage without hectoring pugnacity, we cannot help calling to mind addresses of the Duke of Wellington and Sir De Lacy Evans. So much for "the instinct of self-defence and of property, disposition to quarrel, courage," from the confused account of which, by Gall, we gladly escape to the considerations of another organ.

We have little to say respecting that primary and independent faculty of "destructiveness," or murder, as it was named by Dr. Gall. There is something so ludicrous in the supposition of an organ whereby we are stimulated to take the lives of our fellow-creatures, that we hardly know how to approach its discussion in a right spirit of seriousness. The state of mind to which a man is usually worked, before taking the life of one of his fellows, is one of blind, irrepressible anger, an exceptional state, for which we should have thought the nervous temperament of the individual would have been made to account. Nine-tenths of the murders are committed, not because the murderers feel an ecstatic pleasure in cutting throats, seeing and feeling the red, warm blood spurt forth, and witnessing the convulsed features of their victims; not for this fiendish banquet does any man take a life, but for the reason, that that life stands between the murderer and some object upon which he has set his heart. They who commit murder, not labouring under insanity, but in pursuing their line of business, are very sorry for the disagreeable necessity, but really it is one of the incidents they must comply with, in attaching themselves to such a trade. A highwayman has set his heart upon a purse of money he has reason to believe is concealed about the person of a traveller; the latter, upon a request to effectuate an alteration in the property, wishes to be excused; if, in this position of things, a dry struggle were to be resorted to by the highwayman to force the compliance of the other, the robber might prove the weaker of the two, and

lose his own life, as a reward for his squeamishness. Of course, he prefers his own life to the life of the other, and a struggle taking place, *his blood is up*, and he cuts a throat. Will any one say this is a faculty, delighting in killing—in witnessing the agony of a sentient creature? If so, what faculty is that, which, when we have struck our shins against a street door scraper, makes us, on the instant, turn upon it, and kick it with heartier gusto than ever we should bestow on the sensitive seat of honour of an insolent costermonger? Do we believe the scraper feels? The fact is, that the state to which a man suddenly and involuntarily comes, either when *he* tumbles over a scraper, or *you* tread on his corns, or any other person opposes him in his course towards any favourite object, is a sort of *rise in his temperature*, such as you can impart to water by the application of heat, and whether he kicks a dead object, or takes the life from a living one, it is simply an act consequent on this increased temperature. It is a blind passion, sweeping to its effect heedless of consequences. But Mr. Thurtell murdered Mr. Weare in cold blood; and the burking people lived by selling the bodies from which they had beaten the life. True; but in no case for the luxury of taking life; *money* was the *object*, *murder* only the *means*. Such cases as these, we should not attribute to a *destructive* principle, for the object is not to *destroy*; they clearly come about from an unsympathetic principle, which permits the murderer to effect his end by those cruel means, without feeling the pain which more happily constituted men would experience, even in their contemplation. To assert that men have positive pleasure in the simple view of pain, is such nonsense, that it actually upsets all our best established belief, respecting the origin of human sympathy. As we have said before, we must first suffer pain, before we can feel sympathy. After such suffering, an ordinarily sensible man cannot help feeling sympathy, whenever he witnesses pain in another. Who properly feels for the agony another is enduring from an aching tooth, but one who

himself knows what it is? And there is truth in the common saying of the old women, that "none but a mother knows what a mother's feelings is." Who needs to be told that the idea or the recollection of an extreme bodily pain, is itself disagreeable? Who requires the information, that the witnessing pain in others, raises uncomfortable thoughts and recollections in ourselves? No one, we should apprehend; and yet these phrenologists would tell us that we have a primitive organ, whose function stimulates us to *inflict pain on others for the relish of the thing*, unmixed with other objects; in other words, an organ that prompts us to give ourselves *pain*, for the *pleasure* of it. A philosophy like this is subtle certainly, but we would willingly part with a little of this quality, if that would make the thing less absurd, and more intelligible.

Still the phrenologist is a pertinacious man, and we fancy we hear him demanding an explanation of Dr. Gall's experiences among boys who loved to torture insects, and gentlemen who killed sheep for amusement. *Some* of these cases are easily explained, and some of them are points about that curious animal, *man*, that are neither dreamt of, nor can be accounted for, in or by Dr. Gall's philosophy. Lads spike cockchafers on pins, not from any passion for inflicting pain, but because they are amused at the sight of the insect spinning round; and it was but last summer we heard a little rascal, who was engaged in this pastime, exclaim to another, "*Hark, how my fellow's a singing*, Bill." We once knew a man who had been punished for cruelty to children, and cattle; we asked him if he loved to give pain; he answered that he had no pleasure in that sort of thing, but he felt impatience, if things went slowly he became irritable, and his bad conduct was the result. So inscrutable a thing is man, that it is impossible to trace any particular piece of conduct up to the precise quality that produced it. If a gentleman of learning and fine accomplishments, before passing the night with a particular woman, should put a pistol to her head, wave a

drawn sword before her eyes, and do every thing to excite the intensest terror in her mind, to what faculty would the phrenologist ascribe such extraordinary conduct? to that of murder or destructiveness? If he did so, we conceive he would run great risk of making a blunder, as the party (a living one) whose case is merely glanced at, is not supposed to take any delight in giving *pain*, but is considered to comport himself in the above named manner, from morbid excitement of the sexual propensity, seeking any mode a depraved imagination may suggest, for the kindling a fitful and capricious appetite. Again; Macbeth destroyed the wife and family of Macduff. Was this from a propensity to kill? No. He was too full of the "milk of human kindness," to have any such propensity. On the contrary, his whole conduct, and his particular language, shew that it was *guilty apprehension*, (arising from the horrible uncertainty all feel who work by wicked agents,) that drove him to make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate; a desperate cruelty, springing out of the cowardice of conscious guilt, and anticipated defeat.

As No. 6, Alimentiveness, the organ of the love of life, is merely conjectural, we shall not make any remarks about it, but plunge at once into No. 7, the organ of "Secretiveness," situated immediately above Destructiveness, in the middle of the lateral portion of the brain. "The faculty produces the tendency to restrain within the mind, the various emotions and ideas that involuntarily present themselves, *until the judgment has approved* of giving them utterance. It is an ingredient in prudence. Its abuses are cunning, deceit, duplicity, lying, and, joined with acquisitiveness, theft. *When deficient, the individual is too open, and wants discretion.*" This is the account of it given by Mr. Combe, which squares very well with that furnished by Dr. Gall, in treating of the same quality.

What is the *primitive* faculty of this organ? says Dr. Gall (vol. 4, p. 126, of his Organology). And he makes his friend Spurzheim answer in this sort: "When I con-

sider the mental operations of man, and brutes that possess this organ, particularly when I observe the natural language of cunning creatures, it appears to me that the primitive faculty is the *instinct to conceal*. Cunning animals conceal with adroitness : *the cat pretends to be asleep*, and the moment the cook's back is turned, he runs away with the meat. Mice he watches for without the slightest motion of the body. The dog, to keep a bone to himself, hides it in the ground. Cunning men in a thousand ways betray the instinct to conceal ; they often will utter a falsehood to get at the truth, exaggerate the good to learn the evil, and attribute suppositious virtues to those whose faults they are anxious to know. The primitive faculty, therefore, is always the same, whether the concealment refers to intentions, ideas, persons, or things. I propose to call this propensity *secretiveness*."

To this extract Dr. Gall appends the following comment of his own : " In all these actions of men and brutes, I see only *cunning, dissimulation*. Why crowd the language with terms, the meaning of which nobody can divine ?"

Why, indeed ! here the reader sees how even Dr. Gall, who stands accountant for as great a sin, by an unkindest cut on his coadjutor, calls attention to the grave offence of coining spurious error into terms bearing the impress of sterling truth, and attempting to give them the currency of those that have passed through the mint of philosophic minds. This is a sort of forgery as deserving of trial and punishment as any other. The convicted should be hung on a philological gibbet, as a wholesome memento to all who feel their geniuses prompting them to the same offence.

"Secretiveness," says Dr. Spurzheim, "the instinct to conceal. *The cat pretends to be asleep, and the moment the cook's back is turned he runs away with the meat.*" Is it possible the doctor could have been so ignorant as not to know that this politic conduct of puss is the result of *education alone* ? Could not any cook inform him that

cats, when young, exhibit no such furtive policy, but boldly mount the dresser, and approach the fish or flesh even when in the cook's hands; the trusting simplicity of its kittenhood, developed into the wariness of the full grown cat, by a course of training in which the rather liberal application of the rolling-pin has a more prominent than agreeable place? And in watching for a mouse, does not a cat soon come to learn that motion of its body alarms the timid little animal, and having found out this, it carries its person as quietly as possible? Why does a dog bury a bone for future use, but that experience has wrought in him the conclusion, that if not put out of sight of other dogs, he always loses it? Dr. Spurzheim may make an organ of "secretiveness" if he choose, for that, which we can see to be nothing else but reasoning (causality), and Dr. Gall may manufacture a faculty of "cunning" for the same thing; but this quackery will not prevent men still exercising their own judgments, and forming their own conclusions. A kitten discovers that whenever she approaches the cook's articles, in a most unaccountable manner she is knocked head over heels off the dresser. A kitten, however, in common with all things that *eat*, feels the necessity of getting a livelihood in the best way it can; in common, too, with all things that *feel*, it soon acquires a very clear conception of the inconvenience of being knocked down with a rolling-pin: comparing these two ideas, then, the good to be got, and the evil to be shunned, (a process which its conduct proves it to go through), it comes to the conclusion or determination of only seizing the good, when the evil is out of the way; when the fish is present, and the cook's back is turned; a mode of going to work, which, by whatever name it may be called, is neither more nor less than an exercise of the reasoning power. But let us turn to our own species and see cunning working there. Do we not find it in all cases, even from Talleyrand down to a Fleet Street pickpocket, a sort of short-sighted wisdom, seeing objects within a limited range with excellent clearness, all

things beyond being a terra incognita? If a politician be of a turn of mind so much savouring of the Michaelian as to become suspected of all parties, and trusted by none, will any man say such politician does not reason in his trickery? But it may be said that some men, without any necessity for it, and when the straightforward way is nearer than the roundabout, still, as a matter of preference, select the latter. We have encountered in the daily prints some such judgments as this on Lord Brougham and other eminent and active geniuses in public life. Perhaps occasionally such instances may be found, but being found, are not therefore proven to be the product of a distinct power from that of reasoning. On the contrary, *they are easily made up from this power, and a little self-esteem.* Here is a recipe for the phrenological composition of a passion for the sinuous and the roundabout in politics, or any other pursuit. But in the great mass of men who habitually restrain their thoughts until ratified by their judgments, we shall find the reasoning quality predominating; a habit of pausing to compare the nature of the thought they have conceived with their situation and circumstances at the time of conception, and, according to the fitness or unfitness of the one to the other, giving it utterance, or concealing it from the company. True, we find this prudence sometimes in the weakest dandy, or the silliest flirt. No disturbance, however, of our position; as every character short of the idiot can reason somewhat, especially where its own comfort or well being is the subject-matter of its reflections. Finding nothing, therefore, but short-sighted causality in this imposing faculty of "secretiveness," we beg the reader to accompany us in a short notice of "cautiousness," an organ marked No. 12 among the sentiments, and which we propose to show is just the same with the quality we have been last considering, and therefore likewise a condition of causality.

We have already mentioned that in treating of the quality of courage, Dr. Gall inserts a very tedious and confused

controversy carried on among Spurzheim, Demangeon, and himself, respecting the positive or negative nature of "fear," with sundry other matters and things, not very germane to the point, and therefore not requiring notice here. Gall considered and argued, that if courage were to have a distinct organ, the *want* of the organ would account for the absence of courage. Dr. Spurzheim, on the other hand, would not rest content, unless a man were furnished with an organ to make him rush *into* battle, and another organ to enable him to *run out* of it; so that Gall's view of the matter by no means squared with that of Spurzheim. Poor Demangeon, almost as good as said, that all that his two opponents had written about these organs, was *wordy nonsense*, for which, of course, he was stuck up to be knocked down like a cock at shrovetide, as indeed seems to be the chief use to which the last gentleman is turned throughout almost the whole of the work of the founder of phrenology.

In whatsoever way the two doctors finally settled their difference, we find that the assigned duty of cautiousness "*is to produce fear in general*," so that in this case it would appear that Gall, the Physiologist, deferred to the judgment of Spurzheim, the Anatomist. Mr. Combe says that it leads the individual in whom it is strong, to hesitate before he acts, and from apprehending danger, *to trace consequences* that he may be assured of his safety. It is an element in a prudent character. When too powerful, it produces doubts, irresolution, and wavering."

How impossible it is for these people long to talk about their fanciful faculties, without (as the vulgar saying has it) letting the cat out of the bag.

This faculty it appears, *produces fear, causes hesitation before action*, and, *from apprehension of danger, the tracing of consequences*. Yet, but two pages before (p. 11), SENTIMENTS, we are told (of which cautiousness is one), do not form specific ideas. Is not fear an idea? Is not hesitation an alternation, a shuttlecock flying from an idea

of one course to that of another? Is not the tracing of consequences the act of running along and connecting ideas? And yet these faculties do not form ideas! The fact is, the above account of cautiousness given by Mr. Combe, convicts itself, and almost dispenses with any argument to shew that it is nothing else but causality, and that no account can be given of it, but such as would also stand as an account of the reasoning faculty.

The discovery of this organ Dr. Gall informs us, was brought about in the following manner: "At Vienna he knew a prelate of *excellent sense and considerable intellect*. Some persons disliked him, because through fear of compromising himself, he infused into his discourses *interminable reflections*, delivered with tiresome slowness. In conversation *he was cautious* in coming to conclusions. He was continually pausing in the middle of his sentences, and repeating the beginning of them over and over again before proceeding further. *A thousand times he exhausted Dr. Gall's patience.** Never in his life did he happen by any accident to give way to the natural flow of his ideas, but would constantly recur to what he had already said, and consult with himself, whether he could not amend it in some point." "*He acted just as he talked.*"

Now in the name of common sense, we would beg to ask what there is in the above portraiture, but a prudent man, *habitually thinking* before speech or action, the precise contrast of Dr. Gall's own character, which was much more inclined to speaking or acting first and thinking afterwards. Indeed the latter gentleman confesses*, how little congenial were his habits of mind with those of the Vienna Prelate, in the words, "*a thousand times he exhausted my patience,*" words which satisfy us of the Doctor's impatience of doubts, but which by no means convince us that

* See Vol. 4. p. 195, of Gall's work, *On the Origin of the Moral Qualities, and Intellectual Faculties of MAN*; translated from the French. By WINSLOW LEWIS, M.D.

† Ibid. p. 196.

the prelate's slow and sure policy was not strictly necessary in settling matters philosophical with his precipitate opponent. The Doctor goes on to say that the above case alone would not have arrested his attention, but the prelate was connected in public affairs with a councillor who also exhibited the same hesitation and caution in speaking and acting; both their heads were broad in the upper, lateral, and hind parts. The extraordinary coincidence of two men, having *cautious habits* and *broad heads*, suggested to the man of skulls, that irresolution, indecision, and circumspection, *might be connected* with a *large development* of certain parts of the brain.

We repeat, that in this account, we see nothing but the reasoning man operating—one with a good endowment of causality, placed in such a situation, as to bring it into frequent and habitual use. If a man reasons in any sort worthy of the term, he must look at the question in all its bearings, compare each with the others, pause often, occasionally retrace his steps, and perhaps, even at last, declare that he cannot give an opinion. This is cautiousness, or what Dr. Gall names it, circumspection. Still it is reasoning, and nothing *but* reasoning, and so far from being a striking peculiarity in individuals, it is a quality observable in whole classes of men whose occupations require them to extract a particular and precise opinion, from a large mass of unanalysed and conflicting circumstances. The whole of the working Bar of England are daily exhibiting this circumspection; hesitating, qualifying, comparing, and frequently, after all, without concluding; yet we happen to know plenty of these men, who are, by no means, broad in the upper, lateral, and hind parts of their heads. Nor is it from any cowardice or irresolution that barristers hesitate and qualify as they do; unless we are to suppose that strong desire of arriving at a correct conclusion, necessarily implies fear of mistake, in which view of the matter, all intense lovers of and searchers after truth, must also be cowards in reasoning. But this is nonsense;—nonsense,

however, to which we are forced, by the phrenological account of cautiousness, which quality is, in some strange manner, mixed up and confounded with the quality of cowardice. It seems to be supposed by Dr. Gall, that a man who has a large organ of cautiousness, must not only be circumspect in argument, but a timorous student of chimneys-pots in windy weather. Now, the simple fact is, that the very men, who in cogitation, are the most circumspect and apprehensive of error, are the boldest and firmest in execution, when once they have wrought out their conclusions. It is the very consciousness they feel, that when they decide, they *shall act promptly*, that makes them additionally cautious in doing an action, which, if it prove wrong, is indeed, irrevocable. Would Dr. Gall call Hamlet a coward? Yet, who can be more hesitating and cautious than he? Is it not because he has made an *awful resolve* to slay the guilty, that he takes such precautions lest he should sacrifice the innocent? Do we not find him doubting his own father's ghost?—apprehensive, that after all, it may be a devil alluring him, in a fair shape, to his perdition. Does he not inflict the play on his mother and the king, in order to entrap them into some manifestation of guilt, corroborative of the ghost's story? In all this we discover a desire to be right before he acts, because he really means to act; and this is frequently a constituent in the most resolute characters. To come down from Hamlet to Lord Eldon, rather a sinking in poetry, we find the same qualities, extreme caution in thinking and unflinching courage when he had to come to a conclusion. Let the phrenologist read the following masterly sketch of *a character* from the pen of Lord Brougham, who knew and understood the character well.

“Lord Eldon, to great legal experience, and the most profound professional learning, united that thorough knowledge of men, which lawyers, who practice in the courts, and especially the courts of common law, attain, in a measure, and with an accuracy, hardly conceivable to those out

of the profession, who idly fancy, that it is only from intercourse with courts and camps that a knowledge of the world can be derived. He had a sagacity almost unrivalled, a penetration of mind at once quick and sure; a shrewdness so great as to pierce through each feature of his peculiarly intelligent countenance; a subtlety so nimble, that it materially impaired the strength of his other qualities, by lending his ingenuity an edge sometimes too fine for use. Yet, this defect, the leading one of his intellectual character, *was chiefly confined to his professional exertions; and the counsellor so hesitating in answering an important case; the judge so prone to doubt, that he could hardly bring his mind to decide one—was in all that practically concerned his party or himself, as ready to take a line, and follow it with determination of purpose, as the least ingenious of ordinary politicians.* The timidity too, of which he has been accused, and sometimes justly, was more frequently *the result of the subtlety and refinement* which we have mentioned. At all events, no one knew better when to cast it off; and upon great occasions—that is, the occasions which put his interest or his power in jeopardy—a less wavering actor, indeed, one more ready at a moment's warning *to go all lengths for the attainment of his object*, never appeared upon the political stage. His fears in this respect very much resembled his conscientious scruples, of which no man spoke more or felt less; he was about as often the slave of them as the Indian is of his deformed little gods, of which he makes much, and then breaks them to pieces, or casts them into the fire. When all politics seemed smooth, and the parliamentary sea was unruffled as the peaceful lake, nothing was to be heard but his Lordship's deep sense of his responsible duties; his willingness to quit the great seal; the imminent risk there was of his not again sitting in that place; the uncertainty of all the tenures, by which official life is held; and even the arrival of that season when it became him to prepare for a yet more awful change; and the hearer, who knew

the speaker, felt here an intimate persuasion, that the most religious of mortals could not have named the great debt of nature with more touching sincerity, or employed an expression more calculated to convey that feeling of dread. Such were the songs of the swan, when the waters were a mirror, and there was no fear of dissolution. But in foul weather—the instant that peril approached—be the black cloud on the very verge of the horizon, and but the size of a man's hand—all these notes were hushed, *and a front was assumed, as if the great seal had been given to him for life, with the power to name his successor by any writing under his hand, or by parole before a single witness.* In like manner, when the interests of suitors required despatch, when causes had been heard by the hour and by the day, and all the efforts of the judge to coax the advocate into greater prolixity had been exhausted, the dreaded moment of decision came, but brought only hesitation, doubt, delay. So, too, when common matters occurred in parliament, and no kind of importance could be attached to one course rather than to another; bless us! what inexhaustible suggestions of difficulty, what endless effusion of conflicting views, what a rich mine of mock diamonds, all glittering and worthless, in the shape of reasons, on all sides of a question, never worth the trouble of asking, and which none but this great magician would stop to resolve. So again, in the council—when there was no danger of any kind, and it signified not a straw what was done, the day, had it been lengthened out by the sun being made to stand still, whilst our Joshua slew all the men in buckram that he conjured up, would yet have been all too short to state, and to solve his difficulties about nothing! But let there come any real embarrassment, any substantial peril which required a bold and vigorous act to ward it off—*let there but be occasion for nerves to work through a crisis which it asked no common boldness to face at all—let there arise some new and strange combination of circumstances, which, governed by no precedent, must be met by unprecedented measures; and no*

man that ever sat at a council board more quickly made up his mind, or more gallantly performed his part. Be the act mild or harsh, moderate or violent, sanctioned by the law and constitution, or an open outrage upon both, he was heard, indeed, to wail and groan much of painful necessity, often vowed to God—spoke largely of conscience—complained bitterly of a hard lot; but the paramount sense of duty overcame all other feelings; and with wailing and with tears, beating his breast, and only not tearing his hair, *he did, in the twinkling of an eye, THE ACT*, which unexpectedly discomfited his adversaries, and secured his own power for ever. He, who would adjourn a private road or estate bill for weeks, unable to make up his mind on one of its clauses, or to take a month to determine on what terms some amendment should be allowed in a suit, could, without one moment's hesitation, resolve to give the king's consent to the making of laws, when he was in such a state of mental disease, that the keeper of his person could not be suffered to quit the royal closet for an instant, while his patient was, with the keeper of his conscience, performing the highest function of sovereignty."

In this humorous and faithful sketch, alike admirable as a dashing verbal portraiture, and a specimen of composition in the noble and learned author's best style, we see it is true, the *cautious reflector*, who turns his question on all sides before he dismisses it, but from no principle of fear, no feeling of cowardice—for, in any real emergency, we are told he was the most intrepid of men. Since, therefore, it was always in times of greatest security, and on occasions of least importance, that the most of this caution was displayed; we are compelled to account for it in some other way than by supposing he was apprehensive of danger from without. We are satisfied in ourselves that Lord Eldon, thus thought and re-thought, doubted and delayed, in coming to his judgments and opinions, because it was the character of his constantly reflecting mind, to dwell

upon and *exhaust a question* as it were; to omit which process in any one case, would have been a positive and certain pain to himself, whatever effect the negligence would have had on the suitors. If reason be the act of comparing our ideas one with another, noting their resemblances and their differences, and drawing conclusions, certain or probable, correspondent to these resemblances or differences,—if reasoning consist of this, then we wish to know what the Vienna Prelate did on the one hand, or my Lord Eldon on the other, that will admit of any other account? It is not because in either case, the reasoning was needlessly nice and particular, and altogether a work of supererogation, that it was, therefore, *not* reasoning; if they had been so cautious in abstaining from error as each day before dining to go over all the bearings of that individual meal on the social compact, with as much particularity as Cicero in his offices, still it would have been *reasoning*, neither more nor less; and when we look at the needless, and even mischievous coining of independent faculties inconsistent with nature, we half echo the words of Cicero speaking of Socrates' hatred of vicious distinctions: "Itaque accepimus, Socratem execrari solitum eos, qui primum hæc natura cohærentia, opinione distraxissent." Had the good old philosopher lived in our modern times, he would have lacked no matter to exercise his cursing upon.

As we jumped from secretiveness to cautiousness on account of there being so close an affinity between them,—both being conditions of causality or reasoning; we are now compelled to return and make a remark or two on the propensity marked No. 8, and denominated acquisitiveness.

"The faculty produces (says Mr. Combe) *the tendency to acquire, and the desire to possess in general, without reference to the uses to which the objects, when attained, may be applied.* The idea of property is founded on it. It

takes its direction from other faculties, and hence may lead to collecting coins, paintings, minerals, and other objects of curiosity or science, as well as money."

The pleasure and gist, then, of this faculty, seems to lie in the pursuit, not in the possession; and, moreover, it is a primary and distinct quality in every human being's head, in every state of society, in every part of the world. Now, we do not believe it; but we believe that it is no primitive faculty at all, because the evidence of whole nations contradicts the assumption. As Dr. Gall, however, has about six-and-twenty pages devoted to the propping up of this faculty in his work on "Organology," beginning with the first institution of property; we are compelled to commence the examination of the faculty still nearer to the source of human actions, as this is the only mode of stifling the error, Dr. Gall's mistake may here and there have generated.

The doctor names it the sentiment of property—the instinct of providing—covetousness; propensity to theft. He believes it to be an *innate* sentiment!—an institution of nature in brutes—an institution of nature in man; he touches his "pacificator*," and showers out a cloud of felonious cats, dogs, monkies, men, women, and children, *all* proofs, *no* argument; the uniform method of the doctor in every case.

In opposition to this style of dismissing a difficulty, we must commence by settling clearly what we mean in using the word *innate*, as well as what we intend to convey, in the words, sense of *property*.

By the first, we mean a quality or principle born in and with us, having been generated contemporaneously with all the other parts of us, in our mothers' womb. By sense

• The reader, to whom this term may be new, is to be informed, that it is a name given by Mr. Charles Toplis, the eminent machinist, to a most destructive engine of war, invented by him, consisting of a barrel, which could be swung round at need, elevated or lowered at pleasure, pouring out a stream of balls, supplied by a chamber at the lower end of the barrel; called a pacificator, because, making death sure, it would terminate the trade of war.

of property we understand, the moral belief we have, that *what we see in the possession of another, is his own*, not to be taken from *him* without wrong done.

We do not believe, then, that this sense of property is generated and born with us, for the following reasons:—

1st. All our *knowledge* is acquired by the operation of the five senses, receiving impressions from external objects.

2nd. These impressions cannot be made on us by *external* objects *until we are born into the world*, and then, of course, the impression of any object must always precede the idea we have of it.

3rd. Property is a term which implies a *certain relation in which men stand to things in the world*.

4th. As impressions from *external* objects cannot be made on us until we are born, it is clear we can have no knowledge of things till after birth.

5th. But if we can have no knowledge of *things* until after birth, we can have no knowledge of *the relation in which men stand to things* until after birth.

The *sense of property*, however, being a moral sentiment in us, implying the relation in which men stand to particular things; it follows, of course, that *it is acquired* after birth, and cannot be innate. We have read this part of our essay to a thick and thin phrenologist, who candidly calls it quibbling about words. We do not agree with him. He says, that what Dr. Gall *means*, is that the *germ*, the *capacity to have* the sentiment of property, is born in the infant, and will be *developed* as he grows. We asked our friend what he meant by *developed*? He said gradually to be brought into being. We proceed: What is *to be* gradually brought into being then does not now exist—a germ is not a plant—if a man were to purchase an estate, described in one of Mr. Robins's poetical advertisements as deliciously and umbrageously covered with fine oak trees, the sylvan retreat of fauns and satyrs, &c.; and upon looking at his bargain, were to find it as *bare as the back of his hand*, he would not be much mollified, by being told that it was

thickly set with acorns; and, moreover, we have such good opinion of legal metaphysics, that we think proof of *acorns* would not exactly be deemed by the judges to come up to an announcement of oak trees. What is *to be* gradually developed, then, that is to say gradually brought into existence—*is not* now existent, but *is to be in future time*; so that all that the quibble involves, is simply existence or non-existence; a *small* matter to a phrenologist. As what is *to be* developed, has not as yet any existence—it follows, that the sense of property must come into being at some point of time after birth, at such an age too, when the creature may be able to reason somewhat, so as to understand why *a certain article is not his, but the property of another*. This sentiment, too, demands that men shall be living together in a state of society; as, if we imagine a man wandering in a wood alone, if he plucks a cocoa-nut, he merely feels that he has something that he expects *will give him pleasure* by allaying hunger, but he can have no moral sentiment of exclusive proprietorship independent of other men, whose existence he is not supposed to know of. The use of property then, can only supervene, when men are living in some sort of society—when they come to the discovery (which they will soon do) of the necessity of their regarding each other's pleasures, if they intend to live together at all. If they agreed to live in a state of society, reserving the right of each plundering from the others as his individual strength and vigilance would allow, each man would see an enemy in every one who approached him—the individuals of the community would shun each other, and a breaking up of the society would be the result. Permitting, or at any rate, professing to permit, every individual to enjoy his cocoa-nut as his own (*proprium*), as well as agreeing to be subject to certain laws inflicting penalties on such as broke faith, in all young communities, was the origin of the institution of property. It was an invention of convenience, resulting from the painful experience of plundering to-day, only to be plundered to-morrow;

and thus acknowledging a sentiment of *property*, and observing it, was owning a truth as clear as its foundation, as at any subsequent period of its history—that “honesty is the best policy.”

We do not think, from this short examination, that the sense of property is felt by men until they have come into a state of society; we do think and believe that this sentiment is only an invention of society, necessary to keep it together; and, furthermore, we have the profoundest conviction that brutes (and even some savages) have not the slightest conception of the principle, in the meaning civilized men attach to it. But Dr. Gall asserts, that it is an *innate* sense in both men and brutes. In the first, because *they* repulse robbers, who would deprive them of good things; in the last, for that a “certain number of chamois will inhabit a certain mountain, upon which they will suffer no other whatever to come; beasts occupy particular caves; warmed by the sense of property, dogs fight hard to keep their bones from being snatched away by stronger dogs;”* with many other cases of like pith and moment.

Does not the reader naturally wonder, whether the author can be keeping good faith with us, in affecting to consider the dog's obstinate battle for his bone, or the sheep keeping another from a particular tuft of grass, as proofs of the “sentiment of property,” being a part of his moral character. Why men, dogs, or any other animals, will, from their nature, strive to get from another, and when got, as obstinately retain, any of those things, their experience shews them, will afford them pleasure. It is all one to a brute to satisfy the craving of hunger by finding a bone, or by taking one from a smaller brute if opportunity presents; the smaller exerts himself to keep what he has got, not from any wounded or indignant sense of invaded ownership, but for the simple and sufficing reason, that his blind appetite cannot let it go, and the assailing cur makes a

* Vol. IV. p. 143, of Gall's work, on the “Origin of the Moral Qualities,” &c.; translated by Winslow Lewis.

dash at the conquest, *his* blind appetite prompting him to take it. Is it any respect for property, that makes our house dog, with mouth watering, sit at distance from the cat, whilst she, watching his motions, clears a plate of food? or is it respect for those claws, the virtue of which before time, has been exercised upon his felon countenance, and yet dwelleth in his imagination? If brutes had the *senti-ment* of *property*, we should find them approach us in intelligence, much nearer than they do. Dogs well to do in the world—in good situations—would lend *meals* out to those vagrant curs, who, belonging to no one, have not where to appease their hunger, except by snatching children's bread and butter, and other highway-dog tricks:—there would be such things as dogs with guilty consciences—there would be respectability among them—we should find dogs piqueing themselves upon punctuality in their transactions, cutting less upright dogs who had not met their engagements by settling day, in paying back meals, &c.; (of course they could not reach, whilst dogs, the human civilization of imprisonment for debt;) in short, if the sentiment of property were in them at all, we should look for all the concomitants and consequences inseparable from such a feeling. But the adherents of the new theory, as immovable as rocks, hard and impenetrable as adamant, thorough Gall-stones—formed by the diseased working of their founder's intellectual juices, may cry, “well, if these various animals have not a sense of property—what have they that makes them with such fierceness dispossess each other, and defend their own? We answer, *appetite*; and nothing besides: and this conclusion shuts out all the animal proofs of Gall, or transfers them unharmed as evidence for alimentiveness, or the “*faculty of looking after our dinners.*”

All that we can conceive then, that is to be accounted for by us, is the rule of meum and tuum, more or less existing in almost every society under the sun, and this, we think, has been made out by the preceding arguments, to

be about the first act of reasoning men perform, in coming into the state of society. As individuals would not sow a field, if licensed robbery enabled an idler to reap the harvest, all the persons of the community would be obliged to agree that sowers should be reapers, as a means of getting men to apply themselves to peaceful labour. Once made the fundamental principle of the social compact, it would become a part of education to their children, who would have it from infancy instilled into them; and to such it would be a thing of *faith*, long before they could understand the obligation. Even thus is it in our own day, with many a man who passes for something far removed from a fool; and not a few are the capitalists treading the exchange, who, if you were to seek from them the science of property, its origin and its end, would be as ignorant of that as they are learned in the arts of scraping it together. Now, since the account of acquisitiveness by Mr. Combe is, that it gives us the desire to *possess*, without reference to the uses to which the objects may be applied—let us pause here to make a distinction. The various tribes of American Indians, not merely get property *only* for immediate enjoyment, but can, with difficulty, be brought to comprehend the rationale of accumulating more good things than they want for present use. All the tribes of animals, too, even allowing Dr. Gall to term the things they reduce into possession, property, instead of prey, it is certain, only get food for immediate appetite, and have no notion of storing up. Of course, we except the bees, who are a puzzle in nature. The Indians and the animals then, are no evidence under this faculty, which prompts to possession only, not enjoyment; and we are confined to the contemplation of those interesting persons, who slave away from Monday morning to Saturday night, in the divine art of money getting, innate, primary, and independent, as it is said to be.

We can say something about these characters, for we have known many of them in our time. Some read, some

are members of mechanics' institutes, a few travel, but all keep their heads steadily up to the main chance (especially Scotchmen), and in all matters of business that look in that direction, they are little other than conscious machines. Yet he would be a bold or a shallow man, perhaps both, who would undertake to assert that these old money getting friends of ours get only for the pleasure of possession—independent of any *use* the money is to them.

The fellows for evidence, under the faculty, are those whose ears drink in with rapture the suppressed whisper of the bystander to his neighbour—that's Grindum the *rich* bill-broker—and whose eyes feast on the look of awe, the sycophantic bow, and civic veneration. But, can a man, with these feelings, be said to enjoy the *abstract idea* of possession? Is it not clear that the value of the money to *him* is the effect it has upon all who approach him? Is he not the golden calf, before whom all bow down and worship? Are not the simpering meanness of the parasite; the precipitation with which poor men jump into the gutters to give his port, the sweep of the pavement; the enthusiasm with which fellows who intend to be borrowers, applaud his judgments profound and clear, just *crammed* from the 'Times Newspaper'; are not these things as manna to his soul? And yet, has this man the abstract pleasure of possession? No: we should hazard little, were we to say, that, in no case, is this feeling alone and unsupported by others, a pleasure at all. But what ground have we for such an opinion as this? We answer the following observations we have had the opportunity of making on one of the money-getting class.

A young tradesman, whose motions we have had, for a long period under our eye, for a number of years assisted his father, who had a business in, apparently, the least desirable part of Surrey, Lambeth Butts. We knew the *old* man well; the first circumstance that attracted us to him, being a striking resemblance, we found, between his face and that of old Jeremy Bentham. The same spacious wise-

looking head, with the philosophic furnishing of long silver hair ; the same sunny genial countenance, that, crammed with benevolence in every line, looked glad that it was among human beings. On further acquaintance with him, which we scraped in passing and re-passing his door, when we walked to and from Clapham, we discovered that the points of resemblance were not confined to physiognomy. He was, although but plainly educated, yet a thinker—saw through the deeds of *men*, and beneath the surface of *things* ; had a playful wit, and after any sally on human dealings, always concluded by saying there was a deal of good in the world, if we would but look for it. He always called the servant girls “my love,” without the purest-minded of them blushing, or his stately old wife, who was an astonishing package of propriety, ever feeling any touch of jealousy. Now, the old lady was a character too. She was very fat, *had* been very pretty, was astoundingly dignified, wore very fine caps, could not learn how to be old, nor cure her wretched husband of his vile and vulgar expression of “well old girl.” Still she contrived to rear a family of fine daughters, whose taste for grandeur increased as their father grew rich. None of the twopenny half-penny *genteel* people looked half so well—for the really good as well as fine clothes, our friend’s daughters wore, were put on with taste, and the hereditary sense and simplicity got through the father, polished by excellent educations, made them move about like gentlewomen, as they in fact were. Their mother, good and kind hearted old despot as she was, “*præceps in omnia*,” as she might be, had never made any demands which her affectionate old man could not immediately grant, for his sound sense told him, that the most extravagant of them were only amiable human weaknesses,—something for herself or the girls ; and he felt the deep wisdom of that philosophy which crieth out in the streets, “what’s it matter as long as you’re happy.” But a change came o’er the spirit of their life,—a disturbing breeze did ruffle the surface of their loving

and harmless career. Some tradesmen's wives, in the same line, visited them from the west end of the town, who habitually enjoyed the condescension of butlers and ladies' maids, not a jot too proud to walk into their parlours, and make themselves quite at home. A knight of the shoulder knot, or a dresser of "my lady," is, in the west end of the town, to the smaller trades-people, what an angel of light was of yore, to the awe struck mortals, he would occasionally descend from heaven to converse with. A lady's maid is pleased to find an audience for her silly gossip about her mistress and the great people; whilst the audience admiringly regard their informant as one having authority, and not as one of the scribes. They grow up to ape what they cannot understand, and play off second-hand monkey tricks for the admiration of those who only laugh at them.

These west-enders, in talking to our old dowager, let fall for the sake of exhibiting their refinement, good taste, and high polish, critical remarks upon the topographical features of Lambeth Butts, which, to speak the truth, does rather incline to the useful than to the ornamental or elegant. But this we should have found little fault with, had they not, like too many other critics, travelled out of the record, and got remarking (when they saw how easy our natural old friend was with his customers of every station), that "*those poor people* did take great liberties to be sure, and for their parts, *they* should soon expire in such a neighbourhood." Our old lady was tainted, and that disgust with her location, which the visit of her polite friends to her commenced, was completed, upon returning the visit to them. From a first floor window in Oxford Street, she feasted her eyes on the stately procession of whiskered and padded fine gentlemen, and satined fine ladies, strutting along the pavement, in all the peacock consciousness of blinding charms, whilst the road was thronged with dashing carriages, containing lolling exquisites of every age, sex, and degree: all were gazed at, all admired, all was intoxicating. The time came for her to return home, and

her soul sickened as it reverted to the lowly, and as she now thought, low-lived image of Lambeth Butts. The reader may think her weak, but before denouncing her folly, let such reader look inwards. If he find no submission to appearances in himself, then let him laugh at another. The old lady returned,—never did she walk down ——— Street towards her own door with such repugnance and disgust. Think of the transition from broad thoroughfares, noble houses, spacious pavements trodden by dazzling, rustling, and scented groups, from lords, ladies, and foreign ambassadors, with whom she felt herself almost associated by the temporary contact—to a narrow way, a sort of cross, between a small street and a humble alley; clothes hanging to dry from projected props, stretching from the windows nearly to the opposite houses, groups of poor women talking at the door of perhaps the most considerable person among them, the proprietress of a small chandler's shop; here and there a pig manifesting his *sentiment* of property, in an effort to extricate a stray cabbage leaf, or mayhap a dead rat, from a mound of mud; young mothers with dirty mob caps at open door, currying the heads of their rising hopes, and looking with intense interest, both currier and curried, between every two or three scrapes, into a white bason placed on a chair; larger boys at marbles and dumps, whilst smaller ones, like their first parents, not ashamed, stood on the curb stone, with upturned small-coats, and increased the flow of the gutters to the drains;—think of this transition, and then wonder, if you can, that the hitherto dormant principle of gentility in a woman's heart now burst forth in all its strength, her soul soaring like the Nassau balloon, high above the Butts. Remove from it *they must*; she must agitate the question with the old man—she never *had* failed of carrying any measure proposed with energy, and backed by her “faithful commons,” the four daughters; and surely she should succeed in this. By the next day at dinner the assault was prepared—the old woman to open, and every thing settled as to which was

to follow on the same side, and when all were to pour in their united fire. Every thing promised well. The old man was in one of his very blindest moods; the old woman loaded and primed with a sufficient number of good reasons against their location, to induce all the householders in the place to clear out. The motion was made, beautifully supported; but to the utter dismay of the movers, overruled by him whose will was to be influenced, with a firmness and a decision his nearest friends would have sworn in any court of justice, his nature was never capable of manifesting. The wife looked into the countenance she thought she knew so well, for some sign of hesitation or yielding; not a line of surrender on a visage whose very fortification looked an appalling contrast with its usual peaceful expression. Women always think that if fire will not affect a man, water will do his business for him: argument and anger exhausted, out came a simultaneous display of cambrics, and their owners began playing away at the poor man like so many parish engines, sobbing, choking, washing their faces in brine. It was all of no use,—he was marble. The fact is, the old fellow understood human nature, and understood Lambeth Butts. He saw himself about the highest man in his place; a touch of the hat from almost every one; caressed as a capitalist; consulted as a counsellor; loved and revered as a kind-hearted neighbour. “It is better,” said he, in secret to us, “to be a king among cobblers, than a cobbler among kings.” From that day there were two parties in the house, the movement party—wife and daughters, with the *only son*, whom we mentioned at the beginning of this episode; and the stationary party, consisting of the old man only. During his life he stuck to his principle with a noble firmness; and his wife having died before him, and the daughters all got well married, the movement principle was, after his death, represented by the sole surviving son. The business became his; in eagerness to live on his means, or in a genteeler way, he let it, and found himself a gentleman at large, *and a miser.*

able rascal at the same moment. Although he had capital enough to start in another line, and a more extended way, still there was an unsatisfied want somewhere, which at first he could hardly account for. He was rich, so he had no fear of want. But he had got into a new neighbourhood, the people of which, of course, behaved civilly when they met him, for they had heard he was worth money; but there was none of the behaviour which makes a man feel himself a *patron*, the happiest sensation connected with the possession of wealth. There was no food for his self-love; the bare *contemplation of money* afforded him no satisfaction. He seemed to outgrow the feeling of pride in the possession of it, as he had outgrown in his days of boyhood, the conscious dignity of a full marble-bag, or a fine string of buttons, and for the same reason. He had dropped into a set that did not think money *alone* made the man. He sighed again for the Butts, and its old familiar respectful faces, with tears in his eyes, beseeched the man to whom he had let his shop to let him have it back again: the petition was complied with, and deeply impressed with the force of habit, and the sound philosophy of his late father, he fell back into the jog-trot routine which had made him what he was, and removed from which, he could not choose but be unhappy.

This is a sketch from life: one out of thousands of cases, of men, who slave on from day to day, in the view of retiring, as they call it, and enjoying themselves in the contemplation of a snug fortune, which state, when attained, they discover to be absolutely insupportable. No matter for *money*: if you would give them a hundred per cent. for every stiver they have, you could not relieve them, unless at the same time you *give them something to do*. If you had the power to put the alternative, of *compelling them to live idle* on their fortunes, or only admitting them back again to their shops and counting houses, on condition of surrendering half their accumulations, it may safely be asserted that they would adopt the latter. Habit, habit, is the su-

preme principle by which God manages us, and although we gaily delude ourselves with the idea of our own freedom, we are bound down and fettered by habit, from the cradle to the grave.

Acquisitiveness is only a modification of self-esteem*, and self-esteem only the child of causality; which position, the more it is examined, the truer it will be found. But if the reader doubt it, *vide* self-esteem.

The ninth and last of the propensities, is that of constructiveness; a faculty producing the tendency to construct in general, aiding all who combine materials into works of art, and provided with a cone of its own, a little upward and backward from the outer angle of the eye.

Dr. Gall tells us, that he was often struck by the circumstance, that the heads of great mechanics were as large in the temporal region, as in that of the cheek bone; and hence, he concluded that the temporal region of the brain makes all those things, which may be included under the term constructiveness. He does not tell us, whether he ever met with mechanics of any celebrity, who were by no means distinguished for this protuberance, although they are not so uncommon about the world but that he must occasionally have fallen in with such heads. Inventors of power looms, it is true, are not very common, but good evidence may be procured for or against this faculty, short of such remarkable geniuses as these. If in private life we encounter friends of our own, who, without any absolute necessity for employing themselves in such a man-

* This account may be objected to, as not taking in the case of a miser who hoards and gloats on his gold alone, without any other person thinking more highly of him for possessions known only to himself. Even this is self-esteem, but a very curious exhibition of it. Most misers, while living, utter enough of their affairs to let people know they are misers; and greatly they enjoy the wonder and speculation they excite. And such as have kept up the disguise of poverty until death, delight themselves with the idea of the astonishment the discovery of their wealth will excite. But how can they enjoy this? We answer, How can men enjoy any other sort of *fame they die to earn?*

ner, pass a portion of their leisure in constructing electrical apparatus, picture frames, and miniature men of war ; we may fairly conclude that such persons ought to be furnished with something above the average endowment of brain in the temporal region. Yet we had many years back an accomplished tutor, a Mr. G. A., fond of chemical recreations, who, with as cavernous and sunken a temporal region as well could be, yet constructed a home-made laboratory, with a skill and expertness that called forth the admiration of all his friends. We still enjoy the acquaintance of a worthy apothecary, whose phrenological incongruity of talent and temples is precisely the same as that of our excellent tutor. Such cases as these, frequently encountered, set men who are not fanatically wedded to a theory, enquiring whether, after all, this so called science of Phrenology, may not be a crude mass of confident assumptions, supported by no consistent proofs, and as contradictory in facts, as it is ridiculous as metaphysics.

Why, indeed, should a man have a distinct organ for constructing materials into articles for men's use, when we cannot discover in ship-building, or any other mechanical operation, anything but *causality* working amidst iron and wood ? Is it not simply, the fitting *means to ends* ? the desire of bringing about a certain result, stimulating men to exercise their understandings, until they ascend to the comprehension and manufacture of the *causes* adequate to such a purpose ? It is fabled that the little nautilus with his tiny sail wooing the breeze, and wafting him along the surface of the deep, first suggested to the reflective character of man, the possibility of crossing the yielding waters. Foolish and without foundation as this fable may be, it yet indicates very clearly the conception its inventor, as well as men in general, had of the gradations by means of which a ship first came to be constructed. A savage seated on the beach, sees the nautilus *sail by him* ; an *effect* which he perceives to be *caused* by the wind acting against a membrane, forming a part of the creature.

This specimen of nature's constructiveness, strikes a being capable of *observing, comparing, and drawing conclusions*, and as that being strongly desires to extend his researches over the watery plain, he works upon a hint that seems to promise some fruit. He sees a shell of a certain shape, and with a certain appendage, move along the surface of the water. He then reasons thus: If a shell of one size will float, why should not a shell of another size do the same thing? The form seems to be the chief consideration, for I find that the same substance as shell, when not of the requisite shape, sinks instead of floating. Yet the substance also must be of some consequence, for a bit of the bark of a tree glides along the water more buoyantly than the substance of which a shell is composed. As then the substance of wood floats better than stone, and is at the same time more easily to be worked upon than the latter, I will cut down a tree, make it hollow, and fix something in it which the wind may act against, so that I may be gratified by being borne upon and along the face of that liquid body, which gives way under my feet. Our savage executes his intention, finds his reasoning perfectly confirmed by the test of practice; and thus, the rudiments of navigation are picked out from the silent mysteries of nature, which God permits only to speak in dumb signs to man, who, by much watching and meditation, at last becomes their efficient interpreter.

Dr. Gall, when treating of this quality, seemed to be apprehensive that opponents would explain it away as simply the reasoning power directed towards things practical, instead of speculative; for he takes care to assure us that the greatest mechanics are astonishingly limited in capacity as respects every thing else.* This is a simple naked assertion, unsupported by a single instance in point, because extravagantly inconsistent with the reality of

* Vol. 5, p. 106, of Gall's work on the Origin of the Moral Qualities, &c.

things. Was the capacity of Watt astonishingly limited in every thing beyond mechanics? Was Bolton a fool? or Arkwright a simpleton? Let it not be supposed that because men habituated to the silent adaptation of causes to desired effects, have little or nothing to say for themselves, are therefore "astonishingly limited in capacity as respects every thing beyond their particular pursuit." This pursuit being one which calls for very little use of the tongue, it is not only seldom that mechanics turn out very great orators, but usually they labour under considerable difficulty in conveying their thoughts to others, even upon the subjects with which they are best acquainted. Here is the true explanation of the apparent general deficiency of mechanics, and he would be more stupid in reality than they are in outward seeming, who should persist in disregarding the effect of practised conversational powers, which makes all the difference between the "ready man" and one who, with ponderous slowness, lays hold of terms calculated to convey the ideas within him. So far as the construction of instruments for human convenience goes, we do think that even the slight notice taken of it above, will show it to the reader to be only a particular employment of causality; and that part of the description which makes "Raphael to conceive his immortal designs"* by means of the same power, we have purposely left out, as having no more to do with it than with any other organ upon the human skull. The design of a great painter, which scarcely a critic in a penny paper would not be well aware was the province of imagination, being stuck by Dr. Gall as a part of a faculty, by means of which we may construct rat-traps or bird cages, is a pretty striking specimen of the author's competency to distribute his facts under their appropriate powers; but of this we shall speak more fully when we come to treat of ideality: for the present, re-

* Vol. V. p. 116, of Gall's work on the Origin of the Moral Qualities, &c.

questing the attention of the reader to a short examination we proceed to make of the phrenological sentiment of "self-esteem."

Dr. Gall states, that he was led to the discovery of this organ by observing the conduct and cranium of a beggar, who was so proud as to prefer begging to working; a circumstance the reader will not think so very remarkable when we tell him that this same beggar was the son of a rich merchant, and had inherited from his father a *considerable fortune*, which he had lost by his own neglect. The hopeful young mendicant-merchant told the doctor that "he had always been too proud *to condescend to labour*, either for the *preservation of his fortune*, or for the acquirement of a new one, and that this unhappy pride was the *sole cause** of his misery. Now, although we can easily conceive of a man too proud to labour in a mercantile vocation for the *acquirement* of a fortune, we cannot for the life of us understand what is meant by a man being too proud *to labour to preserve* his fortune. We were never aware, until we met with this case, that a man who succeeds to a "considerable fortune" has any humiliating *labour* to go through in taking his dividends, or his rent, and living upon it. One might as soon expect to hear of a fellow being too proud to eat his dinner, starving himself to death from the sheer force of his organ of self-esteem. We can easily believe that the son of a rich merchant may be too proud to labour, yet not too proud to beg, because we are sorry to say, that notwithstanding Dr. Gall looks upon such a case as quite a wonder, it is so frequent in *our* country, as scarcely to excite a remark. How many sons and daughters of pseudo-gentlefolk tire out the patience of all their friends, borrowing a trifle of one, and a trifle of another, rather than let down their dignity to a level with that employment which they could easily procure, and which would keep them above such shocking

* Vol. IV. p. 156, of Gall's work on the Origin of the Moral Qualities, &c.

meanness of spirit. What is there in all this but ridiculous weakness of character,—an absurd mistake as to what constitutes baseness of condition, exciting the pity and contempt of wiser persons. But we anticipate.

Immediately succeeding the account of the mendicant-merchant's son, we have the case of a prince in Vienna, remarkable for his ridiculous pride, his stiff gait, and his practice of constantly quoting his ancestors. "Happily (says the Doctor) he was bald in the region of the head where I had noticed the prominence in the mendicant's head, and I thus assured myself that he had the same conformation. *These facts (two men with round tops to their heads)* were sufficient to produce the idea that pride is a fundamental quality connected with a particular organ of the brain. *I cannot believe it necessary to prove to my readers that pride, loftiness, hauteur, are innate, and not acquired qualities.*" This is admirable. The coolness of *not believing it necessary* to prove an impossibility—as if he intended the reader to consider the innateness so manifest and obvious, that words would only be squandered in additionally establishing what no one could doubt. Of all the ways of escaping a difficulty commend us to this,—to treat what is in no way to be got over, as too simple to require argument. The effect of this manœuvre on a modest and trusting reader is, to make him think, "of course it must be all right, if he could but understand it," so he proceeds onwards in the simplicity of his heart, hoping the fog will clear off, and that he shall soon see his way before him.

Now we are such exacting readers, that we believe it was *very* necessary for the Doctor to prove the innateness, if he was able to do so, because we, in common with thousands more, are convinced that the quality is not innate at all. The Doctor has, therefore, erred greatly in not proving the innateness of pride. But let us proceed; perhaps further on he does that which may be considered equivalent to proof. A tall middle aged man went mad, believed he

was chancellor of England, duke of Batavia, and a powerful monarch. Another maniac imagined it necessary for the dome of the Val-de-Grace to be removed into the garden of the Tuilleries, and that two men were sufficient to perform the removal. "*He thought he saw* (says the Doctor) *a relation of equality between the strength of two men and the resistance of this enormous mass.* They tried to make him sensible of the immense disproportion of one to the other, but they failed, and he continued to think that the measure was possible, and he offered to undertake its execution." A third maniac, a woman, fancied herself grand-daughter of Louis XIV., and claimed her right to the throne. A fourth, a patient in a private asylum in Paris, believed himself to be the prophet Mahomet. A fifth, a very worthy man, and father of a family, fancied himself the same august personage, and employed himself in knocking down all his friends who approached him, to make them do homage. A sixth, a woman, announced herself to be the Virgin Mary, &c. &c., which partial alienation *proves* (says Gall)* that pride is a fundamental quality, connected with a particular organ of the brain. Now do not all these cases look very like diseased individuality or diseased causality? and if so, are they not liable to the objection we substantiated in treating of the fourth consideration of Mr. Combe? As the delusion each person laboured under was an idea, we cannot believe it was produced by self-esteem, healthy or diseased; as this organ, by the phrenological scheme, never forms an idea. But what reasons have we for doubting the innateness of pride, or believing it in every case to be an acquired quality? In the briefest terms we can employ, we will proceed to satisfy this question. We never see pride in little children. They are all confidence and good fellowship with each other, whatever their respective stations in life may be, until the inculcation of the govern-

* Vol. V. p. 162—167, of Gall's work on the Origin of the Moral Qualities and Intellectual Faculties of Man, &c.

ess with difficulty impresses the *little gentleman* with the fact of his too great importance to play with poor people's children ; and by degrees he is brought to be sufficiently of a puffed up little wretch, to keep up the dignity of his family. Parents frequently deplore the ineffectual pains they take to prevent their offspring forming intimacies with servants and other inferiors, and can only get their precepts attended to by incessantly repeating them. Well, it may be asked, if *children* are not naturally proud, how is it the *parents* are seen to be subject to this foolish weakness? This is a very proper and pertinent question, well deserving of a careful and well considered answer. We shall address ourselves to it as effectually as we can.

The intelligent reader must be fully aware that different persons employ this word pride in very different senses. One understands by it the ridiculous strut and penniless majesty with which a Mrs. Capt. Smith passes unnoticed all *ungenteel* persons, whom she might be expected to recognize ; another conceives it to represent the unfounded and insulting conviction some men and women seem to carry about with them, of their own consequence, which is called self-esteem ; a third uses it to express that nobler feeling Shakespeare endows his Coriolanus with, an involuntary *disgust*, and a sincere and undisguisable *contempt*, for the fickleness, folly, and treachery of his fellow-beings ; whilst a fourth applies the term to each of these in succession, or to cases made up or compounded of any two or more of the above qualities. It behoves us therefore to be precise when so many things are understood by the word, and so much confusion and uncertainty may be caused by the indiscriminating use of it.

And this caution is the more necessary as the leading phrenologists make this ambiguous use of it as much as other people, whose credit is not so committed to precision of language ; so we can only, by reference to Mr. Combe, (the most intelligible of any of their writers,) make out the meaning we are to attach to it. He says, "that it

produces the sentiment of self-love, or self-esteem in general. It inspires the mind *with confidence in its own powers*; and, when combined with the superior sentiments and intellect, gives dignity to the character. When deficient, it produces a want of confidence in one's self, and may lead to an excess of humility." Self-esteem, then, according to this description, is simply the estimation in which we hold our own merit. If redundant, we are apt to appreciate our qualities beyond their worth; if deficient, we are less exacting in the claims we make on the respect of others. Our proper inquiry is, to ascertain, if possible, why or in what manner some persons, and classes of persons, come so grossly to overprice themselves, and wherefore other individuals (but *they* are few) shrink under a painful sense of their own deficiency. Now we cannot conceive of self-esteem, in any of the degrees of its manifestation, the modest, the extravagant, or just, existing at all, *but as manufactured by the consideration we excite in, and the treatment we receive from, our fellow-creatures*. What though any fortunately endowed individual were so rich in fine talents and qualities as to realize the poetical creation, of the one turned forth "as if every God had set his seal to give the world assurance of a man;" what would all this avail in making the possessor think correspondingly well of himself, without the admiration and testimony of his less gifted companions? A man of naturally strong intellect applies it with the same facility to its work as one of meaner capacity. There is no greater feeling or consciousness of effort, or great intellectual power in the former case, than in the latter; and if the strong intellect were living among a people, all of whom were as able as himself, he would at last find he was an *average* person, and would be treated as such by those who would not fail on their parts to discover their equality. But moving as he does among humbler intellects than his own, he soon comes to find that his ability to do more and greater things

than they, excites *their deference and respect*, and insensibly taking the cue from them, he becomes aware of his own superiority, and manifests his sense of it in his intercourse with others. No one supposes Shakespeare thought himself so immeasurably superior to all his cotemporaries, as *we* know and feel that he was ; and why did he not so estimate himself ? First, because it was difficult for him to believe that what cost him so little labour should deserve such high renown ; and second, because the ratification of no *one* generation of men could have worked him up to an adequate conception of his own vastness and versatility. As it is clear, therefore, that a man with high qualities can never discover them by himself, or by mere contemplation of self, see any thing calling for more special admiration or pride, than the arms or legs that are a part of his body ; as the feeling can only be produced in him by the testimony of his fellows, it results, of course, that the sentiment must be brought about by social intercourse, and cannot possibly be innate. It is got by a *comparison* of ourselves with others and their *comparing* themselves with us ; and the *opinion*, which, resulting from this comparison, they come to entertain of our merit, *is the mirror in which we behold our own worth*.

But if this be the right account of it, how is it, the reader may exclaim, that in many cases where, if this process of comparing took place, the balance ought to be found against parties, they yet have such egregiously exaggerated ideas of their own cleverness and merit ?

This is a very natural question for people to put when they behold, as every one must frequently do, some addle-brained young blockhead, or shallow and flippant miss, giving itself the confident airs of one sent down from heaven with a sort of high commission, to settle all disputed points of philosophy that have hitherto distracted human thought. Now, we plainly see such persons to be pure and unadulterated fools, and we naturally wonder, before we examine the case, that the parties cannot discover *that* in

themselves, which is so very obvious to us. But upon a little further consideration, we see plainly the impossibility of foolish people finding out their own folly. The very incompetency of intellect that constitutes them fools, precludes their making a sufficient effort of reason or comparison to discover the fact that they *are* fools. A man who, after calm comparison of himself with others, feels a settled conviction that he is excessively deficient, need never despair;—this very conviction is as encouraging as it is humbling, and he who has it is a reasoner without knowing it.

But suppose a youth or a girl with a small understanding, surrounded by a doting mother, an admiring father, and troops of flattering friends, who always find the children they approach to be miracles of cleverness;—suppose the little creature, when it can just lisp, listened to with breathless admiration by all, as it grows older, finding its silliest sallies chronicled in the parent's brains, as good things to treat "*company*" with, and when it comes to be old enough to write man or woman, regularly installed as the wit or oracle of the family;—suppose an individual who has gone through this frightful distortion of its originally puny intellect, incapable of comparing the qualities of any two other men, and therefore unable to settle the extent of its own merit, by measuring it with the merit of another, what, we ask, has such a being as this to guide it to an estimation of itself, but the demonstrated opinions of its surrounding friends? The poor victim of self-conceit lies at their mercy, for want of the buckler of reason, to defend him from the shafts of flattery and lies that assail him. Although, therefore, he has not compared, because he could not compare himself with others, the conduct of his friends convinces him that *they* have made the comparison, and have found the result in his favour; and thus, as we have before said, their deference, their good opinion, is the false mirror, in which he gazes upon his own merit. The same fatal and ridiculous self-esteem can never beset a sensible

person, because he will always have that in himself which will neutralise the poison of foolish flattery ; the larger his intellect, and the more extended his knowledge of the inexhaustible riches of God's work, the humbler and weaker will he feel as he reverts to himself, a crawling insect, capable merely of seeing but a little of what is *to be* explained, and which little he can never explain. From the first attempt to wrap up large lumps of truth in the shape of aphorisms, there has never been one so deceitful as the expression, "that knowledge puffeth up." It is ignorance that puffeth up, and the being puffed up is the overt manifestation of ignorance. Some poor deluded lad, the genius of his family, the oracle of his aunts, the eighth wonder of his grandmother, rates himself about a thousand per cent. higher than other people take him for ; whilst Sir Isaac Newton, in his own thought, ranked just as much beneath *his* fair and universal reputation. The former stands between you and the mysteries of this "breathing world," like a showman, and describes it with as much confidence as if he had made it ; the latter speaks of himself in this manner : " I do not know what I may seem to the world, but in myself I feel like a child amusing myself on the sea-shore, now discovering a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me."

Yes ; the more we reflect on this quality, the stronger becomes our conviction that the excessive exhibition of it is the offspring of ignorance, in an intellect too weak to correct the baneful work of "kind friends." It is of no importance, as a disturbance of this reasoning, that we occasionally see superior men overdone with this defect of self-esteem, for such persons may be *clever* in the popular sense of that word, and grossly ignorant of themselves at the same time. Besides there may be, as we all know, a measured and just manifestation of the quality even in a modest man's carriage, begotten by his consciousness that he is equal to his subject ; and this decision and firmness of expression, is

frequently miscalled "self-conceit," by people of meaner capacity, whose self-love is wounded by it. This just display of it necessarily springs out of his knowledge of the subject, and the comparison he draws between himself and others. If he be capable of making the comparison, and the conclusion he draws is in his own favour, he will have confidence of manner, or overt self-esteem to correspond; if the conclusion is against him, he will, to the extent he feels his deficiency, shrink from encounter with stronger intellects. Whether, however, his consciousness tells him the result is *for* or against him, this explanation seems clear, that if he have acquired his self-knowledge *by calmly measuring himself with the average run of men, a comparison has been made and a conclusion has been drawn; which process is simply an act of reason or causality, and no other faculty is required to account for the quality.*

But to return to the young ladies and gentlemen who believe themselves wits or philosophers, not from any conclusion drawing they have been able to make, for or against themselves, (God help them,) but because their parents, aunts, brothers, and sisters, have all united to vote them geniuses;—to return to these and *classes* of these; we trust we shall make it appear that the quality is too easily manufactured to any degree, and in any number of people, to consist with the phrenological principle of its only being found in great force here and there, amongst a small percentage of the mass of mankind.

All the clergy and their connections are proud; all officers in the army, their women, their lads, and their girls are proud; attorneys soar above minor officials, these again cut such as dwell in shops, and shopkeepers have their gradations of rank as well defined as any of the laws of the larger gentility. All this is quite intelligible, and philosophically necessary. The origin of this pervading aristocracy of feeling was, doubtless, at the point when society having ripened to that pitch, that some could afford to devote themselves to the cultivation of their intellects, whilst less

fortunate persons were compelled to toil for a living, a real, substantial, and effectual ascendancy was obtained by the former over the latter, an ascendancy of an intellectual character, and holding, as with the power of fascination, the respect, admiration, and envy, of the un leisured class. Thus the first gentlemen would receive admiration, and thrill with the delight of gratified self-esteem, not because they did nothing, but because they did *more* than their working fellows, because, in fact, they first raised a corner of the curtain that hid nature's secrets; first made an attempt to "pluck out the heart of this world's mystery." In a short time, men would get from respect for the substance to respect the *form*; from admiration of the great things done by men of leisure, to admiration of *all men who enjoyed leisure*, whether used or abused. This mistake requires no proof, for we are committing it daily. A coal-merchant's clerk, living in a small private house, exacts and receives from his neighbours the respect due to a gentleman; whilst the child of his master is shut out of a genteel boarding school, because the daughter of a tradesman. In all these matters we are greatly a people of forms. Our weakness and incapacity of seeing beneath the surface, makes us do as much homage to the mere trappings and suits of wisdom and desert, as we *should* do to the qualities themselves. Still it has abated somewhat in respect of the clergy, the army, and the law. Time was that almost every member of these bodies was a very tumour, swelling out as he walked the earth with this peccant humour of self-esteem. No blame to them, they looked only for the adoration, which the superstitious and awe-stricken gapers, of which general humanity was composed, were but too ready at all times to award them. Surely all these persons had not round full tops to their heads,—overdeveloped organs of self-esteem. Yet if we read correctly the history of the Jesuits, they one and all shew such a touch of the quality, that they are bound to present us with the corresponding organ. Successful deceivers as they were, looked up to by

their trembling dupes as a sort of gentlemen ushers of heaven, they took care to exhibit such a deportment as should keep up a delusion at once flattering to their feelings, and profitable to their pockets. Voltaire, in speaking of them, says, "It is perfectly incredible with what contempt they considered every university where *they* had not been educated, every book which *they* had not written, every ecclesiastic who was not a man of quality." Of this, he said, he had been a witness times out of number. Their pride and haughtiness was almost unendurable, and even their polemical writings were replete with an indecent and scornful arrogance, that, as the Frenchman, says, "roused the indignation of all Europe." Think you, good reader, that *all* these Jesuits had such an ample furnishing of the organ as the above account would require? Did none but men with round tops to their crania, get into this very pleasant body of the meek followers of Jesus? If there were many flat headed persons among them, and of course in such numbers there would be skulls of *every* shape, how comes it all were *proud alike*, as a professional trait insensibly contracted from the ignorance, the veneration, and the credulity of the community they insulted and despised. Now that we can venture to regard a clergyman without fear and trembling, it is amusing to look back with wonder upon the manner in which our ancestors were crowed over by the priestly pride themselves had brought into existence,—a pride which although diminished, because its food is diminished, can never be destroyed, until men look on a minister, churchman or dissenter, as one of themselves; possessing the same limited faculties, the same imperative appetites, the same human passions, which, wrap them up in religion and morality as they may, will be, and are, constantly peeping through the disguise.

Well might the Jesuits be proud; we are told that under Louis XIV. it was considered as having a bad aspect, it was unfashionable and discreditable, to die without having

passed through the hands of a Jesuit*; who, after the fatal scene was closed, would go and boast to his devotees, that he had just been converting a duke and peer, who, without his protection, would have been inevitably damned. Whilst this infatuation lasted, they could be proud with impunity; when men abated in their good opinion of Jesuits, Jesuits grew proportionably less extravagant in their good opinion of themselves. Their self-esteem was no faculty inherent in *them*; it was the work of others, *infused by admiration, extracted by contempt*.

We humbly think, then, the above examination has satisfactorily established, that the legitimate and due proportion of self-esteem and self-confidence exhibited by really able men, is simply a deportment resulting from their superiority, ascertained by themselves, and acknowledged by their fellows; that the ridiculous self-conceit of those who have no merit to soften the offence of such a deportment, is entirely attributable to the blind adulation of relatives and friends†; and that the pride of caste and class being generated in precisely the same manner, demonstrates that to make any man, or set of men, swell with self-esteem, it is only necessary to tell them in word and action *how much*

* An English Jesuit of the name of Routh, strove to possess himself of the last hour of the celebrated Montesquieu. He came, he said, to “bring back that virtuous soul to religion; as if (says Voltaire) Montesquieu had not known what religion was better than a Routh. He was driven out of the chamber, and went all over Paris, exclaiming, “I have converted that celebrated man; I prevailed upon him to throw his Persian letters and his Spirit of Laws into the fire.” A narrative of the conversion of Montesquieu by Father Routh, appeared in the Anti-philosophic Dictionary. The *facts* it appears were as follows. The pious father attended at the instant of the death of Montesquieu, in order to steal his papers; in this he was prevented, but he took his revenge on the wine, and was at last carried away dead drunk to his convent.” Jesuitry is not dead, but being in bad odour, it has taken a variety of aliases, and calls bad names as freely as ever.

† We have known a great number of families in our time, but we never knew one that had not at least *one* genius in it. Some fortunate circles possess two or three.

you revere them. In the former case the just self-esteem is the product of the man's own causality backed by the respectful acknowledgments of humbler men; in the latter, it results from faith and trust in the testimony of flattering friends. In neither of these cases can we observe any special faculty working; our reason denies it, because all evidence is against it.

We shall not devote any space to love of approbation (No. 11.), as we conceive it to be merely a modification of self-esteem, and that the reasoning we have addressed to the latter organ, will, in a great measure, apply to the former. A man only struggles after the approbation of others, because he feels it to be the fuel that feeds his furnace of self-esteem; the one necessarily implies the other, and neither can exist without the other. The Phrenologists may produce, if they like, men of inordinate self-esteem, *apparently* not caring a nut-shell for the approbation of others; but in reality such a conjunction of feelings is utterly impossible. We ourselves well know certain tremendous specimens of self-esteem in the political world, who, when any measure of theirs incurs popular disapprobation, pretend that applause and censure are alike indifferent to them. But do not believe them; their affected indifference to men's approbation, is only that men shall not see how much they are mortified at not possessing it. The maiden deserted of her sweet-heart, manifests her wounded self-esteem by the same policy; laughs among her companions as gaily as ever; if *his* name is mentioned she is the first to joke; hits off his defects with a jaunty air; declares he at last grew so tedious and prosy, she became tired of him, and, although very sorry for the poor fellow, had been obliged to turn him off. She, like the politician, is indifferent to the approbation she cannot obtain; and neither succeeds in deceiving such as are able to "look right through the deeds of men, into the springs of action working beneath."

Come we to No. 13, the organ of benevolence, situate at

the upper part of the frontal bone in the coronal aspect, and immediately before the fontanel. "The faculty produces the desire of the happiness of others, and disposes to compassion and *active benevolence*."

Nearly all we have to say about this quality, we have discharged ourselves of, in treating of the organ of philoprogenitiveness. Under submission, we must repeat our doubt of the existence of any principle of universal benevolence, other than that sort of ideal affection produced by immediate personal intercourse with our own friends and neighbours. If we are social and *sympathetic* in our constitution, that is to say, susceptible, from the delicacy and impressibility of the stuff of which we are composed, of promptly receiving a copy of the condition of our fellow-creatures, then, any evil affecting them, stamps its painful character on us, and prompts us to the course of conduct calculated to relieve both. The habitual willingness to relieve the misfortunes of our fellows, first resulting from our really feeling them, is what we believe to be usually denominated and understood by the term "benevolence." That the feeling radiates in this manner from our own bosom-experiences, is proved from the conduct of those who are slaves to the opposite sentiment, misanthropy. We know an acute and not unaccomplished old fellow, who, because in his [profession of a soldier, promotion has not followed so closely on desert as justice would dictate, sits in his easy chair, and assails general humanity as worse than wolves, tigers, and vipers, emptying the zoological gardens before he has got to the end of the illustrations necessary to carry off his bile. The simple and naked fact is, that about a dozen people, at the most, have treated him with real or fancied injustice, and he, being a man of sensitive and energetic character, requires the whole human race to radiate his rancour upon. To love the whole human race actually, it is necessary that we should *know* the *whole* human race. If we are conscious of feeling benevolently towards all mankind, it is simply the reflection

of the kindly feelings we entertain for that minute section of it with which we are associated.

In like manner if we feel that we detest and despise mankind, it is only an extension of the contempt and hatred excited in us by the conduct of some few individuals.

Hamlet soliloquises—

“ Oh God ! Oh God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me *ALL the uses of this world !*
Fie on't, Oh fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature
Possess it *merely.* ”

Why did the world seem thus to him ? Simply because his mother, *one* unworthy person in it, had married his uncle, within two months of the death of *his* father, and *her* first husband. As Lord Bacon has said, the soul of man is greater than the world ; and when pleased or mortified by its own experiences, never pauses to *measure*, but at once engulphs humanity in the master passion of the hour. This benevolence, then, seems nothing but what we understand by the term sympathy, and we do not believe that any man has universal benevolence for the species, who does not evince any feeling for individuals. The general feeling is an aggregation of good-will built up by particular instances ; and they who loudly proclaim *general* philanthropy, and are adamant to *particular* distress, are only making a noise in the world for the purpose of gratifying their own vanity.

For evidence under this feeling, then, we do not require such extraordinary and professional benevolists as Mrs. Fry and Mr. Owen ; as any man who feels for the condition of his fellows, should be well furnished with the organ under question. Now, what compels us to think that this sympathy is a manifestation of our general body, and not of a particular section of the brain, is, that this part of the brain in two old friends of our own (who are bald) is as flat as a trencher, and yet we know no men who exhibit

quicker or warmer feeling for the miseries of man or beast, manifested, not in the cheap coin of sentiment, but in substantial assistance conferred, when they have not been aware of there being any one to applaud. Again: we know well a Miss R——, whose depression, visible to every one, in this region, sorely puzzles some of her phrenological friends, who are fain to declare that her natural character must be unsympathetic, against the unanimous testimony of her nearest connexions, that she would give all away in charity, if she were permitted to follow the bent of her own inclination. But what staggers us more than all, is, the legion of bald, shiny-headed old intimates of ours, who carry about with them as fine a swell in the benevolent section of the brain as a man might wish to see, who yet shun the contact of all misery that may tax their purses, with the same horror a subject of hydrophobia will avoid water. We shall not be expected to answer any call of name that may arise, as it must be obvious to any reader, that, consistently with common regard to private feelings, it is impossible to resort to this sort of poll-tax among personal acquaintance: a proper consideration which weighs as potently with the phrenologists as with ourselves, as almost the whole, even of their evidence, is made up of *initials*.

As this quality of sympathy, then, seems to be one entirely constitutional, like irritability or apathy, it is not to be melted into any other, but is a simple element of character. Nothing can be easier than for the reader to examine the evidence amongst his private friends, an employment to to which we have addressed ourselves, and found so many *with* the organ and without the quality, and such a number wanting the organ, and yet manifesting its alleged function, that our own conscientiousness will not allow us any longer to withhold our scepticism of the new scheme. We now beg the reader's company whilst we overhaul the two kindred faculties of wonder (18) and veneration (14).

Mr. Combe says, that the "faculty of wonder produces the sentiment of wonder, surprise, or astonishment, and

gives the love of the new and the strange." The only wonder to us in all this is, how any man could have been found amongst that section of humanity called thinkers, to have conceived the absurdity of endowing us with a special, primary, and independent faculty for wondering with. According to the idea every one must have of the feeling of "wonder," it might, with reason, have been expected that the phrenologists would describe it as a state of mind, arising out of the condition of some one or two other organs; for instance, some new and strange sight or circumstance presented to the perceptive faculties, for which causality was unable to account. That this is a better and more philosophical mode of providing for the feeling, the instances that may be drawn from the living world around us, seem to bear ample testimony. The horse that shies at a baker's truck, the bumpkin who, dropped from the top of a country waggon for the first time, into the confused babel of London, traverses the town from one end to the other, wondering with open mouth at every object he passes; the rustics who witness the portentous phenomenon of a balloon sailing through the air; savages who for the first time see white men, and hear the reports of their fire-arms, are respectively cast into the state of wonder, by being confronted with objects so entirely foreign to all their previous experience. Only whilst the objects are new, unfamiliar, and unexplained, do they produce the feeling of wonder in the beholders; and we find it in our daily experience, that natural philosophers scarcely, upon any occasion, manifest the feeling of wonder, whilst uninstructed men go wondering on from their cradles to their graves. Wonder, therefore, *is* not, and *cannot*, be a faculty of itself; it is only the feeling consequent on the reasoning power being incapable of accounting for new objects presented to its consideration; whilst unaccounted for, we wonder; when cleared up, we cease to wonder; and the giving to such a feeling (which must have place in proportion to men's ignorance of natural phenomena) a distinct

and independent organ, 'can only arise from a most unscientific and slovenly examination of what may, with any thing like probability, be considered elementary powers of the mind.

The same fate appears to await another of the phrenological organs, so analogous to the one we have been considering, that, contrary to the order in which they are placed by the phrenologists, we think it expedient to examine them together. We mean that of veneration. The more closely the common manifestation of this feeling is examined, the closer men will discover its affinity with wonder; and nothing more would be necessary to its production, than an exhibition of mysterious power, capable of working us either good or evil, with no apparent inclination to inflict on us the latter. Mr. Combe says, "The faculty produces the sentiment of respect and reverence, and when directed to the Supreme Being, adoration. It is the source also of the tendency to look up to, and admire, superiors in rank and power, and in this way disposes to obedience." It will be seen from this that the author of the system regards the awe we evince at the magnificence of a luxurious lord, and the veneration we feel for the Almighty, only as modifications of the same feeling. In this we believe Mr. Combe to be correct, for in either case we are struck with a sense of power not disposed to harm us, the exact nature of which we do not fully comprehend. In the case of Deity, our veneration must necessarily be stronger, as his attributes are veiled in impenetrable mystery; and in our regard for the human creature the feeling is necessarily less, because the mystery is less; but to get a correct idea of the feeling and its degrees in this latter case, as dependent upon the degree of mystery, compare the case of a courtier in addressing "royalty," with the confounded intellect of a peasant, doing the same thing. The first character has lost all his veneration for the regal personage, (if he ever had any,) frequency of contact having convinced the humbler party, that a king or queen is a dressed up

biped only; whilst the peasant, who all his life has been taught to consider the character as a godhead upon earth, labours under the weight of veneration such a mysterious presence must excite. Every man remembers how much more veneration he felt for the rolling thunder, before he received the scientific explanation, than he experienced when that explanation was made perfectly familiar to him. When the poor Mexicans first saw the Spaniards on horse-back, they regarded them as superior beings, and entertained for them all the veneration and awe, suitable to such an impression; and here was a strong manifestation of the faculties of wonder and veneration. When, however, further acquaintance satisfied them that their rapacious visitors from the old world, were only beings shaped like themselves, bestriding animals these poor natives had never seen in their own country, and which at first they could not of course understand, when this further acquaintance presented the Spaniards as *men*, and not *gods*, away went the Mexican "veneration," with the mistake which had generated the feeling. But if veneration will go when *one* mystery is cleared up, it will go when *another* is cleared up; so that we can easily imagine a man diminishing his veneration inversely with the increase of his knowledge. It is clear from this examination, that the degree of most men's veneration must depend upon the extent to which their reasoning has been exercised upon natural causes. Now this presses very hard upon the hypothesis of *veneration* having a distinct organ for its working, as it is obvious the stroke of business it may have to do, must *totally depend* upon the organ of *causality*. As the latter organ proceeds in the clearing up of unknown things, the venerating and wondering faculties will bit by bit diminish in duty, until at last they will have complete sinecures of it, and become organs in ordinary, laid up in the dry docks of the human brain. This must have been the ex-officio condition of poor veneration, in the head of Voltaire, who, pious man, had (as the phrenologists admit) a very large

development of this bump on his cranium ; how much he had in his character we leave to be settled by those best acquainted with it. Voltaire's researches had been both deep and varied, there were few of the chambers in the many-mansioned house of knowledge, in which he had not lifted the lamp of his own genius, and consequently there were few of the articles to be found there capable of exciting the wonder and veneration they would be certain to awake, in humbler intellects. True it is, that our modern philosophers endeavour to surmount or steer clear of the difficulty presented by the veneration of Voltaire, and assert roundly that although he exhibited none of this feeling towards religious observances, his habitually manifested respect towards people in power, proved the strength of the faculty within him. This is but a sorry mode of patching a lame case, little likely to appease the suspicions of those who cannot reconcile this *veneration* for prime ministers, and *contempt* for popes and bishops ; still less will it content such as possess any *knowledge* of the character of the philosopher of Ferney, and of the circumstances, moral and political, by which he was hemmed in, at that strange period of transition, from the old to the new order of things. To the student of history, another, and we think better, explanation will be familiar ; viz., the absolute necessity of Voltaire conciliating influences, which, although sincerely despised, were sufficiently powerful to work him much inconvenience, not to say peril. His outward civility to the powerful men of his time was the effect of the same principle of prudence, which dictates to a man conversant with natural history, the policy of *lying still*, when under the paws of a wild beast.

The quibble, then, about Voltaire's veneration for the wretched fribbles of a court, we apprehend, will meet with as much respect as it deserves. Let us return for a few moments to a renewed consideration of the nature of the feeling itself. That our veneration is made up of a vague sense of impending, but not malevolent power, we being

incapable of settling its precise nature or limits, is provable in a variety of ways, and by numerous examples. A rustic who works on his landlord's estate, seeing the great man only once a year for a short time, never, by any chance, setting foot in the great man's mansion, and only perhaps hearing of its furniture, pictures, library, laboratory, and other wonders described by some female villager, who upon a particular occasion has acted as nurse or servant of some sort in the great house;—a rustic with this small amount of knowledge respecting the great man's habits, labours under a vast deal more veneration than does the great man's footman or butler. As the proverb has it, “no man is a hero to his valet de chambre;” and we may be sure that no man is a wonder to his wife. Doubtless if Mrs. Shakespeare ever looks down from heaven upon the constantly growing enthusiasm of the world for her immortal husband's works, she wonders every time she does so that “*she* never saw any thing so particular in him.” We are told that the bard, under his will, appointed his youngest daughter and her husband his executors, leaving them the bulk of his estate, to his own lady bequeathing only the “second best bed, with the furniture.” This fact warrants a suspicion that the wife would sometimes wag her tongue at her illustrious husband, and treat him with no more reverence than common clay. The first Mrs. Milton was scarcely manageable by her spouse, and upon one occasion even eloped from his home, and returned to her father. A man may be the very soul of goodness, a paragon of talent, possessed of wealth in his coffers, and such power in the world as receives all but eastern prostration from strangers, and yet excite no more reverence in his own house, than any indifferent individual in it. Too much familiarity breeds contempt. The feeling of veneration demands that we shall not be too well acquainted, with the object, otherwise calculated to excite it. There must be a certain obscurity in it, something foreign to our

general habits and observation; a particular halo of strangeness through which the understanding cannot penetrate, must surround every individual for whom we are to entertain this sentiment of veneration. Goldsmith in his "Vicar of Wakefield," describes the veneration felt for great men in the person of his George Primrose. Standing in the rich man's hall, among other suitors, scholar as he was, he could not but think that one who owned such a mansion, so furnished with live and dead articles, must be a very great man indeed,—a minister of state, or something equally important at the least. He saw about him all the external trappings and accompaniments of the highest degree of human power;—could not imagine but that their owner must have a genius of the same Corinthian style;—felt the flutter and excitement ignorance always betrays in growing familiar with greatness, and in him were all the conditions of veneration—power, its nature or extent not very well understood, but capable, as he believed, of working him either good or evil. In all probability his veneration somewhat subsided, when the great man came forward, and addressed the young aspirant for patronage in these words,—"*Are you the young man that brought this here letter?*" Such a question as this would diminish Mr. Primrose's sense of the patron's power, and wonderfully increase and clarify his knowledge of its nature and limits, the two chief constituents for the production of the feeling. Our natural modesty is such, that we are pleased when we can resort to the authority of one whose name is great, in mouths of wisest censure. Mr. Burke, we recollect, has an idea somewhere in his excellent book on the "Sublime and Beautiful," which rushes by association into our head as we pursue this argument. It proves him to have been fully aware of the importance of divine things not being made too palpable to sense, if we desire to keep up the veneration we entertain for them. It is something to this effect: "That when artists had attempted to give *definite*

representations of terrible ideas, they had always failed ; and that in all the pictures of hell presented to his notice, he could not but feel puzzled whether the painter had not intended something ludicrous." This seems, to our conception, a very natural and not less philosophical remark ; and had Rembrandt been as good a metaphysician as he was a painter, he would never have produced such absurd incongruities as Jacob's dream, which, more than any thing else, resembles a string of stone masons descending a ladder, whilst their vigilant foreman is taking a comfortable nap.

Just as Burke has described, felt we, when first let loose upon books, our imagination was stopped and balked in perusing an old pictured copy of the "Paradise Lost," a poem of all others in our language, which should least have pictorial illustrations,—a poem indeed which pictures must most sensibly deform. Any aid the artist can lend to the awful and mighty, yet judiciously *obscure*, conceptions of Milton, must have *definiteness of shape and outline*, and this very quality by itself is sufficient to neutralize any images the excited fancy of the reader might have furnished for himself. What painter could realize upon canvass all the terrors that, in the reader's mind, go to the constitution and embellishment of the last depository for the souls of the damned? In the old copy of the "Paradise Lost" before referred to, was a picture of Satan in the practice of his purgatorial duties, and his human prey in the endurance of their purgatorial penalties. The betrayer of man was furnished with the ordinary theological outfit of hoofs and tail, tossing suffering souls about in the fiery lake with a formidable trident ; but so far from giving the beholder any adequate or befitting idea of the importance of the operation, it would seem to him as if the devil were stirring up a syllabub of sinners, as cooks whip eggs for a batter pudding.

In all this we discover the indispensability of *obscurity* to the feeling of veneration ; and could the curtain but be

raised from before many objects that now excite it most strongly, how soon should we find that feeling to evaporate and disappear. Banish the obscurity, and you banish the excitement. Throw strong light upon the mysteries of superstition, and these mysteries take a matter-of-fact shape, destroying the serious feeling, and exciting the ludicrous, from the sentiment of absurdity we experience in the contrast between the vast image in the mind and the ridiculous realization on the page. As to the various proofs of the existence of this faculty, furnished by Mr. Combe in his account of it, they one and all rank under and confirm the explanation we have just given above. He argues that *the tendency of the most ignorant men to venerate*, proves the existence of the faculty, and he thinks it a great omission on the part of the old philosophers that no such power is to be found in their systems. Now if there be any soundness in the reasoning we have just offered respecting this feeling, and the conclusion we have deduced from it, we should feel inclined to retort the surprise of Mr. Combe, and declare that we think the old philosophers quite right in not admitting veneration as a distinct power; right, too, upon the very ground Mr. Combe gives as a justification of his disapproval, to wit, "*the tendency of the most ignorant men* to venerate*," and we may add, the *absence* of that tendency exactly in the proportion in which these persons contrive to emerge from their ignorance. If veneration were an original faculty, a distinct and important elementary power in the human brain, although like any other power capable of being modified by education, it would be occasionally altered in its manifestations, yet would it not be liable to *complete obliteration* as men come to exercise their under-

* Mr. Combe, in his large work, tells us that many of the Highland gentlemen who, on the occasion of George the Fourth's visit to Scotland, came down from their hills to pay their respects to royalty, were very much embarrassed at the unusual exercise to which their organ of veneration was put.

standings on philosophy. If an original faculty, it ought to be exhibited alike by the most ignorant and the most learned men. Not merely should we find an extraordinary exhibition of it in a few confounded and bewildered Scotchmen* upon the occasion of a fat old king's visit to their metropolis, but we should meet with the like bewilderment in the same number of habitual attendants upon the court of St. James's; but the simple fact is that great "veneration" for kings or lords is always found in petty highland lairds, who seldom know more of royalty or the great world, than the columns of a weekly newspaper can afford; and correspondingly "small veneration" is seen in those whose frequency of intercourse has made royalty and the great world familiar to them; the general conclusion from which is, not that the small and the large veneration in either case is the result of a large development of the organ in the highland lairds, and a small development of the same in the St. James's courtiers; but that this "awful respect" in the former case was a *deportment* caused by that fearful first exposure to the overpowering splendour of majesty. As to Messrs. Gall and Combe's talk about the prevalence of the venerating spirit in some catholic countries, and the numerous cases of churches crowded with young women and market baskets, the former, although trammelled with such worldly appendages as the latter, still eager to fill up their odds and ends of time, the quarter and half hours of existence, with these bits and snatches of perapatetic piety; we assure the gentlemen of this, that such fits of religious enthusiasm may be found much nearer home than the catholic countries alluded to, wherever a parish church can be found, or a chapel of ease has been planted. We are happy, too, that in this respect our experience agrees with Mr. Gall's, "that the greater part, and by far the choicest cases, we have found in the fair sex." Certainly whenever a woman *does* set herself seriously to any thing, whether to love or

* See note in p. 126.

to hate, to prayers or to pet dogs, she goes to it with all her heart, with all her mind, with all her soul, and with all her strength; and therefore in the leading cases of feminine piety we have known, in their *strength*, have been confined only by the capacities of the parties, in their *duration* of course dependent on *that accident*, which always has diverted, and, we suppose, as long as women are women ever will divert them, from a singly blessed pursuit. Morning worship, afternoon worship, evening service; two miles there and two miles back three times a day;—bleak or mild, cutting or sultry, dusty or muddy, never were our fair friends known to be absent. Devotion like this, it would be supposed, would defy *time* and the *world*; but, alas! it defied neither. A twelvemonth of the one, and an evil spirit in the other, called a man, was usually found sufficient to stagger the fair devotees; and when aided by a devilish* incantation ceremony, called the "*celebration of holy matrimony*," proved most alarmingly efficacious, (if negligent attendance be an *outward* sign of an inward spiritual change,) in drawing the habitual soaring of those lost female souls from a happier and brighter sphere to the grovelling and earthy considerations of husband and children. We have been in continental churches as well as Dr. Gall; we have promenaded the spacious aisles, and listened to mass in company with the aforesaid market baskets and their pretty owners; and if we have any skill in translating dark eyes and combustible countenances into the plain vernacular of human passion, we should think the young continental women, above praised for their devotion by Dr. Gall, will read that portion of his works with no great opinion of his penetration. On

* As the printer's devil, who has probably gone through this ceremony, felt shocked at the use of the above infernal adjective, (he wrote *query* against it,) we beg to assure him, and all whom it may concern, that nothing can exceed the respect we feel for the sacred institution, and we have only used the word "devilish" ironically, as indicative of the singular effect marriage always has in diverting young women from celestial contemplations to the most practical worldliness.

the continent, as in England, in cathedrals, abbeys, churches, chapels, and Exeter Halls, do women abound ten to one of our sex. Why? are there really ten religious women to one religious man then? No; but as men are taken up almost entirely by this world, they have little time to expend on the other; whilst women, who hang loosely upon society, have little or nothing to occupy their spare time, and generally incapable of filling it with useful study, feel a dead flatness on their long mornings. The spirit of humanity that will be doing, craves excitement, and the same desire to escape from flatulency of the inactive soul, urges the lady into the conventicle, and the barrow-woman into the gin shop. If the reader think this a libel on church-goers, let him analyse the pomp and vanity of his own parish congregation before he denounces this description, and we comfortably abide the result. Still it may be said, that, admitting the arguments and illustrations we have used above do really prove that, in the particular cases, something like the feeling of veneration was bestowed unworthily upon idols or false objects; yet the venerating propensity is strong in us by nature, and must and will exhaust itself upon one object or another, worthy or unworthy. Now we wish the past remarks to apply to veneration *generally*, as well to the humble and devout deportment of a religious man, as to the ignorant awe young Primrose felt for the vulgar millionaire of the west end. Both cases, we consider, come under the same description;—a conception of power in another passing our understanding, able to work us good or evil, and not apparently disposed to inflict on us the latter. Young Primrose's veneration vanished when he saw of what stuff his great man was composed; and in like manner the veneration of the religious man will go (on his exposure to the first shallow sceptic who chooses to assail him), if he have no stronger bulwark for his religion than this feeling of veneration. Unfortunately, instances are far too numerous in every person's experience, to

render particular citation necessary, of men once meekly religious turning the coarsest scoffers of divine things; an accident that every man must be liable to, whose instructors (as they are called) have (taking advantage of the pliant character of his infancy) made him mechanically adopt dogmas without reasons, instead of settling his conviction of a Creator upon the rock of evidence the universe and its contents supply to him. Many a case have we known of *all reverence of deportment thrown off*, by men whose intellects, as it were, have received the characters of a religious education written only in chalk, which have been smeared out at pleasure by the first ignorant wrangler who chose to give himself the trouble or the triumph. But the victim of *false* veneration will not always be without the *true*; that when the little philosophy which inclined his mind to atheism has become the depth of philosophy which brings him about again to religion, he will have the due feeling of veneration to correspond, we may reasonably suppose, says some determined phrenologist. Yes, in all probability he will; but still this will be reasoning, and nothing more. *He compares his own insignificant being with the Almighty Power* at whose sufferance he has the tenure of his life: *he draws an awful conclusion* of his own miserable inferiority, which dictates the corresponding expression and deportment,—the deportment of veneration. *False or true, then, to this condition we come at last: it is in all cases a condition of "causality," and to this organ we must finally commit its custody.*

The next faculty on the list is that of firmness, having its proper organ at the posterior part of the coronal region of the head. "It produces," says Mr. Combe, "determination, constancy, and perseverance. *It gives, however, perseverance only in manifesting the faculties which are possessed by the individual in adequate strength.* A person with great firmness and much tune, may persevere in making music; diminish the tune, so as to render him

insensible to melody, and he will not persevere in that attempt; but if he has great causality, he may then be constant in abstract study."

Now there are two sufficing reasons to warrant us in considering this an impertinent and superfluous organ; first, because adhesiveness, "which gives the instinctive tendency *to attach* one-self to objects," or concentrativeness, which produces *permanence of ideas in the mind*, could do all that firmness is here described to do; and second, because, if even these deputies were not ready for the work, it must, in the natural result of examination, be ejected from the skull for want of any decent apology for remaining there. If the principle that size is the measure of power is to be consistently acted upon, where is the necessity of inventing an organ of firmness? If firmness is given to us to make us "manifest the faculties which are possessed by the individual in *adequate strength already*," it is giving power, where power is already, and where we should naturally think no more is required. If size really be to be taken as a measure of power, it necessarily involves that *constancy of manifestation*, which the phrenological scheme awards as the business of the organ of firmness. Say a man has large veneration or large philoprogenitiveness; what does this mean, but that he shall strongly reverence his superiors, or tenderly love his children, not merely for a moment, or an hour, or a day, but so long as the said organs continue as large as they now are? Oh dear, no, cries Mr. Combe, it means nothing of the sort;—for without the organ of firmness, which sits enthroned in the coronal region of the brain, like an inflexible foreman overlooking his workmen,—without this organ a man might have as large veneration or benevolence as ever blest a human skull, and yet fall too blaspheming immediately after saying his prayers, or whip his innocent family all round, within an hour of affectionately caressing them. According to this explanation, it is veneration *that carries young ladies into chapel*, and firmness that *keeps*

them there ; without the latter organ, they would be constantly liable to turn to the right about, and walk out again before the service had well commenced.

If size of the other organs availeth nothing then in keeping them steadily to their work, what *is* it that size does, or what is the meaning of the expression, that size is the indication of power, or indeed what is *power* ? Mr. Combe speaks thus of it ; “ Before a thing can be done at all, the faculty and organ on which it depends, must be possessed in an *available degree* ; and the *more powerful* these are, the greater will be the *energy with which the possessor will do the thing at first*, and the *ease with which he will learn to REPEAT IT*.”* This coming after the announcement that firmness *only* gives PERSEVERANCE to the faculties already possessed by the individual in *adequate* strength, and therefore not requiring its assistance, is of course very profound and very intelligible.

The truth is, that the phrenologists are as much hampered and perplexed with this organ of firmness, as they once were with the organ of memory, the increasing difficulty of defending which finally compelled them to get rid of it altogether, and make every organ remember its own proceedings. Why should firmness lend perseverance only to those faculties which are in adequate force already ? Why should not a man with deficient veneration and large firmness, thrown into the profession of the church *against his own good liking*, seeing that he must get his living by it, and knowing it to be his interest to wear the garb of sanctity in his manner, why does not such a man as this, his firmness being strong, persevere until he acquires the necessary deportment of serious propriety. The use of firmness among most people is supposed to be its application to such things as are to be resisted or overcome, not to matters that square already with their own inclinations. We are not in the habit of eulogising the man who with a

* Page 27 of “ The Outlines.”

keen appetite disposes of a plate of meat, by exclaiming "*what undaunted firmness he displays in eating his dinner;*" yet if he had large organs of alimentiveness and firmness, this is the philosophical form of expression we should be compelled to adopt. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that men really do eat their dinners by means of a bit of brain in the temple, and not from any sensation of hunger in the stomach,—is not this organ quite sufficient to account for his pertinacity to his plate, but you must give him another organ of firmness to make him persevere in his voracity, until he has cleared away the last morsel upon it? The sensible account of firmness we should have thought would have been, that it enabled men to employ their *lesser* organs with effect, not the greater which could already, it would be considered, act independently of foreign assistance,—for wherever firmness is displayed, we find it to be in cases the parties find it difficult to cope with, consequently cases for the mastering of which they have no adequate cerebral development. A man with great courage and causality might reasonably be considered qualified to work through a campaign, and firmness would not be required to enable him to acquit himself respectably in his vocation. He has the requisite organs, what wants he more? The case in which firmness might reasonably come in, would be that, where ideality was weak, a man should still persist in considering himself a great poet, and then it would assist in accounting for the perseverance such a man manifests in pursuing, against the apparent grain, a line of literature, or of life, for which every one but himself can see he is in no wise adapted by natural endowment. For this useful hint the phrenological journalists we consider are bound in common gratitude to give us a very flattering vote of thanks, although of course it can only be worked upon, should firmness still be retained among the thirty-five. Our sincere opinion is, that if not got rid of, it will cause them infinite perplexity, and by a general edict, as in the case of memory, they should banish the organ outright,

and make all the others find themselves in firmness as they are already obliged to do in memory.

But we have had enough of this organ, the quality of which it is said to be, "the material instrument," being, as we believe, the consequence of *general constitutional vigour* manifested by every man who has any consciousness of strength in himself, and deficient in the proportion he has a humble sense of his own powers. Mr. P... t, at present one of the firmest and most constantly employed counsel of the day, in making his first motion was remarked for a want of firmness his fellows witnessed with pain, and being sharply spoken to by the judge sat down, it was supposed, never to rise again. Thus a man exhibits it at one time and not at another—clearness of purpose seems necessary to it, as well as animal vigour, in which case it will be merely an *exercise of clear reason in a healthy body*; and thus we take our leave of it.

Much surprise has been felt by many, that even Dr. Gall should have been so absurd as to imagine for one moment that "conscientiousness" is an innate faculty, when the slightest reflection might have convinced him, that in all, it is simply the product of their intercourse with their fellow-men; a *habit of thinking* arising out of the original proneness of all young things to observe and imitate the conduct of their elders. It is a quality which individuals first coming into a state of society could not have. We have seen, in treating of the organ of acquisitiveness, that savages in living with each other, soon, as a matter of policy, acknowledge, and more or less practically respect, their new institution of property. *Respect* for the possessions of another being useful, they regard with *approbation*, and call it *right*, or some word of equal import; invasion of others' goods they disapprove of, and call it *wrong*; and from this first simple perception of their own interests originated moral approbation and disapprobation as at present understood by all. Now the reader can easily imagine a raw savage who has just entered into society,

just come to the *feelings* of approval for honesty and disapproval of theft, but which feelings have not had time to become so familiar to him as to have grown into habits. At this point, although he feels the force of the truth, as a necessary part of his association with his fellows, he can easily return to his old roving habits, a purloiner of every thing he can lay his hands on, as the principle of his mode of existence. If after every act of theft he committed, his conscience, pricked him, as the old women have it, he would be constantly seeking his own unhappiness, and resemble in morals an unhappy jockey we once saw at a Christmas pantomime, who being furnished with spurs half a yard long, and curving upwards, *at every step he took*, stabbed his own posteriors, to the infinite delight of the juvenile spectators. But no man would *voluntarily seek his own unhappiness*, and therefore we are compelled to the conclusion, that habitual robbers, in a state of nature, have no compunctions of conscience. Sir James Edward Alexander, in his interesting account of the expedition into the interior of Africa conducted by him, shews, that there are tribes of men (the Damaras) who have no more feeling of conscientiousness than they have notion of the institution of property from which the former springs. He says, "they believe in nothing but what they *see*." "Who gives you your food?" enquired he. "We get our living from the air, from the seasons," answered an old Damara. "Why don't you keep sheep or goats, that you may live better than you do?" again enquired Sir James. "We have been afraid of losing them," replied the Damara; "we wished to keep them, but we thought the Boschmen (a neighbouring tribe) would rob us of them." (Robbing being as natural as eating, before men extract from the womb of expediency, the progeny of social principles.) Here is a clear case of a body of men living in our own day, in that from-hand-to-mouth style, termed a state of nature; because experience has satisfied them, that *desire, and the impulse to appropriate*, go so hand in hand with their

stronger neighbours, the Boschmen, that keeping of sheep and goats is utterly useless. The "appropriation principle" is the only one they know—the only one they act upon. As all practice it, none blame it; none are degraded by it, and, therefore, none have any conscience to condemn it. How finely such an instance as this vindicates Locke's definition of conscience, [the opinion we have of our own actions,] and confutes the nonsense about "a moral sense." A Boschman employs himself in robbing the Damaras, and rises in his own good opinion at each successful seizure. Why? Because every other Boschman has, from his boyhood, done the same thing himself, and applauded it in others. But does a man's good or ill opinion of his own actions depend entirely upon the feeling with which his fellows regard them? Undoubtedly. What? the reader may exclaim, are actions in themselves, then, of no efficacy in producing this feeling? Are not murder, theft, lying, *in themselves*, and without any reference to the opinions of others, capable, when we have committed them, of making us feel the most fearful stings of conscience? By no means. On the contrary, while others applaud, we feel proud of them. A man returns from the murder of thousands with exultation in his heart, and triumph on his brow, so long as his half knaves half idiots, of countrymen, call it a glorious victory, and his gentle and tender-hearted countrywomen, greet him as a delightful hero. The same comfortable feeling of the favour of others makes him steal the cattle of the enemy, and glory in an act, which, if forbidden, would awake remorse. A duellist, who feels proud of killing his antagonist at twelve paces, would perhaps never again sleep comfortably, if he had done it more privately in a green lane. In what consists the difference? The one is called an affair of honour, the other an atrocious murder. In our moral country, infanticide is a horrible crime, never committed without the deepest remorse being felt by the criminal: in China, population so presses on subsistence, that child-murder is thought to be necessary and conve-

nient, and, therefore, is conducted according to law. The self-immolation of the Hindoo widow is piety in her country—crime in ours. Among *her* people it is an act of duty; with ours, one to which a stake and a cross-road* would be awarded, if the dispersion of her particles did not defy such a post mortem operation. The religion of the Thugs of India is murder; an act, which with us is deemed the most frightful outrage upon *all* religion. But why accumulate cases? The intelligent reader will clearly see that the *same* act is considered by ourselves as virtuous or vicious, just as it is applauded or condemned by our fellow-creatures, that it receives judgment of either the one character or the other, as they think it *convenient* that it should be performed or avoided, and that this conviction of its convenience or its mischievousness is got by efficiently or inefficiently *examining with their reason*, its tendency, in respect to their own well being. Passing favourably through this ordeal, the act is termed *good or moral*; if condemned as inimical to the happiness of man, it is called *bad or immoral*; terms which are a sort of verbal paint, by means of which they colour favourably and unfavourably, the two classes of actions. Thus coloured, they inculcate them very properly on their children, who are taught to hate the one class which receives the generic term of vice, and regard with favour the other, which they have called virtue. So taught, it becomes in them a habit of thinking and feeling, and we all experience in ourselves how strong a thing is habit. A small temptation will sometimes induce us to break it; but we know not its strength until it *is* broken. As Burke said by the snuff-taker, who, almost unconscious of pleasure, mechanically stuffs his nostrils with the necessary dust, deprive him of his box, and he is the most miserable creature in the world: so, likewise, many a man who treads the beaten path of honesty without feeling much pleasure in the walk, would yet experience the severest pain of compunction on his first divergence from

* Stake and cross-road only lately abolished by 4th Geo. IV. c. 52.

it. Conscientiousness, then, is simply the approval or disapproval any one awards to his own act, according as he has been trained by the policy of the society of which he is a member, to contemplate it as vicious or virtuous. In the child, it is a mere matter of mechanical imitation, abstaining reverentially from all acts it hears denounced as wicked by its parents and teachers, and believing all acts to be good approved of by them. All children, and many grown people, have ideas of the wickedness or propriety of particular acts, without possessing the faintest notion *wherefore* they are wicked or proper; and being so taught to regard them, it becomes, what we have already called it, a habit of thinking. Whilst their actions square with this habit, they enjoy good fame in society, and as a consequence, are comfortable in themselves; when their acts diverge from the habit, they incur censure and punishment, and feel pain in themselves,—the sting of a guilty conscience. The quality of conscientiousness in these people we should rather call a *feeling* of approval or disapproval they entertain for their own actions, instead of an *opinion*, which is a term implying an antecedent process of reasoning. In a moralist, who probes into the character and consequences of actions, conscientiousness is an *opinion*, and, therefore, the result of *causality*: and in the mechanically good people, it is a doing what their teachers do, respecting what their teachers respect, submitting their own understandings to the conclusions of their betters. But even here, some little causality is displayed; for when an inferior intellect obeys the dictates of a larger one, it is because he feels the superiority of the latter is less liable to error; sees his conduct correspond with his teaching; cannot believe *he* would purposely practice what he knew in itself to be undesirable; and, with that sort of comfortable conclusion one would derive from looking at the composed countenance of a captain in a squall, the humbler intellect becomes satisfied that there is no danger, when one, so much better acquainted with the matter than himself, commits his own safety to the course into which he invites

others. This is, indeed, humble reasoning as compared with the other, but still it is reasoning; and we feel the fullest confidence that the reader, after duly reflecting on it, will see that conscientiousness is a quality which has existence only, when society, having been sometime formed, has reached to an habitual observance of those principles which can alone preserve it. We cannot believe that it is a distinct faculty, when we observe so plainly its first production, and find, in the infinitely various opinions of the different nations of the world, such conclusive testimony of its being a habit of thinking, their particular circumstances have imposed upon them;—in every case *generated by reasoning*, and confirmed by habit.

Even more inconsistent with the idea we have of an independent faculty of the mind, is the feeling of *hope*, to which the phrenologists have given a distinct organ (No. 17), situated on each side of veneration, and extending under part of the frontal and part of the parietal bones. Mr. Combe says, “the faculty produces the sentiment of hope in general, or the tendency to believe in the possibility of what the other faculties desire, but without giving the conviction of it, which depends on reflection. It inspires with gay, fascinating, and delightful emotions, painting futurity fair and smiling as the regions of primeval bliss.” This is a very poetical description of a very universal emotion, but to it, as well as to most of the other descriptions of the same author, we feel inclined to apply the Queen’s interruption to Polonius, “More matter and less art.” An organ for hoping with! who ever heard the like? What is hope? The appetite of the mind for things probable of attainment, but from the possession of which adverse circumstances may prevent us. This emotion then must at all times be regulated by externals; by the greater or smaller quantity of presumptive evidence a man of sanguine or saturnine temperament may be able to bring together in his imagination, in order to draw some desired good, as near as possible to the region of reality.

If the presumptions are slight we hope little ; if numerous and strong our hope is of corresponding intensity ; if all ground for hope is removed (let the organ be as large as it may) the feeling dies within us. While there is life there is hope, say the old women ; and why ? Because we have witnessed so many cases of patients recovered into health from apparently the last extremity, by doctrinal skill, that we think our own case as likely to add to the number as any other. But why is there no hope when there is no life ? Because in our day there are no resurrections from the dead to warrant our hope of a friend's re-animation, when once the breath is fairly out of his body. Equally in every case do we find hope, and all the degrees of its manifestation, depending upon the number and strength of external circumstances, to which it owes its life, and from which it draws its strength—and we really think that nothing more need be added to convince the reader that it is a feeling *strong* and *weak* in every human being by turns, and, therefore, one which by no possibility can be made to be constantly the one or invariably the other, be the circumstances exhilarating or depressing—merely because a man has a flatness or rotundity in that region of the head the phrenologists are pleased to assign for its exercise. A faculty for such a feeling is therefore equally absurd and impossible, and scarcely worthy of serious discussion.

But we come now to one, which, in its claims to be considered primary and independent, cuts a much more respectable figure,—the faculty of ideality, which manufactures feelings of beauty, perfectability, and the “beau ideal,” in its own especial factory of brain, situated along the lower edge of the temporal ridge of the frontal bone. It is the organ which indites verses,—causes Irish orators to disguise a small dish of reason in the infinite parsley of metaphoric ornament,—gives the soul-melting charm of holy sun-set repose to Claude's landscapes, and makes the Methodist parson pummel the cushion. A thousand other

things it does, but enough has been shewn to prove it a most important and hard-working organ indeed, compared with which the far greater part of the remaining thirty-five are mere sinecurists and idlers.

Now in this picture-making power of the brain, hitherto called imagination, we perceive several other organs to be implicated,—locality, form, colour, imitation, all of which are concerned, more or less, in its every act. Indeed, we do not think we should err, were we to say that they are part and parcel of imagination. That the turn for mimicry is imagination working amidst personal peculiarities, we boldly affirm, and conceive few will be so hardy as to deny.

It will have been already observed by the reader that Mr. Combe gives no definition of ideality, for of course we do not rank as such, his “feeling of beauty, and perfectability, and delight in the beau ideal,” an account no clearer to himself than intelligible to others. It is only by being told that it is the chief power in poets, imaginative painters, and eloquent divines, that we are enabled to discover that it is imagination that has received the favour of this new alias, and to recognize our old friend by his *deeds* rather than his name. By this faculty, then, a man *recalls past impressions, and combines them into pretty or affecting pictures of words, calculated to excite corresponding images in congenial minds*. If this definition be denounced on the perhaps alleged ground of our incompetency to determine the province of imagination, as having none of it ourselves, we will give the account of one whom even Mr. Combe acknowledges had a large share of it, we mean Voltaire. “Imagination is the power which every being, endowed with perception and reason, is conscious he possesses of representing to himself sensible objects. This faculty is dependent upon memory.” “We see (he continues) men, animals, gardens, which perceptions are introduced by the senses; the memory retains them, and the imagination (or the power of reviving and

combining them) compounds them. On this account the ancient Greeks called the muses the daughters of memory." Thus, then, although different descriptions of this power vary here and there in a word or so, they are all agreed in settling its fundamental character,—the power of recalling and combining ideas into striking forms, recognizable by our fellow-creatures as correct transcriptions of that nature with which all are more or less intimate. But as nature is infinite in the objects and views she presents to our observation,—earth, ocean, the heavens, the actions and passions of men, imagination may employ itself upon any one or two of these exclusively, according as it may accidentally have been brought into connexion with them, more than with the others originally. Yet upon whatsoever part of the universe imagination works, it is still itself. One man writes pastorals, another epics, "imagining more devils than vast hell can hold;" a third may construct tragedies, a fourth may act them, but all are men of imagination. A poet views a beautiful landscape; a delicious blending of valleys, streams, and blue sky lit up by the sun, or mellowed in the chaste beams of the watery moon; intensely susceptible of the charm, his pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Remembering the original, we recognize the picture, and we applaud the man who can work up the stores of his own memory so well as to transfer nature's visage, by means of black marks on plain paper, from the world at large into our own libraries, where we may regard it when we please, as we would do the portrait of an old friend. Claude Lorraine, with the same passionate sympathy for the beautiful, sate in the fields from sun-rise to dewy eve, watching, catching, and saturating his very soul, as it were, with all the evanescent beauties of a summer's day, as they chased each over the face of the fair scene, fixing on canvas, taking captive and imprisoning in our cabinets, the wanton daughters of nature, that

before his time never were caught, but flitted before the fascinated eye only long enough, to make the heart afterwards feel more achingly, the void of their vanishing. And the artist who has done all this, do we not justly call him an *imaginative* painter, to distinguish him from those meaner geniuses who were, in painting, very like Crabbe in poetry, merely faithful delineators of the vulgarer objects of social life, bunches of carrots, drunken boors, chamber maids, and chimney corners. Again, what does a great actor do, when he attempts to give body to the conception of another, but "force his soul to his own conceit," that from her working he may raise in his imagination all the forms of passion necessary to second and give effect to the part?

Yet this latter is called imitation by the phrenologists; although all works of imagination are imitation, and all imitation is imagination; for no instance of the one can be given that does not involve the same act of the brain as will any instance of the other. Has the reader ever seen Mr. Macready in the character of Macbeth? If he have, he can never forget the stupified murderer withdrawing from the chamber in which he has just done the dread act, with fascinated gaze retreatingly regarding his royal victim, and awaking with a guilty start as he runs unconsciously against his hard-souled partner in guilt, who in vain tries to infuse into the weaker spirit of her paralyzed husband her own metaphysical superiority, which affects to look on the dead and the living but as *pictures*. In this scene we know that Mr. Macready's acting was perfect, for the pressure at our heart, the suspension of our breathing, and the creeping of our hair, made us *feel* that it was so. We see him now, as stealthily he places his foot over the threshold of the chamber of death to re-appear on the stage; the intensely staring eye, that cannot remove from what 'tis horror to look upon; the awfully natural absorption of his soul by that "sorry sight," which one little minute has brought about; his starting and awaking from

his entranced state, as he runs against his wife in his retreat, and his full passionate burst of blended remorse, terror, and superstition, as refusing counsel, regardless of remonstrance, heedless of probable detection, he pours forth his "brain-sickly" convictions, of having in one little moment cut the cable that had held him to the rest of the great human family. All this we can see in our mind's eye, for the actor gave us a picture of passion that time can never obliterate. But how would it have been with a cloddish unimaginative fellow, whom nature never intended should understand Shakespeare? Would he not, conscious that he was among shoals and quicksands of feelings, too nice for his appreciation, seek to tear over all by a tempest of rant, which would be a more ruthless murder on Shakespeare than Macbeth's on the king? And why should we be delighted with Mr. Macready's delineation, and disgusted with the ranter? Simply because the former has observed, treasured up, and felt every genuine exhibition of human feeling that came in his way, and applied it appropriately to all the situations, to which it was related in nature. A single instance will make this clear: Mr. Kean one night, in the concluding part of the combat scene of Richard III., when supposed to be wounded to the death, before falling, steadily regarded his foe, and painfully raising his right arm in act to strike, the relaxed and dying limb, unable to second the spirit, fell heavily and harmlessly to his side, indicating merely the fierce bravery of the usurper living in all its strength, when the body which it would move, was all but a senseless clod. Pit, gallery, and boxes arose with an enthusiasm beyond description, and by their repeated plaudits bore testimony to the intense naturalness of the struggle. The actor being afterwards complimented upon the *hit*, said, that he had taken the action from Jack Painter, the prize fighter, when the latter was beaten in some one of his contests, and it immediately struck the tragedian that the very same thing would come in beautifully in the

dying scene of Richard III. What *was* this, if not imagination? Kean saw Painter's action to be the *natural effect of undying valour in vain endeavouring to contend against overwhelming power. Remembering and associating it with his previous conception of the character of Richard III.*, the actor saw it could be most strikingly incorporated with that picture of passion the usurper's death should present to our view. Seeing this, he *combined it with his previous delineation*, and thereby did precisely the same thing as the poet in using a fine simile, or the painter in introducing sun-light over a part of his picture. It was a portion of nature *carried away by the actor to be reproduced on a future and fitting occasion*; and the simile of the poet, or the sun-light of the artist, is exactly the same thing, whatever Drs. Gall or Spurzheim may wrangle to the contrary.

We now think the reader has a right to ask, what we propose to prove by the last two or three pages; and, anticipating the question, we proceed to satisfy him. First, we consider that the founders of phrenology acted with ignorant recklessness in giving to the power of imitation a distinct fundamental character from that of imagination, the former being neither more nor less than imagination engaged on a particular department of nature. We believe that we have made it appear that a poet, in *giving us charming or exciting pictures of words, reproduces the impressions sensible objects have made upon a feeling organization*; that a painter, who makes to grow on his canvas fine sunny landscapes, reproduces and puts together the impressions the original objects have made on himself; that the actor in representing a character, from his *feeling* of what is true and correct in nature, is enabled to reproduce, and *does reproduce*, the bits and snatches of natural passion he has picked up in his intercourse with his fellow-beings; and that, although this act of the brain, in the first case, is manifested by words, in the second, by lines and colours, and in the last, by tones and gestures;

yet *the act itself* is one and the same *in all* the cases; and to make a distinct faculty for fine mimics, calling it imitation, and another for fine poets, termed ideality, is only as clever and ingenious as giving one palate for the tasting of fish, and another palate for the enjoyment of soup, because we observe one worthy alderman devoted to turbot, and indifferent to turtle, and his fellow delighting in what the former detests.

But the reader may object to this, that “argue as we may, there is still an obvious difference, in any man's contemplation, between the imagination of Shakspeare, which seemed to tax the universe for thoughts and fancies, and the mean imagination of the mimic, who merely makes us laugh, by reviving strongly in our minds the ludicrous peculiarities of some absent friend. That the manifestation of the one never can be made by the same power which produces the comparatively contemptible results of the other; and that, consequently, our attempt to prove these manifestations as proceeding from the same quality, falls to the ground.” Now, with due submission, we do not think that the vast difference of the respective results of different men's imaginations any more presumption that these results are brought about by different fundamental powers, than that the fundamental quality of the admirable Crichton's legs, which enabled the owner to leap thirty feet upon his foe, was altogether different from the fundamental quality of the alderman's legs, which with difficulty bestride a kennel, whilst their proprietor grunts with the unusual exertion. The difference we observe in different imaginative results is one of *power*, not of *quality*. The capacity for observation in Shakespeare enabled him to get ideas in all places and companies; and his corresponding power of conception, raising for his use any thought requisite for the scene or character, combined with his *fine perception of the fitness of things to each other*, constituted his glorious imagination. Perhaps in mere imagery he may have been equalled by many men, but in

the union of the powers of observing, of dwelling on his ideas, and turning them into new forms, he stands a solitary proof of what the paragon of animals may sometimes become. Surely nothing is more easy to conceive, or more frequent of occurrence, than the fact of a poet becoming (as we have said before) from, perhaps at first, accidental circumstances, either a poet of passion, or a poet of trees, and clouds, and streams; but no one can be prepared to say that any additional faculty is required for the union of the two; for we observe in that union, merely a more *extensive exercise* of the imagination, but no addition of one distinct faculty to another and different one. But the supposition of a faculty for reproducing our ideas, and a faculty for making us imitate, is further and strikingly refuted by the evidence of poets and actors generally. If a man have large ideality, he ought to be able to *reproduce ALL his ideas in new and beautiful forms*. Mr. Wordsworth gives us only pictures of rural scenes, feelings, and characters, delightful enough, it is true, yet still only about a hundredth part of the interesting experiences of the man. "Actors usually have large imitation," which of course implies the capacity of imitating any character whatsoever; but John Kemble could only delineate characters of great dignity. Mrs. Siddons was nothing except in tragedy. Russell could merely play Jerry Sneak; our own Farren is richly comic and natural only in testy old men; and we are told in the "Tatler" of an actor of that time who could play nothing but the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet; that he succeeded so well in this, that he grew fat upon it, and was set aside, until, from pining away with nothing to do, he would again become qualified for the part, and have another run in it.

Now these instances are altogether inconsistent with the conclusions of phrenology. If an actor is only able to imitate morose old men, and not sprightly young ones, or excels in the character of Jerry Sneak, and fails in all

others, to what conclusion are we compelled? Either that there is an organ for tragedy, and an organ for comedy; an organ for imitating old men, and another for imitating young ones, and so on, *ad infinitum*; or, that the organ of imitation the actors possess is healthy in its power of imitating one set of characters, and diseased in its incapacity to imitate another set of characters; a settlement we all agree to be sheer absurdity. We are thrown perforce, then, on the other horn of the dilemma, and must express our conviction that the modern doctors will fall short of the necessities of the different cases, even should the thirty-five organs be increased to 35,000. Well has it been said by some one, that the mind is either *one* or *infinite*; and any attempt to fix the number of its kaleidoscopic manifestations will be as absurd, as trying to count the beams of the sun, or the sands of the sea. The facts, too, that have been gathered respecting this organ of ideality, are as contradictory of each other as the supposition of its distinct existence is inconsistent with our reason. Mr. Combe says it is large in Voltaire, Wordsworth, Chalmers, Wilkie, Burke, Haydon, Henrie Quartre, and Francois Cordonnier, but he does not tell us it was *small* in Walter Scott and Coleridge, which latter ought to have been furnished with a larger share of it than any poet of his day. The smallness of Coleridge's ideality was a discovery of the great Spurzheim himself, who got well laughed at in a mixed company, before whom the blunder was made.* Facts, as well as reason, are then equally opposed to the scheme; and we are forced to believe (when we find a Scott and a Coleridge wanting the organ, whose alleged function they display so largely), that poetry and imitation are not the acts of particular slices of brain, but result from an adaptation of the cerebral mass generally to the production of the works that challenge our admiration.

No. 20, is another important faculty (wit), situate at the

* See Coleridge's Table Talk.

side of the upper part of the forehead, between causality and ideality, making the possessor of it have a sense of the ludicrous, and a tendency to view subjects in that light. Now, Mr. Locke believed this quality of a man's character to be nothing but quickness of perception: saying, "that, it consisted in putting those ideas together with quickness and variety, wherein could be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby making up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." This account of it, which is rather incomplete than fundamentally erroneous, gives occasion to Mr. Combe to wrangle away at great length, in order to convince the reader that it is totally wrong. As usual, however, in an issue between the phrenologist and the philosopher, the former shews himself to be a thousand miles from the truth, and necessitates us to attempt a humble vindication of the great man, who, in the "System," is, with such rashness, assailed.

It may assist us in the discovery of what is wit, if we examine step by step in some specimen of it, the manner of its production, and the qualities in it, that excite us pleasantly. A company of young men were one night rallying each other on various classical subjects, until the mythological fact, of Saturn devouring his own children, was brought under discussion. "Ah," cried a wag in the company, joking on a serious-looking friend among them, who was known not much to like young children, "ah, that's what M—— would do with *his*, if he could get rid of them in no other way." "No, no," said another, "M—— will never do any thing that will not admit of some excuse or palliation; and even *he*, with all his dishonest defence of bad things, could say nothing in defence of 'eating his own children.'"

"Yes, I could," said M——. "What is it," cried all? "Why," replied M——, "none of you could say that I was not *getting my own living*."

A general roar was the result; for it was *wit*. Now, let us look at this carefully. The laughter seemed to be excited by the application of a form of expression, usually

used to express the industry of man whereby he lives, to a case of a very different and incongruous character—getting children and eating them.

In the one case, the acquiring the means of subsistence by one's personal labour, is commonly called getting one's living. In the other case, a man to have children of his own must first get them. If he eats them, they become nourishing diet, and sustain him in life. Thus the same incidents are, in the second case as in the first—the *getting the means of living*. So far there is strict agreeableness or congruity; and of this part of wit, apparently, Mr. Locke alone took account, when he said that it consisted in putting those ideas together with quickness and variety, in which could be found any resemblance or congruity.

Now, this account is only half the correct one; for besides the similarity of circumstances in the above two cases, which is just sufficient to associate them together in our minds, we perceive certain points of incongruity and dissimilarity. *As we have never known*, out of fable, of men getting their living by doing that which Saturn is said to have done to his children, we are, of course, struck by the application of a familiar expression to so astonishingly unfamiliar, although somewhat fitting, a case. It is the pleasant picture to our fancy, that Locke mentions—a mode of at once feeding and thinning a redundant population the Malthusians would never have thought of. The novelty of the thing startles and amuses; and an involuntary laugh clenches our sense of its peculiar character. These two cases, then, agreeable and congruous in some points, incongruous and opposed in others, is what we understand by wit; but we must most carefully bear in mind, that it is the *resemblance* only which is the link holding the two cases together in juxta-position, whilst it is the *incongruity* which produces the feeling of the ludicrous; and which, therefore, predominates in the character of wit. In writing or speaking a witty thing, however, it is the resemblance which is first perceived by the writer or speaker, be-

tween two cases, to common perceptions altogether different; and thus the only fault in Locke's account, is, that he simply describes the act of *perceiving the resemblance*, omitting to mention, that, in the main, the incongruity and difference, in the ideas compared, have by far the predominancy in making up the thing called wit. He merely describes what a man does in being witty; but neglects to state that the ideas are in the main altogether opposed and unlike. We apprehend the description would have been complete, then, had he said that *it consisted in linking apparently unlike and incongruous ideas together with quickness and variety, by means of certain concealed resemblances really existing between them*. The juxtaposition of the ideas, incongruous in the main, and resembling each other in some points only, forms the substance of the quality of wit itself: the *detection* of these resemblances is the operation of the witty man; and the *recognition* of the same by slower perceptions, is the ratification of its being wit. Now, this habitual quickness in the *detection of resemblances*, is nothing but quickness of perception: and all witty men have been in other respects amazingly quick in their perceptions; intensely alive to circumstances external to themselves, instead of refining upon, and distinguishing between, the ideas already in them. Thus few wise people, great reasoners, or reflectors, are witty, and as few witty people are overdone with wisdom. Wit and wisdom are rarely united in the same individual. The rarest example we can at present call to mind is Shakespeare; and in our own time, the Rev. Sidney Smith, and Mr. Jeffrey. These, however, are exceptions; the rule being, that great wits are but seldom great reasoners. But we are not aware of the existence of *a single production* of any witty writer that bears not ample evidence of quickness of the author's perceptions. Cervantes, Swift, Sheridan, Sterne, Fonblanque, and Dickens, are leading cases. All are distinguished in this respect; and as the facts we are enabled to resort to, fully corroborate and confirm our

own consciousness, we should still scout the idea of an independent cone of brain for saying witty things, even if the phrenologists had been more fortunate with this organ than they have been ; for the reader may not be aware that these conjurors found it deficient in Sheridan ; and if we mistake not, in some other great wit, whose name we cannot at this moment call to mind.

Imitation we have already disposed of under the head of ideality, and have too much consideration for the reader, to pester him with further remarks on it. He is aware that we look upon it as the legitimate work of the imaginative faculty : our reasons for so considering it have been given, and we leave them to the judgment of, we hope, unclouded and impartial understandings.

We are now in the region of the perceptive faculties, and must make shorter work of them than we have done with their brotherhood, who have already been despatched.

First, we must have something to say to perception in general. We believe that any particular perception, whether of form, size, weight, or order, strikes the whole of a man's brain at once, and not merely a part of it, because we never knew a person to be amazingly quick in one class of perceptions and stupidly dull in another ; but on the contrary, if alive to one set of impressions equally sensible (allowing for habits of position or profession) to impressions of every other sort. Our modesty, therefore, compels us to adopt the plain and unpretending view, Locke takes of this part of the subject. He writes as follows : " What perception is, every one will know better by reflecting on what he does himself, what he sees, hears, feels, &c., or thinks, than by any discourse of mine. Whoever reflects on what passes in his own mind, cannot miss it ; and if he does not reflect, all the words in the world cannot make him have any notion of it."

" This is certain, that whatever alterations are made in the body, if they reach not the mind ; whatever impressions are made in the outward parts, if they are not taken notice

of within; there is no perception. Fire may burn our bodies with no other effect than it does a billet, unless the motion be continued to the brain, *and there the sense of heat, or idea of pain, be produced in the mind, wherein consists actual perception.*"

In this account, all must concur, and whether men believe quickness or dulness of perception to be the result of nervous irritability, temperament, or possession of the phrenological apparatus, no difference we imagine will be found among them as to what constitutes the thing itself. *We* believe (as we have before hinted) that quickness of perception arises from a *general* superior susceptibility of the human being to external impressions, and not from the gift of an organ of individuality, size, form, or any other invented by the system-mongers to meet intellectual phenomena presented to their notice, and afterwards to be *proven* by these same phenomena the faculties were manufactured from. Why do we believe quickness of perception to be the result of a *general superior susceptibility*? Because, when we meet with a person distinguished in this way, we observe him, (whatever may be the size of the corresponding organs,) to be energetic, quick, prompt, in the perception of every impression made on any part of his body by any kind of agent. A *notice-taking* person on the whole is one not merely alive to a certain class of impressions, for the perceiving of which he has the phrenological organs, and dead to another class of impressions, for which he has not the corresponding machinery,—but with an eagle glance round a room, at once perceives how many and what sort of individuals are in it,—the form, size, and colour, not merely of them, but of the carpets, curtains, and various other articles, living or dead, the said room may contain. If it were a fact in human physiology, that men perceived form by means of one organ, size by means of another, and colour by a third, the evidence would be so plentiful and conclusive, that there would be no room either for doubt or discussion. Nothing would be more

common than for men, in other respects quick of perception, utterly incapable of recognizing people they have been acquainted with from a deficiency of the organ of form; or butchers and other tradesmen who have to do with weights and scales, unable to guess within half a dozen pounds of the exact weight of a lump of beef,—or an artist daubing a deep red on his picture, instead of a sober brown, from a pitiable want of the organ of colouring;—but unfortunately for the theory, so completely is experience at variance with such supposed cases as the above, that we always find *accuracy* of perception in men, going hand in hand, with the degree of conversancy they have had with the subject matter of their perceptions, whether form, weight, or colour:—so that bailiffs have an admirable memory for *faces*, recruiting officers a keen and correct perception, as to whether a bumpkin is of the enlisting stature, and people who dwell in retail shops, a very nice perception of the weight of bodies. *These* are the kind of facts that make us reject the phrenological hypothesis, and compel us to look on perception as a general principle, naturally more active in some than in others; but in all men improvable in *any* direction, according to the employments to which they may devote themselves.

First amongst the knowing faculties ranks No. 22, individuality; which works through its organ situated immediately over the nose in the lower part of the forehead. This is a difficult faculty to handle from the very curious account Mr. Combe writes of it. He says, “It gives us the desire, accompanied with the ability, to know objects as mere *existences* or *substances*, without regard to their *qualities*, *their modes of action*, or *their effects*. It prompts to observation, and is a great element in a genius for those sciences which consist in a knowledge of specific existences, such as natural history, botany, mineralogy, and anatomy.”

Now, what can we make of this account? The ability to know objects as *mere existences* or *substances without regard to their qualities, their modes of action, or their effects!!!* The tragedy of Hamlet, by particular de-

sire, with the character of Hamlet left out, is a most reasonable affair by the side of this. Well may Mr. Combe say, that “when this organ is deficient, the power of observation is *feeble* :” for, after all the brain-cudgelling we have inflicted on ourselves, and for certain we are not more stupid than the ordinary run of phrenological students, we feel conscientiously bound to say, that an organ for knowing objects *without regard to their qualities, must be an organ for knowing nothing*.

What can we know of any substance or existence, but as made up of *all* the qualities that go to its composition : extension, solidity, form, colour ; take these away, and you know nothing. For a quality is not something added to a body, it is a part of the body itself, a constituent principle of the general composition, assistant in giving us the idea that *it is a body* ; and if, together with all the other qualities, it be left out of the account, we have indeed, no idea of any body at all. Take any substance ; a phrenologist’s head for instance ; what do we know of it, but as being a composition of certain qualities of which it is made up, and by which we recognize it—thickness, density, softness—take these away, and what is left ? It is mere nonsense to talk about an organ for knowing objects as mere existences, without regard to their qualities, their modes of action, or their effects ; when in truth we only know any thing to *have* an existence by our perception of the qualities of which we take it to be composed. It is true that when we look at our large easy chair, or at our respected grandmother who occasionally fills it, we have not before our minds, in the first article, the ideas of *all its qualities*, such as its materiality, consisting of a comfortable compound of mahogany and horsehair, for the reception of the human form ; or in the second, the ideas of all her individual properties,—her decrepitude, her age, ill temper, and perpetual lament, that no one cares as much about an old woman as about a young one. But, notwithstanding, that in neither of these cases do we in looking at them, have all their

qualities before our mind at once, we yet *have an amazingly clear although complex general notion of each* ; and never by any chance mistake the one for the other, so as to embrace the chair instead of our grandmother, or wheel round our grandmother to the fire instead of the chair. How is it that we never make this mistake, which a man with large "individuality," (knowing substances without regard to their qualities,) and deficient form, would be constantly liable to it? Because, as we take it, *the forms* of both to which the eye and mind have become habituated, suggest to us immediately their respective characters and purposes, and prevent us by any possibility confounding them.

The only notion of individuality we can get, then, is distinctness of *form* or *outline*, giving to any object a singleness, which separates it from all others, either in our sight or our contemplation. By *form* or *outline*, we chiefly distinguish horses from men, and men from each other. By difference of form, we distinguish acquaintances from strangers at first sight, and by difference in form of character among the first, we come to rate some higher than others. Individuality, then, so far from being independent of the qualities, modes of action, and effects of bodies, in reality, has no existence, but as made up of qualities ; and chiefly of that quality, for the perception of which the prodigal phrenologists give us a *distinct organ—form* ! So universally do reflecting men perceive that individuality is almost entirely *form* or *outline*, that, by association, they carry the expression, from the *persons* of men to their *characters* ; and the most judicious and discriminating critics talk of *sketching* character ; *delineation* of character ; distinctness of *outline* ;—all this being the most expressive language they can employ to convey their idea of one character owing its individuality to the possession of certain moral and intellectual *bounding lines*, distinguishing it from all other characters with which we may be acquainted. And as there is *a coherence and moral proportion* in character, as well as in person, we call that man

a pre-eminent delineator of the former, who is able, from mere transient glimpses of it, to conclude and round off the remainder, as osteologists hit upon the former construction of extinct animals, from a few shin or neck-bones. We call this delineation of character consistent and complete, when we find it square with our own observations on our fellow-creatures; and whether the power be displayed by the author or the artist, by a Shakespeare or a Hogarth, we hail him as one of the very few capable of drawing together those qualities into *one* harmonious form, which constitutes the talent of individuation. As individuality of objects, then, consists in their form, and form is individuality, we beg to put these two questions to the reader: first, whether he can imagine a faculty of individuality without regard to form? and, second, whether, as individuality necessarily involves form, he does not feel that an organ of "form," as well as an organ of individuality, is a superfluous impertinence? Concluding that the first query is answered in the negative, and the second in the affirmative, we must here end our notice of both form and individuality, by declaring *that they appear to us one and the same*; that the phrenological account of them is unintelligible and absurd; that in neither can we discover anything more than nice and accurate perception, and so, with a bow, we take our leave of them, and transfer our attention to the organ of "size," situated at the inner and upper angle of the eyebrow. "The faculty (Mr. Combe says) gives us the power of judging of the *dimensions of space*, or size, and also of distance." "Some officers in the army (he says) in forming their companies into line, estimate the space which the men will occupy with perfect accuracy, and others can never learn to judge correctly of this requisite; and, therefore," he thinks, "that judging as to the quantity of space men will occupy, is the work of a distinct organ."

Then there is a kindred organ to this (No. 27) locality, a little above the inner termination of the eye-brow (on each side of individuality), *whose duty it is to take cognisance of*

the position of objects in space. It conduces to the desire for travelling, and constitutes a chief element in the talents of topography, geography, astronomy, descriptive writing, and landscape painting. It gives, what is called, “*coup d'œil, and judgment of the capabilities of ground.*”

Now to our thinking, these two organs appear to do much the same sort of thing. Leibnitz, Newton, and Clarke, have written darkly enough about *space*; it would, therefore, be almost too hard to expect Mr. Combe (when *he* undertakes to explain it,) to make the abstruse principle much clearer than do his great predecessors. There is no space in *void*, wrote Leibnitz; space is the sensorium of God, said Newton; and Clarke considered *space had properties*, for, that being extended, it was measurable, and therefore existed. Thus is it that the restless ambition of man will not allow him to stop when the tether of his intellectual capacity is out, but he must go on casting his guesses into the dark *beyond*, instead of sitting down in contented ignorance. We venerate the profound, the patient, the modest Locke; persevering to know all that *can* be known, and owning he is in the dark when his oil is out. He, we recollect, admitted that our idea of space is got entirely from sight and touch; and without going over his demonstration, the reader, upon a little reflection, will find this to be the case, and that by this great philosopher space was considered *no more than an idea*. We see men, horses, carriages; we see them move from *one* place to *another*. And the intervening points through which they move we call *space*. It is a term of convenience, invented to assist in fully describing our observation, that when a body is at rest, no other body can exist in the same space, and that when the body, which is solid, moves to another situation, it goes through something *between*, to reach that situation. The something or nothing between, which we call space, is in reality nothing but our *idea*, and we only fall into treating the term space as representing *something* from the impossibility of our understandings comprehending

something immaterial, in other words, *something, that is nothing*.

Now necessity, the mother of invention, has brought into existence, inches, feet, yards, and miles, as arbitrary divisions of space. Before the invention of these divisions, it was impossible for men to have uniformly correct ideas of space and distance. That which appeared wide to them at one time, would strike them as narrow at another. The Thames, which to those who have passed their lives on its banks is a fine and sweeping river, would appear a mere kennel to the same parties if they were returning to it from a voyage round the world. This sensation must have been felt, even by such as have travelled no farther than Margate or Ramsgate. Hence some fixed standards are absolutely indispensable. Now can any one believe that when men are *naturally* incapable of judging of distances and spaces; they should have *an organ* for inches, yards, and miles? Is it not too absurd to think of? Can the reader require to be convinced that the ability to judge of dimensions and size is exactly the same thing as taking cognizance of objects in space? Stuff! cries the phrenologist; the former judges merely of the distance *between* objects, the latter of the *position* of the objects in space. Well, Mr. Conjuror, and what does position mean but placing? And what is placing, but the situation of particular bodies in relation to each other? that relation signifying their respective distances *from* each other. We are tired of insisting on things so plain, and again repeating that these organs do the same sort of work, that neither of them is aught but accuracy of perception employed among different objects in relation to their places, we most heartily give them up to the good sense of our readers.

But what have we next? Why an organ of "weight," which enables a man to perceive correctly the weight of bodies, to find and keep his centre of gravity, and to play at billiards.*

* Page 19 of the Outlines of Phrenology.

We pray the reader to have patience to treat the solemn nonsense with common respect. However much we may laugh, the phrenologists really do think that we came to our ideas of tons, pounds, and ounces, by nature. The same remark applies here, that we have just made upon the organs of locality and space; viz. that *arbitrary divisions are always proofs that men have no natural faculty enabling them to do without them*. The phrenologists seem to think that before the invention of weights and scales, one man with a large organ of weight carried a complete imperial set of them in his head, and that another with the organ depressed, could not distinguish between a peck loaf and a penny one. We admit, that before the invention of scales, one man would call a body heavy, which another would pronounce light; but this would be only a declaration by each of the sensation which the imposition of the burthen occasioned to *him*. The muscular strength of one man may strut proudly under the same weight which would crush the puny weakness of another. *Before* the invention of weights and scales then, weight being only the sensation which the sustaining of a body could communicate to a man; there could not by possibility be such a thing as accuracy or inaccuracy. One man would declare a body heavy, another light, and both be in the right. From this difficulty, doubtless men were driven to the invention of weights and scales. *After* this invention, they would be enabled to make the most accurate guesses about the weights of bodies in relation to the fixed standards who were most employed in balancing the one against the other. Thus a chandler's apprentice of the dullest perceptions and the smallest organ of weight, will much more accurately guess the weight of any heavy body, than the smartest fine gentleman, however large his organ may be.

As for the great things this organ will enable the billiard player to perform all, players, phrenological, and anti-phrenological, speaking from the fulness of their billiard-playing hearts, will at once revile the nonsense; for painfully they know that the best players are the markers who are never

chosen for their large organ of weight. By far the most startling part of this organ's functions, however, is that which makes a man *find his centre of gravity*, and preserve his perpendicularity. Until we received this new revelation, we will admit, we had never expended much reflection as to the causes which conduced to man keeping his upright position;—perhaps because the universality with which men adopt this fashion of moving, had begotten a sort of conviction in our minds, that the human structure was most favourable to it, and that self-preservation occasioned every one to quickly controul or avoid any agent, by which this desirable centre of gravity might be threatened or endangered. But lo! these old-fashioned dreams are dispelled, and we are informed that we “*adapt our movements to the laws of gravitation,*” by means of a little bit of brain situated near the inner and upper angle of the eyebrow, a little outward from the nose. This is a great discovery. What changes in our jurisprudence must not a due attention to this little organ of weight effect! Men may stagger about the streets as frequently from a small supply of weight as from a large supply of gin. What a horrible thought! How many thousands of cases of lamentable injustice may not have been perpetrated in ignorance of the facts; innocent victims of deficient weight fined and imprisoned as reeling drunkards; and our suspicions are ripened into certainty as our memory runs back among the past cases of police reports, wherein the sufferers have protested to the last *they were not drunk*. After this, we will not believe that the Marquis of Waterford is a low drunkard, deserving our contempt, but that he has *no weight*, and should receive our pity. It is never too late for repentance and improvement: let Mr. De Ville be appointed phrenological lecturer to the New Police;—every member of that body be furnished with a pair of *calipers* as regularly as with a rattle or a truncheon, and carefully instructed, on pain of dismissal, to measure every *apparent* drunkard's organ of weight before presuming to take him into custody;

so that it may be discovered whether his unfortunate deviousness of deportment is an effect resulting from crime or misfortune.

No. 28, is the organ of number, which gives the conception, Mr. Combe says, of number and its relations. They who have it large are great arithmeticians ; those who have it not are confused in their calculations. For our own parts, when at school, we were much better arithmeticians than we are at present ; and numbers, as Voltaire said, being the idea of several unities, we believe they are the most expert in multiplying, subtracting, or dividing them, who have most devoted themselves to this employment. We do not believe that with an accountant, or a city clerk, as with a poet, the words, "*nascitur non fit*," will hold. George Canning used to declare that he could not work a common rule-of-three sum ; and many another graduate of either University do we know who feels the same incapacity. The places in which they were taught encouraged not the vulgar calculations of unclassical city life. As the proper contrast of these people, take the celebrated calculating boy, or the arithmetical gentleman mentioned by Mr. Mayo in his work on Phisiology. Mr. Mayo says, "One who gave to a friend of mine the account of his own powers, stated at the same time that his mental multiplication table reached to 1000 ; a remark which seems to me to throw light upon the nature of this extraordinary talent, or to shew it to be the same in kind, though incomparably superior in rapidity, as that which common persons may command by practice. It is but in its extent, facility, and rapidity of combination that genius differs from ordinary ability." Finding, then, as we invariably do, that men's calculating powers depend altogether upon the extent to which they are compelled to employ themselves in arithmetic ;—that the incompetency of Canning, and University-men in general, is clearly traceable to their want of conversancy with vulgar fractions—and that, even calculating boys have no more than a magnified multiplication table with which to

work their miracles, we recognize nothing, in the ability we possess, to multiply, subtract, or divide unities, which distinguishes it from any other act of thinking, and, therefore, we reject unhesitatingly the supposition of its being done by a distinct and independent faculty.

The next on the list is the Organ of Order, (No. 29,)* lying above the outer angle of the orbit of the eye; and giving us the perception and love of symmetry, or order in the arrangement of physical objects. This quality we had always considered as the result of the inconveniences men endure from not having their articles so disposed of, that they may be able, at all times, to return to any item they may urgently require. From this sense of inconvenience, we thought, sprung into existence the practice of squaring and packing, and the invention of pigeon holes; which, being as we further fancied, constantly *associated* in men's minds with the things contained in them, would be as regularly looked to for any article they might contain, as the mouth would be opened, if we desired to inspect our teeth. We all know that articles not kept in one, but scattered about in divers places, are with difficulty found when wanted. This is an evil to be avoided; and men observing that by identification of items and articles with particular places and departments, the economy of time and labour was best secured, they were led to the conclusion, that the short expenditure of time in preliminary arrangement, was with interest returned to them, in the future profit and convenience resulting: and thus the foundation of the principle of order was laid. This was reasoning and nothing but reasoning. An individual act that is useful soon grows into a practice. What may at first be difficult of adoption and arduous to persevere in, by frequency of performance soon grows into so strong a habit as to become a necessity of our nature. As old Hobbes has written, "It is in the nature of almost every corporeal thing, being often moved in one and the same manner, to receive continually

* Page 20 of Mr. Combe's "Outlines of Phrenology."

a greater and a greater easiness and aptitude to the same motion, insomuch as in time, the same becometh so habitual that to beget it, their minds need but to begin it." Thus we see all old maids with sixty pounds a year, two cats, two silks, and two cottons, the very ideals of order in the management of their revenue; the semi-diurnal feeding of the toms, and the disposition of said silks and cottons in the odorous entombment of lavender. All merchants and men of business to whom order is essential are renowned for their fidgety observance of the useful habit, and all men of fashion, with whom order is an impertinence, are remarkable for the utmost practical contempt for it, even in matters of vital importance to themselves. It is all habit, insomuch that there may be even an order in disorder, (or what the world calls disorder,) clearly shewing that order in itself is nothing. All literary men are possessed of a peculiar species of order, the ruling constituent of which appears to common eyes to be chaotic confusion; yet what can exceed the bitter feeling of a book-worm's disgust, when women-goths of the household, in their rabid phrenzy "for putting things to rights," break into his sanctuary and by *squaring and arranging* his books and papers, make that which was the perfection of order, now a specimen of compact, yet heartbreaking confusion. Order, then, is nothing more to any man than such a disposition of his things, as he, in his own experience, may find most productive of convenience to himself. Neither all old maids, nor all men of business have the bump, although they all have the quality; and as little do we suspect that every man of fashion is deprived of the protuberance, notwithstanding his sad deficiency in the corresponding function. Besides, it is by no means uncommon to find men neat in their persons, and slovens in their bed-chambers; maids, as doll-like and precise in their personal equipments, as they are disgracefully negligent of order in their dressing rooms; and we enjoy the acquaintance of at least a dozen men, who, in their *professional* affairs are

punctiliously and systematically nice, whilst in person and house they exhibit no further anxiety, than to have the first covered *any how* from the cold, and the last so stocked, as to stave off starvation. We are reminded, however, of the necessity of accounting for a class of beings, whose existence is undeniable;—persons, who, with full consciousness of the importance of system in the management of human affairs, yet struggle under a sort of fatal necessity of being always in confusion. These, we are told, must be the people, in whom the organ is depressed. Now, we know a few such,—and these from their own confessions, clinching our estimate of them, we believe to be idle men, in whom the love of ease exists so strongly, that they cannot impose upon themselves even a small amount of present labour, to prevent a large visitation of future pain. They are entirely the slaves of the present sensation. They can work, it is true;—but only in fits and starts,—and even then, the labour must square with their taste, stir up their bile, or awake some of the slumbering feelings at the bottom of their hearts;—otherwise, they can go, only when they are driven. There is in them an inertness, which, like a mile-stone, hangs about the neck of their will. They will hold the check of a suspected banker, until his insolvency, not *wholly disagreeable* to them, settles their indecision;—or they allow a letter they have been at the pains of writing and folding, to lie knocking about on the table for a month, because they cannot muster up resolution *to light a taper, and seal it*;—or, in a fit of enthusiasm, they will compose a good opera, but if it were to cost them their lives, could not encounter the task of requesting the manager to try it. They appear to be under a spell; and when struggling with this impotency, or rather absence of will, would, when the last trump was sounding on the day of judgment, even lie on their backs, and let their salvation go by default, whilst yawning after their long sleep. We must not, then, feel surprise at their not having sufficient energy to keep their worldly houses in order—

when such is the nature of what we must call their waking fits, of fixed, and intense apathy, to which they are victims by *temperament and constitution*.

Disorder in these persons, then, is only one of the consequences of intense indolence; no proof of the absence of any special faculty which should present them to us in another light; and we still think our reasoning altogether undisturbed, wherein we reckon the quality called "order" to be contracted by education and necessity, and afterwards confirmed into a habit by practice; and, as any possible further expenditure of words on the organ, could not present our opinions of it more clearly than we have already done, we lose no time in transferring our attention to the faculty of "time," which Mr. Combe tells us gives the power of judging of time, and of intervals in general. Let us look a little into this.

Time in itself is nothing: an *organ* of time is an organ of nothing, and any discussion about it, a discussion of nonsense. The only idea we get of time is from the succession of our own ideas. We are conscious that the act of eating our dinner is not performed until subsequent to the dispatch of our breakfast. We know the acts have taken place, and we feel that there was an interval between them. Thus we acquire the idea of time or duration, as being something substantial and self-existent. Having got to the *idea* of time from the succession of our ideas, we form ideas of its divisions, as hours, weeks, or years, from the adoption of certain "*arbitrary standards*," by means of which we may adjust and regulate the business of life. Without these standards all would be confusion and disorder. The regular appearance of the sun above the horizon, and the uniformity of its setting, divides our sense of duration into two distinct periods we call day and night. So far the sun is a common clock to this world; but we require for the convenience of life these intervals to be divided into others yet smaller; and to meet our necessity, different expedients have been adopted in different

countries, and by people of varying degrees of civilization. Sometimes a sand-glass has supplied the want, sometimes a burning candle of a certain length; by degrees men advanced to the construction of a water-clock; and from this, through successive improvements, down to the perfect chronometer of the present day. A circle of figures, from one to twelve, at equidistant spaces from each other, and a couple of hands made to traverse the circle, each with a certain and unvarying velocity, give us as complete and satisfactory ideas of minutes and hours as the eye can give us of light, or the ear of sound. It is clear, however, that no such ideas of minutes and hours could exist before the invention of some arbitrary measure; it is equally manifest that these ideas result from the invention of hour glasses and clocks; and our constant reference to them, to ascertain how we stand in relation to the day, in other words, "how the time goes." That we should be *thoroughly incompetent* to measure time without such aids, the trouble we have been at to provide ourselves with them, amply proves. The inconveniences men would suffer, but for their assistance, is inconceivable. Merchants must regulate their appointments, and people in general, the periods of eating their meals, by the elevation of the sun, with incessant liabilities to error from inaccuracy of observation. Without mechanical means of measuring the succession of our ideas, it would frequently appear, if many thoughts had passed through the brain, that a long space of time had elapsed, when but a very short period had been consumed, and, *vice versa*, an inconsiderable lapse of time would appear to us to have taken place, when few and common ideas had engaged us, whereas in fact they might have spread themselves over a much longer duration than the rapid succession of thoughts before named. Every one has experienced this feeling a thousand times in his life. If, when sick and suffering, we toil through the darkness of night, tossing ourselves in the bed-clothes like a creature in the toils, in vain seeking a respite from

bodily pain in the oblivion of sleep, if in this condition time goes so slowly that we hear the parish clock toll forth midnight, when we think day-break at hand, there is good metaphysical reason for our mistake. Although our ideas are not numerous, they are intense, and each one tells on us with such distinctness, that we not only count its length, but, because it is painful, feel it to be longer than it really is (having a double tooth drawn, to wit). Our desire to be rid of the "idea," makes it to appear to linger, "and be long drawn out;" so that although in our own consciousness we feel we have groaned very nearly through the night, the fact may be that the hour-hand of the clock has only traversed from nine to twelve. Again, upon retiring to rest, and suddenly falling asleep, we dream for a minute or two and then awake; we are perfectly astonished to hear the clock strike the hour, within a few minutes of which we are aware we must have fallen asleep, our impression being that we have been sleeping four or five hours at least. This miscalculation of time is easily accounted for. Deep sleep is a temporary death: though it last but for a minute, it is certain that for *that minute* the thinking and conscious part is as completely dead to all external things, as well as unconscious of the existence of itself, or the fleshly tabernacle that contains it, as the Egyptian mummy in the British Museum. This temporary death alone (without the after assistance of dreaming) is as effectual a snapping of the train of ideas, that, before the drowsy visitation, might have engaged us, as if we had in fact given up the ghost. Thus snapped, then, there is a hiatus, a mysterious gulf, over which there is no bridge, to connect the ideas that engaged us *before* sleep, with those that come upon us *after* it; and if a part of this gulf be peopled with the phantoms of dream, which, flocking from all the places and periods of our previous experience, the utmost points of our travel, the earliest years of infancy and school time, carrying us far back into the beautiful scenes that, dim and distant when

awake, are fresh and present in the world of dream;—if the dark interval be so peopled, it will appear to us when we awake, that such a number and variety of ideas should have a *proportionate period of time for their existence, according to the waking rate of their passage through the brain*; and this, taken with our incapacity of counting back to our previous waking thoughts, by reason of the temporary death before named, gives us the impression that we have been sleeping for several hours, instead of several minutes, which latter period is the correct one. One other instance of the necessary dependency of our ideas of time upon the quicker or slower succession of our ideas, we will give before drawing any general conclusion about the organ or faculty of “time.” Upon leaving our usual abiding place, and visiting a foreign country for the first time in our lives, we are of course greatly excited and amused in detecting differences, and drawing comparisons between the manners and usages to which we have all along been accustomed at home, and those we are now, for the first time, witnessing abroad. *At the end of a fortnight* we return to our own country, and, as we walk through the streets of London, look at its houses, listen to the town cries, and talk to our town friends, we feel as if we had been separated from them two or three months. Supposing that in the day upon which we left London a particular act was performed by us, such as going to the theatre, or attending a concert; a fortnight from that event would appear a much longer space of time, if spent abroad, than it would do if it were passed at home in the monotonous familiar jog-trot duties of our particular calling. In the latter case, in referring back to the event, as there have been no remarkable or extraordinary ideas between us and it, we are accustomed to express our feeling in the words, “it appears but the other day;” but in the former, the fortnight spent abroad, where the ideas have been numerous and striking, so that we have been knocked up by novelties, from the drowsiness of our

ordinary state, we have received as many *new sensations* in that short space of fourteen days, as we commonly get in three months at home, and so contract the peculiar feeling before named, of a much longer than the real period of absence.

The system of the phrenologists, in giving us an organ of "time," seems, then, to contain no common blunder. As time, properly considered, is a feeling as distinct from clocks and watches, as the idea of extension is from mile stones, it cannot be supposed that the phrenological notion of time bears any other reference to watches and clocks, but as instruments for regulating the course of human actions, so that we consider we are quite right in considering time, for the case of our opponents, what the general confirmation of philosophers has settled it to be, and what we have before described it to be. *If, then, (putting clocks out of the question,) we get the feeling of longer or shorter space of time from the greater or smaller number, and the quicker or slower succession of our ideas, it is impossible that men can at the same time these ideas are making the false feeling of long or short time within them, by the same ideas measure their own real time or duration.* It is not simply the absurdity of time measuring itself, *but it is the ideas which give us the feeling of a long period of time, at the same moment giving us the feeling of a shorter period of time;* a position more absurd than if we were to say that the same man appeared to us a giant and a dwarf at one and the same moment, or that a particular tune was at once painful and pleasant to our sense of hearing. But besides the facility in remembering dates and epochs, or the exact periods of births, marriages, and deaths, which Dr. Gall says this organ gives us, it likewise enables fiddlers and dancing masters to *keep time* in their respective performances.* Now we ask the reader, whether he is conscious of these two things (the recollection of the exact period of his own marriage, and his *feeling* of time in

* Gall's Works, Vol. V., p. 95.

music,) being referrable to the same intellectual power? The one is an *effort* of memory, the other a passive satisfaction of the ear at the time between each note, properly corresponding with the character of the music. No two things can be less alike, and none but a phrenological metaphysician could have ventured in uniting them under one head.

Akin to this organ of time is the organ of eventuality, which we are told takes cognizance of all phenomina, or of motion, action, and *events*. "It is the source of verbs, says Mr. Combe, as individuality is of substantives. A horse *at rest* is an object of individuality; whilst a horse *in motion* is an object of eventuality. It gives a talent for observation of changes, and is an element in a talent for narration. It takes cognizance of history, and is useful in practical affairs."*

Having read this account of the faculty carefully, the reader will please to bear in mind, that as there is no distinct organ of memory on the phrenological skull, each organ, according to the scheme, remembers its own proceedings. The business of eventuality, then, is to remember *events*, and among others, we presume, such interesting events as births, marriages, and deaths, *which Dr. Gall declares to be the business of the organ of time*. Now which are we to believe? the general system, which distinctly lays it down that each organ recollects its own proceedings, or Dr. Gall, who as distinctly asserts that it is only people with a large organ of time that have accurate memories for births, marriages, and deaths? Here we have a fouling and commingling among the organs, the system-mongers who made them being puzzled to assign to each its distinct line of business, without invading the occupation of others. Why are time and eventuality here confounded? Because it was not in the wit of man to keep them distinct. *They are two names for the same thing*; they differ only in sound. The memory

* Outlines of Phrenology, p. 21.

for events involves, of necessity, a memory for the intervals between them. What a terror to old maids are fond mothers, when they set to work with their family tables of chronology, manufactured out of their confinements and their christenings. "Oh! she must be older than that. Our Tommy was born in 1818,—I was put to bed with him just six months before Mrs. Timkins had her Sally; so that Miss Evergreen must now be at least,"—and so forth. What possible idea of time could any man have but for his recollection of the passing of successive events. Suppose *all* a man's past experiences to be blotted out of his brain, he would not know whether he had lived thirty years, or thirty seconds. Events are the mile stones along the high road of life; and if you sweep them away, although according to the nature of your journey you may have the general idea that it is very short, or, painfully prolonged, you can have no notion whatever of intervals, which is only got from prominent ideas of past events standing out in our contemplation; and thus the reader must see the folly of giving to time and to eventuality, distinct cones of brain, a reckless distribution of cerebral matter, proven by the account of the phrenologists themselves.

We come to No. 33. What have we here? An organ of language, lying on the back part of the bone that forms the roof of the eye. "A large development of it is indicated by the prominence of the eyes. It enables us to acquire a knowledge of, and gives us the power of using, artificial signs and words. Persons who have a great endowment of it, abound in words. In ordinary conversation their language flows like a copious stream; in a speech they pour out torrents. When this organ is large, and those of reflection are small, the style of writing or speaking will be verbose and cumbersome; and when this difference is very great, the individual in ordinary conversation is prone to repeat, to the inconceivable annoyance of the hearer, the plainest sentences again and again, as if the

matter were of such difficult apprehension, that one telling was not sufficient to convey the meaning. When the organ is very small, there is a want of command of expression, a painful repetition of the same words, and a consequent poverty of style, both in writing or speaking."

"*The signification of words is learned by other faculties:* for example, this faculty may enable us to learn and remember the word, melody; but if we do not possess the faculty of tune, we can never appreciate the meaning attached to that word by those who possess that faculty in a high degree."*

The above is the account of the faculty of language, as given by Mr. Combe, in his *Outlines of Phrenology*; and we now proceed to submit to the attention of the reader our own thoughts upon the subject.

Language, as it appears to us, is no faculty at all—being merely an invented medium, whereby we communicate our thoughts to others. Words are the signs which represent our ideas, and there would be no necessity for them, if our fellow-creatures could *see* our ideas, or by any other sense be made acquainted with their exact purport and nature. Being mere sounds then, arbitrarily fixed to certain *objects or qualities* in the first instance, they are still used to express and represent them, until by the aid of the memory we come to look upon the two, not merely as united but identified; insomuch that we never think or speak of the object or quality without making use of the regular and acknowledged sign. Caliban, before Prospero became his private tutor, was a very tolerable specimen of the raw materiel of humanity;

"A savage who knew not
His own meaning, but would gabble like
A thing most brutish, until his purposes,
Endowed with words, were then made known."

Yet, although we all, upon a very little reflection, can discover how entirely language is a thing of art and in-

* *Outlines of Phrenology*, p. 22.

vention; it is wondrous how general is the feeling (if we may go by popular expressions) that a large power of words in an orator, is a gift from nature. Nothing is more common than to overhear vinegar-faced old maids, when clanking home in their pattens from some meeting house, marvelling at the rich gift of words some favourite preacher enjoys and manifests; and we have even heard men in the house of commons express their surprise at the glorious gift of tongue, in Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Francis Jeffrey, or Sir Robert Peel. Whatever in the way of gift, there may be in these gentlemen, is undoubtedly a gift of intelligence; but the words come by practice, and by practice alone. The mightiest genius cannot have them without much labour, and the meanest blockhead may possess them in tiresome profusion, if he only address his chairs and tables about an hour a day for a twelvemonth.

The phrenologists, with Dr. Gall at their head, protest that the existence of a distinct faculty of language is proven by the graceful facility with which some men speak, and the painful incompetency others struggle under in endeavouring to clothe their thoughts in words. This difference, in the more respectable opinions, results from the former class having had loquacious nurses, parents, and friends, and the latter having been so far trained on the silent system, as to prevent, in them, the acquisition of any very copious vocabulary. Still, we are told, that even among those who have been educated under the same influences, vast differences have been observed in their respective powers of oratory. This is true; but no proof of redundant innateness of a faculty of language in one, or deficiency of the same in the other. If one man has a head swarming with ideas, which literally force him to study language in order to release them from their prison house by giving them adequate expression, he must excel, in the use of words, a blockhead who is conscious of little more than the animal functions of life, however much the latter may strive to excel as an orator. The real difference

then, detectable between any two speakers we may listen to,—supposing what they say, to be worth listening to,—lies deeper than words; it is a difference in original capacity and clearness of conception. When Mr. Macaulay delivered that transcendent and unapproachable speech on the reform bill, many of the admiring country gentlemen who sat opposite to him, talked of it, as if the speaker had been eloquent when a babe in long clothes, ignorant of, or forgetting the fact, that the force of intellect and richness of illustration displayed in the house of commons, had first got their corresponding vehicle of communication in the exercises of the Cambridge Union. Again, the stuttering inanity and inflatedness of that hairy and Calibanic Legislator, Colonel S. p, is not refrerrable to the want of a good organ of language, but to the absence of any organ or organs, whose province has or have to do with the production of “*common sense*.” It is nonsense of Mr. Combe’s; his talk about some men’s “annoying repetition of the same words and sentences,” being the result of deficient endowment of language. We have known plenty such men, ay, and women too. They *will* talk, although they have nothing to say. If they are rich in borrowed stock, they prate the stuff of the books they have read, as we have known a city merchant, evening after evening, blunder out Mr. Barnes’s articles to his own family circle, without once acknowledging the source of his political sagacity. Great stutterers and bunglers in speaking, just as much stutter and bungle in their thinking. When very conceited (which great stutterers frequently are) they will sometimes set up to be profound, and clothe their small conceptions in a mistiness of expression, in the hope that *that* which is only too foggy, will be considered too deep for ordinary understandings to penetrate; but this never deceives one whose intellect can distinguish misty generalities from solid lumps of truth. Tedious repeaters of the same expressions, indeed, are as common as vain or stupid people are common; repeating because self-con-

ceit will not let them hold their tongues, or because they have no other idea to carry them on. Take care of the thoughts in the first place, and the words will take care of themselves; get plenty of the former, and the latter will come, you will not know how. Are any illustrative proofs required in order to support our assertion, that language is merely an acquirement, and cannot be an original and independent faculty? Take the first two instances that present themselves; the late Mr. William Hazlitt, and our present celebrated novelist, Sir Edward Bulwer. These are of a character altogether inconsistent with the phrenological theory. For profuse richness and most felicitous appropriateness of language, few writers ever exceeded Mr. Hazlitt; for graceful and sweeping facility of expression, Sir Edward Bulwer ranks the head of his class. The prodigality with which *words* are poured out on the page of each of these writers, shews an amazing command over language, without any reference to the ideas conveyed. This power requires a large organ of language in each; and, although we cannot, from never having seen Mr. Hazlitt, say whether language in him was full, we think, notwithstanding the difficulty of measuring this organ, that in Sir Edward Bulwer, it is rather depressed. This, be it as it may, is of no importance; it is sufficient that in both the faculty is astonishingly manifested. What account do the possessors give us of it? Hazlitt, referring to his early and lasting admiration of Burke's style, writes thus, in his essay "On Reading old Books." "If such is still my admiration of this man's misapplied powers, what must it have been at a time, when *I myself was in vain trying, year after year, to write a single essay, nay, a single page or sentence; when I regarded the wonders of his pen, with the longing eyes of one who was dumb, and a changeling; and when to be able to convey the slightest conception of my meaning to others in words, was the height of an almost hopeless ambition.*"

This man afterwards wrote the Plain Speaker, the Life

of Napoleon, Political Essays, Table Talk, and Principles of Human Action; and whether with pen or tongue, on every occasion, wielded the English language upon his subject, as a thresher wields a flail. Mr. Edward Bulwer, again, in the preface to his last edition of Pelham, declares it to be beyond conception the difficulty with which he, in first commencing composition, constructed sentences, so as adequately to express his meaning. Here, then, are two instances of men once almost incapable, by their own confession, of expressing themselves by words, subsequently becoming, by dint of practice, and practice *alone*, most fluent and forcible in their capacity of conveying their thoughts in this manner. If these men received from nature a large endowment of the organ of language, how comes it that they experienced such amazing difficulty in attaining to facility of expression, when we are distinctly told that a good sized organ will manifest the faculty in earliest years, and *with ease* be brought to its full and vigorous exercise? But, on the other hand, if Mr. Hazlitt's and Sir Edward Bulwer's early difficulty of expression is properly imputable to a *deficient* cone of brain in the region of language, how are we to account for their admirable fluency in riper years? For although we may easily grant that practice will in some degree make up for natural deficiency, we are forbidden, equally by our own experience, and by the principles of phrenology, from believing that a *natural* talent which a man gives *no indication* of in his youth, shall be his in perfection in his manhood; so that by examples, as well as by reasoning, we are compelled to the conclusion that this is no natural faculty at all, but acquirable by any man, in readiness, according to the frequency with which he uses his tongue or pen, and in richness and variety regulated by the richness and variety of his ideas.

Although we could add much more on the subject of this organ, we shall refrain from doing so; first, because we believe that we have said quite sufficient to convince the

thoughtful, that the supposition of an independent organ for fluency of expression is a mere impertinence; and second, because we are great favourers of Sterne's principle of politeness to readers, leaving to them their fair share of a deduction, by *suggesting*, rather than tediously *demonstrating*, a truth; so without apology or delay we at once address ourselves to a notice of the organ of comparison, which we are told is situated in the middle of the upper part of the forehead.

This faculty, we are also told, gives us the power of perceiving *resemblances*, *analogies*, and *differences*. Tune may compare different notes, colour contrast different shades; but comparison may compare a note and a shade, a form and a colour, which the other faculties of themselves *could not* accomplish. Why not?* This faculty, Mr. Combe says, "*prompts to reasoning, but not in the line of necessary consequence. It explains one thing, by comparing it with another.*" It gives "ingenuity in discovering unexpected glimpses, and superficial coincidences in the ordinary relations of life," and great power of illustration. "It is the largest organ in the forehead of the late Right Honourable William Pitt."

Thus speaks the oracle of skulls respecting the organ of comparison, labouring under extreme difficulty as he proceeds in steering clear of the faculty of causality; for he says, that comparison enables us to see *differences* as well as *resemblances*, which, for certain, is usually conceived to be the province of reason. Still this is no more to be wondered at than the other errors of the phrenologists: they cannot make *new* truths; and if they fly against old ones, they must damage their own plumes, without disturbing the things they assault.

Comparison *is* reason. These three words look grim

* The phrenologists may answer, "Because, being primary and independent, their functions are equally so;" but we may ask, what becomes of the independency, when they talk about their balancing organs?

and dogmatical, but we write them cautiously and advisedly. Many a phrenologist, and many a square-headed old mathematician have we submitted this assertion to, and never having got it intelligibly confuted, we present it, for its last trial, to the judgment of the reader and the critic. A comparison is a prop on which we place a conclusion. No comparison is ever made until a deduction of some sort has been drawn. When the deduction is drawn, we perceive something else to be *like it*, and we make the comparison, which, in point of fact, is only more familiarly stating the conclusion. As thus: Hobbes, in reproving the common mistake of schoolmen, who, after contracting error by walking out of the light of nature into the darkness of books, go to *other books* to get the darkness cleared up, compares them to birds, which, having come into a room by the way of the chimney, dash themselves against the false light of the window, forgetful of the avenue by which they entered. And Bacon, in his *De Augmentis*, endeavouring to reconcile the pride of philosophers to an attentive consideration of the subjects of sorceries and witchcraft, says, "that the sun, though it pass through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before." Now in the production of these similes, imagination acts as the handmaid of reason. Does not the truth and descriptiveness of Hobbes' illustration show us clearly how it was suggested to him? It was a process of reasoning that led him to the belief that men unconsciously contract error from books; and it was not the less a result of reasoning that he concluded that men's going to books to get those errors cleared up, which by books they had first contracted, must arise from a total ignorance, and even absence of suspicion, of the manner in which they had first become involved in error. Hobbes believed books to be the false light; and the manner of men's resorting to them, in the hope of regaining their liberty, had sufficient resemblance to the conduct of a bird in a room to suggest that conduct to him as an illustration. Thus the figure of

comparison was merely another mode of stating the author's conclusion, presenting it in a picture, instead of barely stating it in words. In the same manner, Bacon, conscious that the purity of reason could never be sullied, however low the objects of its regard, hit upon the above figure of the "sun passing through dirty places," which so appropriately embodies the truth. In each of these figures a particular conclusion is contained; but it must be obvious to any one that, as comparisons, these figures could never have been employed until the authors had worked themselves to the conclusions which they picture forth and embody.

It necessarily results from this view of the comparing act, that whether a man's comparisons be true or false, they are just as good as the antecedent reasoning is correct; and there must necessarily be some reasoning before there can be any simile or illustration whatsoever. But if the above argument be sound, it follows of course, says the reader, that in the proportion a man is habitually a reasoner, he will be also prone to comparison.* Undoubtedly he will; and in proof of this assertion, take any of the most remarkable reasoners of our own country, and you will find almost every abstract conclusion hung upon the peg of a familiar object of comparison. Bacon, Hobbes, Gassendi, Locke, Malebranche, Samuel Clarke, abound in similes and comparisons; and Shakespeare himself, the might of whose reason is only subdued or cast into the shade by the surpassing richness of his fancy, Shakespeare, ever and anon, clinches his conclusions with familiar illustrations. Again, look at the works of Voltaire, Franklin, Burke, or Dr. Thomas Brown, and the evidence is complete.

We have now got to the organ of reasoning, or causality,

* The phrenologists may consider that the act of seizing the figure to illustrate the conclusion, is an act of a perceptive faculty, and this would certainly be much more reasonable than supposing a "distinct organ" for detecting and expressing resemblances. At any rate it is clear there can be no comparison, but as the clothing of a logical conclusion.

No. 35, on the list of the phrenologists. We have had occasion, so frequently to mention the reasoning process, in the course of this essay, that it will not be necessary in this place, to waste time in further examination of the same. It *is* necessary, however, in fairness to Mr. Combe, to give his account of "*Causality*," which, when given, will also shew the reader, that the phrenologists and their opponents, mean the same thing, when they use the term.

"The organ (says Mr. Combe) is situated on the upper part of the forehead, on each side of comparison. The faculty perceives the dependencies of phenomena, and it furnishes the idea of causation, as implying something more than mere juxta-position, or sequence. It impresses us with an irresistible conviction, that every phenomena, or change in nature, has a cause, and hence, by successive steps, leads us to the first cause of all. In looking at the actions of men, it leads us to consider the motives, or moving causes from which they proceed. It induces us to ask, "Why is this so?" It gives deep penetration, and the perception of logical consequences in argument. It is large in persons who possess a natural genius for metaphysics, political economy, or similar sciences.

We shall not be so captious as to take any particular exception to this account of causality, which is, however, rather an account of what it *impresses*, *induces*, and *gives*, than any thing else, though we cannot but feel refreshed in turning from the above, to the simple and lucid description of Locke. In chap. 17, Of Reason, sec. 2, he writes thus: "If general knowledge, as has been shewn, consists in a perception of the agreement or disagreement of our own ideas, and the knowledge of the existence of all things without us (except only of a God, whose existence every man may certainly know, and demonstrate to himself, from his own existence) be had only by our senses: what room is there for the exercise of any other faculty, but outward sense, and inward perception? What need is there of reason? Very much; both for the enlargement of our

knowledge, and regulating our assent: for it has to do, both in knowledge and in opinion, and is necessary and assisting to all our other intellectual faculties, and, indeed, contains two of them, viz. sagacity and illation. By the one it finds out, and by the other it so orders the intermediate ideas, as to discover what connection there is in each link of the chain, whereby the extremes are held together; and, thereby, as it were, to draw into view the truth sought for, which is that which we call illation or inference, and consists in nothing but the perception of the connection there is between the ideas, in each step of the deduction, whereby the mind comes to see either the certain agreement or disagreement of any two ideas, as in demonstration, in which it arrives at knowledge; or their probable connection, on which it gives or withholds its assent, as in opinion."

Thus writes the great Locke, respecting the faculty of reason. It would be presumption to meddle with the simple beauty of his explanation. Checked and tested by that explanation, a good part of the phrenological faculties will disappear one after the other. As we have before said, they are only *words*, the states of mind they represent, being only conditions of reason or imagination. If this be so, their claims to be considered primary and independent must be overruled, and the whole scheme falls to the ground.

In treating of this faculty of causality, however, the phrenologists assert some things that really do appear to be supported by general observation and experience. They say, that they who have the upper part of the forehead well developed, are found to be good reasoners. Without being bound by the particular cones of brain, marked No. 35, we admit that it does appear from comparative anatomy, that a well developed head in front, is accompanied by superior intellectual power. The phrenologists, however, cannot consider this any admission to their theory. Observation has taught us, that "size, all other things equal,"

is the measure of power. Of two vivacious blacksmiths, one possessing a *very large* arm, the other a very slim one, it will be found that the larger will wield a hammer with more facility than the smaller; so, the brain being the organ of thinking, is stronger for its work, as it is found larger in volume. As this largeness of volume is usually (although not always) distributed through the skull, with some degree of equality, satisfying our ideas of proportion, the forehead is, generally, as well thrown out, as the other regions of the head; and, hence it is frequently found that a good forehead, and a large discourse of reason, are united in the same individual. We say *frequently*, because we are acquainted with too many exceptions*, to believe it universal.

Mr. Lawrence, in his "Lectures on Man," gives a list of skulls, from the monkey up to the most intellectual race of mankind, shewing how the animal's moral and intellectual character accords with the degree of anterior development of cerebral matter, from the bottom to the top of the scale. This, we conceive, is sufficient evidence to satisfy any impartial man, that there is some sort of connexion, between quantity of cerebral matter, and the intellectual character of the animal; a connexion, the able physiologist himself believes in. But it is no evidence at all, not even the slightest presumption, that the brain is a bundle of distinct and independent cones, each working separately from the others; nor does there seem to be any more necessity for so complex a machinery, than there is ground for the supposition of its existence.† The Phrenologists, however,

* Mr. Fox, the Unitarian Preacher, Mr. Walter Savage Lander, and Sir E. Bulwer, all considerably above the average of reasoners, have bad foreheads.

† At M. Esquirol's establishment at Ivry were a large collection of crania and casts from the heads of lunatics, collected by him during the long course of his attendance at the Salpetriere, and at the Royal Hospital at Charenton, which was under his superintendence. Dr. Pritchard says, "that whilst inspecting this collection, M. Esquirol assured him, that the testimony of his experience was entirely adverse

are of a different opinion upon both points, and the next section will disclose some of the evidence which confirms the "SCIENCE OF OBSERVATION."

to the doctrine of the phrenologists; and that it had convinced him that there was no foundation whatever, in facts, for the system of correspondences, which they lay down between given measurements of the head, and the existence of particular mental endowments. This observation was made in the presence of M. Mitivie, physician to the Salpêtrière, and received his assent and confirmation. M. Foville, physician to the extensive lunatic asylum, at H., also gave Dr. Pritchard a similar assurance.—*See Treatise on Insanity, by Dr. Pritchard.* Pp. 476, 477.

PART III.

We commenced the examination of this system, by referring it to our own consciousness, for ratification or rejection, instead of disturbing by counter-evidence, the Phrenologists and their facts; because we believed the latter mode to be in no degree calculated for the proper treatment of the subject, and at the same time felt convinced, that the former was the only course that would enable us to discover whether the theory is one of genuine philosophy, or with its excess of terms, ignorantly applied, merely a thing of sound and fury, signifying nothing. But we understand there are many, and not unintelligent men, who think otherwise; who, awed by the array of Phrenological evidences, desire they should be met with stronger confutation, than any contained in general reasoning, and maintain, in the words of Joseph Hume, that facts should be met with facts. Although to these objectors we feel bound to defer, at the same time we present to their consideration the following words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "To attempt to argue any great question upon facts *only* is absurd. *Facts are not truths*; they are not *conclusions*; they are not even *premises*;—but in the *nature* and *parts* of premises." Still, as the mass of readers may not assent to the above, and have a full right to examine any question in the way they think best;—*for them* we embark on the chapter of evidence.

Who ever attended a Phrenological Lecture, or took part in a Phrenological Discussion, in the view of expressing the grounds of his dissent, without being assailed on all sides with the mixed cry of exultation and contempt, "Where are your facts?" Who ever, in discourse, insinuated a temperate objection to that which he might feel ridicule would most fit, without encountering the sneer of "look at our facts." So easy a method have the Phrenologists found this of avoiding an issue of pure reasoning, that

not more than one or two opponents have had the courage to take up the question in a metaphysical light, and of course no one would waste his time, by running about after bumps adverse to the theory. We have given our own thoughts* and other people's facts, and have brought to the task very nearly that indifference, which Locke has described, as of such importance in the pursuit of truth. We say very nearly, for after all we must be content with saying, that we have been as honest as we *could* be, allowing for the strong bias, we for a long time felt in favour of a scheme, which promised to enable us to find out the secrets of our friends' souls, by the palms of their heads. We entered upon the study of it with alacrity; read the works of its founders and followers with interest and partiality, and opened our mouths as wide, and clapped our hands as hard as our neighbours, at the splendid display of plaster made by lecturers, to confirm the wavering, and daunt the sceptical. Who could resist it? Thieves, statesmen, soldiers, murderers, popes, and pickpockets, were all subpoenaed in the Phrenological court; the evidence of their heads compared with the evidence of their actions; all right, no contradictions;—greatest discovery ever given to the world;—instructed to despise the efforts of all past philosophers, every aspiring youth thought himself a greater man than Locke, Hobbes, or Brown, and it was wonderful, how well developed became the faculty of self-esteem, in all the characters of the students.

Unfortunately for us, we were not long permitted to taste the delicious dream of our metaphysical omnipotency. Scarcely had we been numbered among those of the true faith, when a chilling bit of reality awoke our suspicions,

* As the reader will see very clearly, that the *whole question* is, whether the brain is a *single organ*, or *thirty-five organs*, we have purposely abstained from such merely incidental topics as the "*modes of activity of the faculties*," "*combinations in size*," &c. which can only come into discussion, when the main object of controversy is settled.

and set us again to work to re-consider our subject. The result, as the reader sees, has been the rejection of the whole scheme, as the gravest and clumsiest, the crudest, and yet most ambitious system of absurdity, that ever was submitted to the credulity of man.

The reader must be informed, that a Phrenological Society, rejoicing in the presidency of Dr. Elliotson, has for several years past held its meetings at the west end of the town. About four years back, we had the pleasure of an introduction to this society, and a view of one night's work. Dr. Elliotson, who, of course, was the great spirit of the meeting, brought forward for its inspection, the skull of (to the best of our recollection) a negro who had been executed for a murder, perpetrated under peculiarly atrocious circumstances. The criminal had committed a trifling theft, a boy had witnessed, and threatened to expose it, the utmost punishment to the negro would have been a slight whipping, or something in that way, and yet, with so little motive and cue to action, as this threatened exposure by the boy, the negro had taken the life of the latter, was discovered, tried, and executed. A friend of the system of Phrenology, and of Dr. Elliotson, obtained possession of the skull, which, together with a particular sort of sheep, (which latter, the doctor told us he had turned to the common purpose of mutton) were transmitted to Dr. E. for Phrenological examination. Now the head ought to have been deficient in benevolence and in conscientiousness, and should have been correspondingly redundant in destructiveness and secretiveness; but in truth, taking it altogether, there was nothing particularly atrocious about it. The larger Phrenologists looked puzzled at the skull, and the smaller Phrenologists looked perplexed at the larger Phrenologists; some of the average stuff, about activity and power was talked, and at length, being unable to reconcile, or account for the contradiction, they washed down the choak-pear by administering to each other, the regular milk and water of Phrenological debate. The skull was handed on one side,

and we could not but feel, that if a faithful report had been made in their journal, of *this* Phrenological proceeding, many of their partisans would have re-considered, and rejected the nonsense for ever. This was the effect produced on us. It was the one well-substantiated exception, which, as Mr. Combe justly says, is the death of Phrenology. We were not long in finding plenty of others, and some reflection convinced us, that it was as inconsistent when examined by reason, as it is un-uniform in the character of its facts. At the same time we felt no astonishment at men's adherence to the folly, after they had come even to suspect that it *was* folly; as nothing is more human, than for long addiction to a hobby, to purge us of our conscientiousness wherever the hobby is concerned. Unwilling to own we were mistaken, and galled at the loss of our labour, we keep to the same opinions from pride, we were first carried to, by partiality.

For the following well ascertained facts, we are chiefly indebted to a work by Mr. Thomas Stone, a gentleman of great intelligence, singular honesty and boldness, and so high in his profession as to be President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. In this work (the smaller one of two written against the system) he gives comparative tables of sinful and unsinning skulls, which tables the phrenologist have abused, because they could not answer them. Now, be it remembered, Mr. Stone is no quack;—no bungler incapable of measuring a brain or its parts; for the celebrated Dr. Monroe, the author of an excellent book on the morbid anatomy of the brain, bears his testimony, to the ability with which the former gentleman handled the callipers, and the nice accuracy of his results: as does also Dr. Holroyd, another eminent medical man, deposing to the same effect. None of the ordinary shuffling charges, therefore, of ignorance, incompetency, blundering in measurement, &c., so freely let loose on opponents, by non-medical phrenologists, will lie here;—charges, which at any time sound well, coming from hundreds, who not only never

had a pair of callipers in their hands, but would not know them from sugar-tongs, when they saw them.

But to the chapter of facts. In the year 1820, says Mr. Stone, six gentlemen resolved themselves into a Phrenological society, published their transactions, and elicited eight facts in four years—which of course were as valuable as if they had found eight men with large noses, all of whom were fond of horse-racing; leading to a very natural conclusion, that a large nose is the organ by which we have an enthusiasm for field sports. At the end of one volume, the work died a natural death. Subsequently, the Phrenological Journal (published quarterly) was brought out, and from its birth to the period of publication of Mr. Stone's pamphlet (a space of five years), only 20 reports were given to the world of cranial measurements; rather a meagre number of facts, considering the great length of time, the enthusiasm of the faithful, and the facility with which, in a populous city, they may get the article which supplies their evidence.

Having shewn the contemptible poverty and shuffling uncertainty of his adversaries' evidences, Dr. Stone proceeds to marshal the strength and the numbers of his own. His researches were of the most free and impartial character. With that thorough indifference to the result, which should ever characterize the lover of truth, and the genuine philosopher, he looked to the heads of men of all characters and stations, carefully noting down the particulars of every individual case. Dr. Stone's object was, of course, to discover, whether there was afforded us, by the skulls of men notorious for any remarkable traits of character, evidence which would enable us to distinguish such men from others possessed of different mental qualities. If there were such evidence, he felt that phrenology would deserve serious attention: if there were not, then he conceived it to be worthy only the idle lovers of the marvellous, so numerous sprinkled among the species. He examined the heads of murderers and other criminals in the Edinburgh gaol, com-

paring the admeasurements, with others he had made, of skulls taken indifferently from men in the streets, soldiers, porters, &c., so that it might not appear that he had drawn together a special induction of heads, merely to answer the purpose of opposition. Speaking of the late Mr. Hare,* the coadjutor of Burke, he says, that the evening before the liberation of the former from prison, he (Dr. Stone), with the assistance of an able phrenologist, and in the presence of several persons of opposite views respecting the theory, took the measurement of the murderer's head.† On a comparison of his destructiveness, with a list of Englishmen, twenty-eight in number, eleven had the murdering bump, in its absolute size larger; and six, in its absolute size the same, as Hare;—twenty had it in proportion to the

* From the same authority it appears, that the most remarkable and best developed organ in the head of Hare, was ideality, and yet he was one of the stupidest of brutes. Mr. Combe says, "That at the time of taking the measurement, one of the most eminent of our living poets was present, whose ideality being measured at the same time, was not nearly so well-developed as that of the murderer. In him it is larger than in Sheridan, Sterne, Canning, Voltaire, or Edmund Burke."

† By way of finally settling any disposition to impute dishonesty to the measurement of Mr. Stone, that gentleman inserts a letter from a Mr. Deseret, a determined phrenologist, and a professional man, who superintended very nearly the whole of Mr. Stone's experiments:

My Dear Sir,

I have much pleasure in authorising you to state, that those measurements which I have seen you take have always appeared to me to have been taken accurately. I re-measured, as you are aware, the heads of a number of thieves in the Edinburgh gaol and Bridewell, which you had previously taken, and found that your measurement so far corresponded with mine, that I can have no hesitation in acknowledging my reliance on the general correctness of your measurements, although, as a phrenologist, I *do not agree with your deductions*, for reasons which within the limit of a note I cannot state.

It is also due to you to state, that I regret from the nature of my professional engagements, I have not been able to witness *all* your measurements, which you have frequently invited me to superintend.

I remain, yours truly,

Edinburgh, April 17, 1829.

PHINEAS DESERET.

size of the general brain, *larger* than the criminal;—the result being that in the latter, the bump was in its absolute size, not above, and in its relative size, actually *beneath* the average. Again, this skull came out equally well, from a comparison with twenty-five ordinary Scotch skulls. Thirteen possessed the organ in absolute size *larger* than Hare; six, the same; and twenty, larger in proportion to the general brain. So much for Hare's destructiveness. His coadjutor, Burke, had a skull equally irreconcilable with the principles of phrenology. Dr. Monro, the aforementioned author of the morbid anatomy of the brain, examined this skull the morning after the execution; and although a false report was disseminated by some of the new light, that the lateral lobes of Burke's brain were unusually developed, it appears there was no ground afforded by the head itself for any such assertion. In a comparison of his destructiveness with Sir William Hamilton's table of adult male crania, fifty in number, eight had it one-twentieth above Burke, twenty-nine still larger, and thirteen only less. The average size of these crania estimated by length, breadth, and height, are 18—2 inches; the average size of the organ of destructiveness, 5—5 inches; and the proportion of destructiveness to the general size, on the general average of these crania, as 1 to 3·309. The results, then, of the comparison of the murderer's skull, with these fifty crania, stand thus: thirty-seven of the fifty have larger destructiveness absolutely than Burke, and the same organ, in proportion to the lineal dimensions of the cranium, is in him also below the average.

Again, Burke's head was compared with Spurzheim's collection of crania, in the Edinburgh Museum, the result being equally adverse to phrenological hopes. Measurements are given in a very compendious table by Dr. Stone, in which we discover, as well the absolute size of the several organs, as their individual proportions to the encephalon. The average absolute size of destructiveness in these crania (57 in number) is 5.6 inches, its average

relative size, or proportion to the encephalon, as 1 to 3634.261. Of these thirty-seven, taking them disjunctively, thirty-four have the organ of destructiveness in *absolute size* larger than Burke, and twenty-seven larger in proportion to the encephalon: so that this inhuman murderer had the organ both absolutely and relatively below the average of a collection of skulls gathered from the shoulders of men who never had their hands imbrued in blood. But the reader may suspect that there is something suppressed here; that if Burke had less destructiveness than these companies of skulls before named, he might also have had less benevolence, which would of course (phrenologically) account for all the difference of moral deportment. Let us see. The benevolence of Burke measured 5.1. Its proportion to the encephalon was as one to 4020.980. In the crania of adult males its average absolute size was 5.011, its average proportion to the encephalon as one to 4089.288. Thus taking these crania disjunctively, nine have the organ of benevolence in its absolute size, the same as Burke; twenty in its absolute size, less than Burke; and twenty-two less in its relative size, or in its proportion to the encephalon. In the simplicity of his or her heart, the reader may think that these measurements would settle the business of phrenology; that its professors would exhibit countenances of a "most shrunken and wooden posture" on being required to answer such facts as the above. But no: to speak in the language of law logic, when the phrenologists have not a good plea in bar, they always concoct a very excellent one in confession and avoidance. Finding it was impossible to deny, with any chance of being attended to, that these measurements were correctly made, they, with delightful ingenuity, since the bumps would not agree with the character, made the character square with the bumps, and discovered that after all, we had been most terribly deceiving ourselves in the estimate we had formed of Mr. Burke, who, although somewhat given to such little eccentricities, as suffocating

men and women for sale, was in *fact*, and at bottom, a *benevolent and feeling fellow-citizen**!! This, of course, we are bound to believe, as he had conscientiousness large, and amativeness small;—and therefore must, in addition to the violence he did to his naturally merciful disposition *in* every murder he committed, also have suffered the severest pangs of an accusing conscience, *after* the said commission;—the only puzzle in the gentleman's conduct, being, that he should persevere in a course, that, according to his moral organization, drew upon himself much more pain, than any he could possibly have inflicted upon others. So much for the kind-hearted Mr. Burke, from whom we transfer our attention to another gentleman of the same honourable profession, both morally and phrenologically equally well endowed. We allude to Mr. Thurtell who murdered Mr. Weare, a personal friend, in cold blood, and for the sake of his money. There are few perhaps of those, who, at the time of the commission of this horrible murder, were old enough to pay sufficient attention to its details, that do not even now, thrill with horror, as their memories revert to the account of the struggle in the lane, and the calculating adroitness, with which the murderer, when pinned down by the superior personal strength of his victim, yet contrived to get his pen-knife from his pocket, open it, and slip it into the throat of Weare, as he was leaning over him. Was this benevolence? We rather think not. Yet, *Thurtell had benevolence very large—veneration, very large—adhesiveness, very large—love of approbation, large—conscientiousness* rather full, a development which should have presented us with a character as philanthropic as Mrs. Fry's, as religious as Sir Andrew Agnew's, and a stickler to his friends until death. To this character the men of skulls are likewise compelled to confess and avoid. We think we see the reader smile at the following morceau of ingenious absurdity, extracted from the Phrenological Journal.† “The murder committed by Thurtell, was a predetermined, cold-blooded deed, no-

* See Phrenological Journal.

† Vol. I. p. 331.

thing can justify it. Revenge against Weare for having gambled too successfully, and, as he imagined, unfairly with him, prompted it; *but there is every probability that Thurtell laid the unwarrantable unction to his soul, that he would do a service to others, by destroying Weare.* He considered Weare as a complete rascal, one who had robbed many, as well as himself, and one who, if he had lived, would rob many more. THUS, the organ of benevolence, is made to excite the organ of murder.”

We will not waste words on this monstrous piece of nonsense, but turn our attention at once to Mr. Sheridan's case. It is needless for us to inform the reader, that by far the most remarkable quality in Sheridan was wit, yet the organ in him was very poorly developed. From this difficulty, the men of skulls are obliged to escape in the best way they can. As he had not the organ, these sages determined, in their wisdom, he should not have the faculty; and, in the *Phrenological Journal*, vol. iii. p. 34, the following announcement sets us to rights about Sheridan's wit. “His reputation for wit, resulted *SIMPLY from his capacity of recollection, which enabled him to treasure up for his own use, every gem of thought, which happened to come in his way.* He besides took notes, and composed with difficulty.” The above is a stupid attempt to make men think that Sheridan was not a man of ready wit, and that his good things were stolen from others, instead of manufactured by himself; an attempt that simply displays the want of self-knowledge in the phrenologists, in supposing that the readers of the *School for Scandal*, would believe its author witless, upon the authority of a poor quibbler in a quacking periodical. We prefer our own conclusions, and the judgment of the world, respecting the wit of Sheridan, to any thing his phrenological critics can object concerning it; and if any authority were requisite to induce us to the belief that his wit was *ready*, as it was rich, we would go to any of his eminent contemporaries, who were habitually enjoying his company. Fox thought highly of him in this respect, and

Lord Brougham has lately given his testimony, to the surprising quickness and raciness of Sheridan's wit in conversation. That he polished and pruned the first rough expression of his best things, so that their compressed spirit should strike the reader's fancy, with additional force, we can well believe; as this practice, so far from proving his deficiency in the quality, absolutely satisfies us, that with the possession of the *body of wit*, he correctly appreciated the true and popular principle, which recognizes brevity as its *soul*. With all possible submission then to the metaphysicians of the Phrenological Journal, we must be allowed for ourselves still to hold the opinion, that, notwithstanding the smallness of Sheridan's wit, on the *outside* of his head, he abounded in that desirable quality within; and in this opinion, we venture to think, the public generally will dare to concur, to the confusion, or disgust of the phrenological scribe who would have taught both us and them better things.

In treating of veneration, we mentioned Voltaire. This philosopher, we have already said, had an extraordinary lump of veneration *on* his skull, and not a tittle of the same in his character. But this was not the only anomaly about his development. He had destructiveness very large, secretiveness and acquisitiveness large, without superabounding in the organ of benevolence. This was an organization that fitted him to be a better murderer and thief, than Pallet and Haggart, (two notorious criminals,) and yet we never heard of Voltaire, at any time, evincing a disposition, to distinguish himself in either of the characters. The above facts, conclusive as they are against the phrenological scheme, are not merely objected to it by its opponents, *but admitted by its friends*. The sorry style of escaping from the *EFFECT* of these cases, is in no degree calculated to increase the reverence of doubters. But were it not for our unwillingness to adduce cases of questionable genuineness, (by questionable, meaning cases *not admitted*,) we could walk into the houses of parliament, and other large assemblies of men, and swell the number of our evi-

dences ten-fold, by the adduction of all sorts of heads, in no respect phrenologically agreeing, with the characters of their owners. We would compare the respectably rational looking skull of a S.....p, with the solemn milk and water he nightly pours forth, as rational nourishment: we would ask wherefore Lord S———y, not by any means prominent in the region of causality, can yet, when he wills it, pour out a reply composed of a string of close and well clinched syllogisms. Humbly would we enquire, how it came about, that a Macauley, with a head not half so respectable externally as that of many a country gentleman dreaming of fox-hounds on the back benches, how it came about, that the former dressed philosophy in the garb of eloquence, as naturally as other men talked nonsense; and, multiplying cases, as we passed the parliamentary crania under the callipers, we should get more negative evidence in a month, than the phrenologists have scraped together since they called their theory a science. But these heads, every one of which would be captiously objected to, we therefore leave undisturbed on their wearer's shoulders, and hasten, by a few general observations, to close this already too lengthy work.

We hinted, in our first and second pages, at the peculiar circumstances connected with phrenology, that secure it a number of supporters independently of its merits. The reader has probably, once in his life, been to a lecture on this subject. If he have, he will recollect how numerously it was attended. The reader has also, perhaps, once in his life, attended a lecture on "Genius," or "Talent," and will likewise recollect how numerously *that* also was attended. The reason, as we take it, in either case, was this. The people went to hear *themselves* talked about. All are inclined to think they have a good "development," and almost every one believes he has a genius, or a talent, for something. What renders the conversation of lovers never tiresome to each other, said the philosopher, is, that they are always talking of themselves. Self-love is at the bottom of the interest the common run of phrenological adherents

take in the scheme, and therefore not to them, as we have before insisted, can we look, as in any degree strengthening the presumption of its truth.

As this consideration, then, prevents our recognizing the *popularity* of phrenology, as of *any* force in the question, we are compelled to cast about, in order to discover whether there is any thing else about it, more recommendatory of the scheme. "Look at our facts," again murmurs Mr. Combe. We open his book, and at the tail of every chapter, find a number of shadowy initials, ancient kings, defunct statesmen, and executed pickpockets. The "initials" doubtless, refer to very respectable characters;—the monarchs, politicians, and pickpockets might be, if we were acquainted with them, unexceptionable as evidence; still, as we know nothing of any of these, we feel ourselves justified in doubting most of the props of the thirty-five organs. At the end of the account of every bump, we ever find the same company awaiting us. King Robert Bruce, Mary Macinnes, the Rev. Mr. M., and Dr. Gall's "Friend," stand, always, like the attendants of a mock auction, ready to take any lots that may be knocked down to them. With King Robert we will have nothing to do, as nothing certain can be alleged about him, or his skull; of Mary Macinnes we know but little, and wish not to make that little more; with the Rev. Mr. M. we have no acquaintance, and therefore see no alternative but preferring our own reasonings and illustrations to those of our antagonists. Accordingly, without any further reference to the matter of evidence, we shall conclude with a few remarks, which appear to us requisite in the way of recapitulation, whereby we may, in the words of the logical Polonius, grow to a point before we lay down the pen.

As we have frequently insisted as we passed along, the only way in which we can get ideas of our own mental operations, is, to turn the eye inwards upon them. When this self-inspection detects any difference between any two of our ideas, we are said to be *conscious* of a difference; so

that, whether in reality, or merely in the individual's fancy, *i. e.*, whether it is a difference which, on reflection, *every* man would observe in himself, or only an apparent difference, which further reflection in the individual will dissipate,—still, in either of these cases, the consciousness of the difference must arise, from the party looking inwards upon his own thinkings, *and finding the difference in himself*. If, therefore, a man, being told that the power which constructs a form of government, and the power which models a mouse-trap, are so different from each other as to require two names, (causality and constructiveness) and that each is a primary, distinct, and independent power of the mind, like seeing and hearing in respect to sense; if he be told this, *and upon self-examination* he discovers, that in either case he simply concerns himself about *cause and effect*,—that in constructing a form of government, he aims at *those causes* which shall control the actions of human beings, and in making a mouse-trap he discovers and applies the causes which shall detain the persons of little vermin; if he discover this, and he *will* do so, it will be of no more avail to tell him that the power which performs the one task is different from that which performs the other, than it would have been to have told Sir Isaac Newton that the principle which governed the motion of an apple, could not be the same which kept the mighty globes of the universe poised in space. *This, then, is the true, the final test of phrenology*. Let the reader only take the “faculties” seriatim, and how many among them deserve the character of primary or independent? the result will be, we confidently predict, in accordance with the above humble efforts made by us, to act on the system we warmly recommend. What we have attempted to do, then, in the preceding pages, we now shortly sum up.

1. Seeing naught but fallacies wrapped up in the considerations of Mr. Combe, we endeavoured to shew that these considerations could only have any weight with such as did not habituate themselves to the difficult, but still most indis-

pensable, exercise of stripping from the body of a proposition all the obscure and conventional terms which loose thinking and idle discourse had wrapped about it. Stripped of these terms, we conscientiously believe, with the sincerest respect for the ingenuity of the author of the "Considerations," that the intellectual peculiarities to which these considerations refer, additionally confirm the reasonings of the metaphysicians, instead of strengthening the assumptions of the Gall and Spurzheim school.

In the next division of our discourse we sought to resolve the so-called "elementary and independent faculties" into others still more elementary, (reason, imagination, &c.) which, if successful in the reader's judgment, must blot out what Professor Lawrence has derisively called the complete and well-filled map of the phrenological brain.

In the last division, we have clearly exhibited that, even upon the admission that the scheme is "probable to thinking," the conflicting character of the evidence must annihilate all faith in it, from the understanding of any candid man having an appetency for truth, and not a slave to a hobby.

And now for a few good-humoured words with our friends the phrenologists, on parting. They know so well that our licentious freedom of speech, in the mention of Spurzheim, as well as our elaborate wrongheadedness in commenting on his system, are attributable to self-esteem large, and causality small, that they will be too magnanimous to press hard on conduct for which not we, but our "development," is accountable. We are not conscious of any veneration for Dr. Spurzheim; the more the pity. It is bad enough to be compelled to utter blasphemy by reason of the flatness of No. 14, without incurring the vengeance of phrenological critics for what we cannot help. If we are assailed on this score, we can at any rate *seek* shelter under the mantle of the mighty Coleridge*, whose high intellec-

* Spurzheim is a good man, and I like him; *but he is dense, and the most ignorant German I ever knew.* If he had been content with stating certain remarkable coincidences between the moral qualities and

tual character, defying phrenological ill temper, permitted him to speak more plainly than most men can venture to do on a popular theory. Besides, we have spoken more freely about what we conceived to be the absurdities of the system, than we should otherwise have done, from a shrewd suspicion we entertain, that even the most enthusiastic followers of Gall and Spurzheim are rather amused with it as a plausible theory, than impressed with the solemnity of belief in its truth. It is always rude and impolitic to jeer at a serious subject, or to attempt to jest with those who are attached to it out of a penchant for their hobby. But what right, Sir, have you to conclude that we are not serious believers in the science we are regularly cultivating? some indignant phrenologist may exclaim. We answer, that actions are the best indications of the light in which we truly regard any principle we profess to believe in. Do we find reference to the principles of phrenology in any part of the business of life? Do men choose their wives by them, patients their physicians, or clients their lawyers? We never knew a phrenological lover to depend, for his sweetheart's disposition, on the outside of her head; and even a true-believing matron, on hiring a nursery maid, goes for her character, not to her cranium, but to her last place. If there were any serious reliance on the dogmas of the Gall and Spurzheim creed, it would manifest itself in our manners and personal deportment, in jurisprudence and the configuration of the skull, it would have been well; but when he began to map out the cranium dogmatically, he fell into infinite absurdities. *You know that every intellectual act, however you may distinguish it by name, in respect of the originating faculties, is truly the act of the entire man;* the notion of distinct material organs is therefore absurd. Pressed by this, Spurzheim has at length been guilty of some sheer quackery, and ventures to say that he has actually discovered a different material in the different parts or organs of the brain, so that he can tell a piece of benevolence from a bit of destructiveness, and so forth. Observe also that it is constantly found, that so far from there being a concavity in the interior surface of the cranium, answering to the convexity apparent on the exterior, the interior is convex too.—*Table Talk of S. T. Coleridge*, vol. i., p. 193.

the administration of justice. On the stage, we should see no more droppings on one knee, and showers of kisses on the imprisoned hands of reluctant maidens; there would be Romeo, cautiously feeling about among Juliet's curls for concealed combativeness or adhesiveness, whilst she would as intently subject to her fair fingers the occiput of her lover. Acts of parliament would be passed, declaring that upon criminal trials, the shape of prisoners' heads should be the casting circumstance in all cases of doubtful guilt; the phrenologist, with his callipers on his desk, would then be as regular an officer of the court as the recorder or the crier. Aspirants for the senate would be interrupted in their hustings protestations with the cry of, Shew us your protuberances, and none of your pledges; and although this universal mutuality of head mauling, treating every man's skull as the map of his mind, would elicit much more profit than grace in the course of it, yet the benefits resulting from the preclusion of the possibility of deception, would soon reconcile us to the novelty. But faith in phrenology, even among its most determined champions, has not yet reached this pass. They prefer the light of common experience in studying character, to trusting to the liberal promises of Gall and Spurzheim. It is strange, nevertheless, the reader may exclaim, that students should cultivate a science they have no faith in. We have given many reasons already, why people will hold to opinions they have little practical respect for, but one we have omitted, which certainly springs directly out of the pursuit itself. This system is essentially plain, straightforward, and free from abstruseness. Made up of plaster busts and eighteen-penny manuals, young ladies and gentlemen may become so cheaply metaphysical, and credit for conversancy with the "science of mind," is so easily attained, that most of those who have been first brought to the study from curiosity, hold to it from vanity. "Under the philosophical pretext of examining our young lady-friends' heads also, many very gratifying little mutualities

may be innocently introduced," says a young phrenological friend of ours, who is looking over our shoulder as we write this.

But to be serious. We cannot but conclude with a prayer, that the really thoughtful among this new sect of philosophy, may carefully examine what we have, in perfectly good faith, advanced, and if they cannot then agree with us, let them not offend the world, or throw back the success of their own scheme, by affecting to make light of the mighty, yet modest, questioners of nature, that are departed from among us, the Hobbes, the Bacons, the Lockes, the Browns, and Stewarts, who, whether they have worked as much good as their admirers assert them to have done, or not, are, at any rate, all but universally voted to have been among the greatest men that ever lived in the tide of time, and therefore no fitting butts for phrenological pleasantry. Let the cultivators of the new philosophy, rather study themselves, by the contemplations of those great thinkers, who, if they were conscious of their inadequacy to a mastery of that prime puzzle—man—yet sought not by vain guesses and wild assumptions, to conceal their incompetency, but were content to admit, at the end of their labours, that,

"There were more things in heaven and earth,
Than were dreamt of in their philosophy."

FINIS.

In Dr. Pritchard's Treatise on Insanity, the following passage occurs.

“If the evidence brought in support of the organological system depends so entirely on universal coincidence between psychical properties and corresponding varieties in the structure of the nervous fabric, it must be important to determine whether there are any departments of the animal kingdom in which instincts and motive habitudes, and an entire psychical nature are displayed, analogous to those of vertebrated animals, while yet in these departments there is no structure which can be said to bear resemblance to the complicated cerebral system of the so-termed higher animals. In all the vertebrated kinds, the organization of the nervous fabric is in one principle, and the same fundamental type, with different degrees of development, is traced in man and all other mammifers, in birds, reptiles, and fishes; but here the resemblance terminates, and the nervous system of the moluscouous animals and insects, presented but few and remote analogies to that which belongs to the first great branch of the animal creation. It is indeed to be presumed that the nervous system, taken as a whole, fulfils in the tribes last mentioned the same offices as in those animals who have it enclosed in a bony case. Still nothing exists at all resembling the complicated formation of a brain, with its lobes and convolutions. It is so much the more surprising to find the higher instincts, which had almost disappeared in fishes, display themselves with new splendour and variety in the brainless insects; creatures which, in the wonderful imitations of intelligence that govern their motive habits, rival, if they do not even exceed, the sagacity of the animals which most approximate to man.

“Now, if it should be established, that all those proper-

ties of animal life, approximating to intelligence, or bearing analogies so striking to the manifestations of mind, which, in one great division of the animal kingdom, are assumed to be essentially connected with, and depending on, a particular system of organization, exist in another department, and display themselves in all the various profusion, while the creatures belonging to this latter department are yet destitute of that system of organization, and of any thing that bears the resemblance to it, the advocates of phrenology will be obliged to abandon that broad ground on which they have attempted to fortify their positions. Within the more confined field which the vertebrated tribes alone present, it will be more easy to maintain such an assumed connexion of physical properties with a peculiar structure; or rather it is more difficult to disprove it when assumed. The general analogy which prevails throughout these tribes, in the organization of their cerebral and nervous system, affords no room for so decisive a contradiction to the relation, which the phrenologists would establish. Yet, even within this field, great and striking facts display themselves which are averse to the hypothesis. Birds and reptiles, as Jacobi has observed, are nearly, if not wholly, destitute of many cerebral parts, which, in mammals, are held as of high importance for the manifestation of psychical properties, and yet they display psychical phenomena similar to those of mammals. Whenever an undoubted and tangible fact can be laid hold of, in the different proportional development of cerebral parts, which can be brought into comparison with the relative differences of animal instinct, or of psychical properties in general, there is, if I am not mistaken, a manifest failure of correspondence between the two series of observations. This has been shewn by Rudolphi in a striking manner, with respect to the cerebellum. The cerebellum, as this writer has observed, is found to lessen in its proportional development, as we descend in the scale of organized beings, without any corresponding diminution, and even with an increase of the

propensity which Gall connects with it. How remarkably powerful is this instinct in birds; and yet how small is the cerebellum in the feathered tribes, compared with its size in mammifers, and even in the latter, when we consider the magnitude which it attains in the human species? We observe those tribes in which the cerebellum nearly or entirely ceases to exist, obeying, nevertheless, the impulsion of extinct as blindly or devotedly as other kinds, which have the organ in question remarkably developed. When we consider the great amplitude which the cerebellum attains in man, in comparison with its size in lower animals, we are obliged, if we really attach any importance to such a system of correspondence, to acknowledge some relation between this circumstance and the transcendent superiority of the human intellect, compared with the psychical powers of brutes.”*

“In order to establish what they consider as the rule, they have collected all the instances in its favour, and have passed over or suppressed all the exceptions. What we assert is, that more enlarged enquiry, conducted with a more entire devotion to the cause of truth, and a scrupulous rejection of error, would have shewn the latter to be at least equal, if not superior, in number to the former. Our own observations, as far as we have pursued them, have led us to this conclusion; and it was on the result of these observations that our scepticism was principally founded. So frequent, indeed, are the exceptions, that even the founders of the system, Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, themselves, on applying it practically, committed, as is well known, very glaring mistakes, giving frequently the most false judgments of the characters of various individuals. Have these mistakes, we may ask, been any where recorded by the phrenologists, and candidly set off against the instances in confirmation of their sagacity? What avails their collections of thousands of examples of coincidences, when the perhaps equally numerous instances of discordances are

* Treatise on Insanity, p. 465—474.

